

W. Jones.

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Poems

P O E M S

CONSISTING CHIEFLY

OF

TRANSLATIONS

FROM THE

ASIATICK LANGUAGES.

TO WHICH ARE ADDED

TWO ESSAYS,

- I. On the Poetry of the Eastern nations.
- II. On the Arts, commonly called Imitative.

——— *Juvat integros accedere fontes,
Atque haurire, juvatque novos decerpere flores.* Lucr.

O X F O R D,

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ASIANIC LANGUAGES.

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TWO ESSAYS,

- I. On the Poetry of the Eastern Nations.
- II. On the Arts commonly called Imaginative.

By JAMES MILL, Esq. of Lincoln's Inn, Barrister at Law.

OXFORD,

At the Clarendon Press, in MDCCCXXII.

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T H E
P R E F A C E.

TH E reader will probably expect, that, before I present him with the following miscellany, I should give some account of the pieces contained in it; and should prove the authenticity of those *Eastern* originals, from which I profess to have translated them: indeed, so many productions, invented in *France*, have been offered to the publick as genuine translations from the languages of *Asia*, that I should have wished, for my own sake, to clear my publication from the slightest suspicion of imposture: but there is a circumstance peculiarly hard in the present case; namely, that, were I to produce the *originals* themselves, it would be impossible to persuade some men, that even *they*

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were not forged for the purpose, like the pretended language of *Formosa*. I shall, however, attempt in this short preface to satisfy the reader's expectations.

The first poem in the collection, called *Solima*, is not a regular translation from the *Arabick* language; but all the figures, sentiments, and descriptions in it, were really taken from the poets of *Arabia*: for when I was reading some of their verses on benevolence and hospitality, which they justly consider as their most amiable virtues, I selected those passages, which seemed most likely to run into our measure, and connected them in such a manner as to form one continued piece, which I suppose to be written in praise of an *Arabian* prince, who had built a *caravansera* with pleasant gardens, for the refreshment of travellers and pilgrims; an act of munificence not uncommon in *Asia*. I shall trouble the reader with only one of the original passages, from which he may form a tolerable judgment of the rest:

Kad alama e'ddbaifo wa'l mojtaduno
Idha aghbara ofkon wahabbat shemalan,
Wakbalat an auladiba elmordbiato,
Wa lam tar ainon lemoznin belalan,
Beenca conto 'errablo el moghitbo

Leman

T H E P R E F A C E.

*Leman yâtarica, waconto' themalan,
Waconto' nebara bebi shemsobo,
Waconto dagiyyi' lleili fihî belalan.*

that is ; * *the stranger and the pilgrim well know,
when the sky is dark, and the north-wind rages,
when the mothers leave their sucking infants, when
no moisture can be seen in the clouds, that thou art
bountiful to them as the spring, that thou art their
chief support, that thou art a sun to them by day, and
a moon in the cloudy night.*

The hint of the next poem, or *The Palace of Fortune*, was taken from an *Indian* tale, translated a few years ago from the *Persian* by a very ingenious gentleman in the service of the *India-company* ; but I have added several descriptions, and episodes, from other *Eastern* writers, have given a different moral to the whole piece, and have made some other alterations in it, which may be seen by any one, who will take the pains to compare it with the story of *Roshana*, in the second volume of the tales of *Inatulla*.

I have taken a still greater liberty with the moral allegory, which, in imitation of the *Persian* poet *Nezâmi*, I have entitled *The Seven Fountains* :

* See this passage versified, *Solima*, line 71. etc.

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the general subject of it was borrowed from a story in a collection of tales by *Ebn Arabshah*, a native of *Damascus*, who flourished in the fifteenth century, and wrote several other works in a very polished style, the most celebrated of which is *An history of the life of Tamerlane**: but I have ingrafted, upon the principal allegory, an episode from the *Arabian tales* of ‡ *A thousand and one nights*, a copy of which work in *Arabick* was procured for me by a learned friend at *Aleppo*.

The song, which follows, was first printed at the end of a *Persian* grammar; but, for the satisfaction of those who may have any doubt of its being genuine, it seemed proper to set down the original of it in *Roman* characters at the bottom of the page. The ode of *Petrarch* was added, that the reader might compare the manner of the *Asiatick* poets with that of the *Italians*, many of whom have written in the true spirit of the *Easterns*:

* *The History of Tamerlane* was published by the excellent *Golius*, in the year 1636; and the book of fables, called in *Arabick* *Facabato'lkholafa*, or, *The Delight of the Caliphs*, is among *Pocock's* manuscripts at *Oxford*, No. 334.

‡ See the story of Prince *Agib*, or the *third Calander* in the *Arabian tales*, Night 57. etc.

some

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some of the *Persian* songs have a striking resemblance to the sonnets of *Petrarch*; and even the form of those little amatory poems was, I believe, brought into *Europe* by the *Arabians*: one would almost imagine the following lines to be translated from the *Persian*,

*Aura, che quelle chiome bionde e cresse
Circondi, e movi, e se' mossa da loro
Soavemente, e spargi quel dolce oro,
E poi 'l raccogli, e'n bei nodi l'increspe.*

since there is scarce a page in the works of *Hafez* and *Jami*, in which the same image, of *the breeze playing with the tresses of a beautiful girl*, is not agreeably and variously expressed. X

The elegy on the death of *Laura* was inserted with the same view, of forming a comparison between the *Oriental* and the *Italian* poetry: the description of the fountain of *Valchiusa*, or *Vallis Clausa*, which was close to *Petrarch's* house, was added to the elegy in the year 1769, and was composed on the very spot, which I could not forbear visiting, when I passed by *Avignon*.

The

The *Turkish* Ode on the spring was selected from many others in the same language, written by *Mesibi*, a poet of great repute at *Constantinople*, who lived in the reign of *Soliman the Second*, or the *Lawgiver*: it is not unlike the *Vigil of Venus*, which has been ascribed to *Catullus*; the measure of it is nearly the same with that of the *Latin* poem; and it has, like that, a lively burden at the end of every stanza: the works of *Mesibi* are preserved in the archives of the *Royal Society*.

It will be needless, I hope, to apologize for the *Pastoral*, and the poem upon *Chefs*, which were done as early as at the age of sixteen or seventeen years, and were saved from the fire, in preference to a great many others, because they seemed more correctly versified than the rest.

It must not be supposed from my zeal for the literature of *Asia*, that I mean to place it in competition with the beautiful productions of the *Greeks* and *Romans*; for I am convinced, that, whatever changes we make in our opinions, we always return to the writings of the ancients, as to the standard of true taste.

If the novelty of the following poems should recommend them to the favour of the reader, it may, probably, be agreeable to him to know, that there are many others of equal or superiour merit, which have never appeared in any language of *Europe*; and I am persuaded that a writer, acquainted with the originals, might imitate them very happily in his native tongue, and that the publick would not be displeased to see the genuine compositions of *Arabia* and *Persia* in an *English* drefs. The heroick poem of *Ferdusi* might be versified as easily as the *Iliad*, and I see no reason why *the delivery of Persia by Cyrus* should not be a subject as interesting to us, as *the anger of Achilles*, or *the wandering of Ulysses*. The Odes of *Hafez*, and of *Mesibi*, would suit our lyrick measures as well as those ascribed to *Anacreon*; and the seven *Arabick* elegies, that were hung up in the temple of *Mecca*, and of which there are several fine copies at *Oxford*, would, no doubt, be highly acceptable to the lovers of antiquity, and the admirers of native genius: but when I propose a translation of these *Oriental* pieces, as a work likely to meet with success, I only mean to invite my readers, who have leisure and industry, to the study of the languages, in which they are written

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written, and am very far from insinuating that I have the remotest design of performing any part of the task myself; for, to say the truth, I should not have suffered even the following trifles to see the light, if I were not very desirous of recommending to the learned world a species of literature, which abounds with so many new expressions, new images, and new inventions.



CORRIGENDA.

Page 21. verse 2. *for in read on*

32. v. 11. *for wak'd; read rose;*

36. v. 16. *for plaintive read piercing*

41. v. 16. *for wrap'd read rapt*

48. v. 15. *for Then read And*

49. *in the margin for Light. read Sight.*

53. v. 9. *for rosy-bosom'd read lily-bosom'd*

59. v. 18. *read Leads to a cave where rav'ning monsters roar,*

60. v. 5. *read The king, who wept, yet knew his tears were*
[vain,

78. v. 1. *for blooming read blushing*

—— 13. *for dolento read dolenti*

86. v. 2. *for jalouse, read jaloux,*

91. v. 4. *for but read yet*

99. v. 2. *for plain! read pain!*

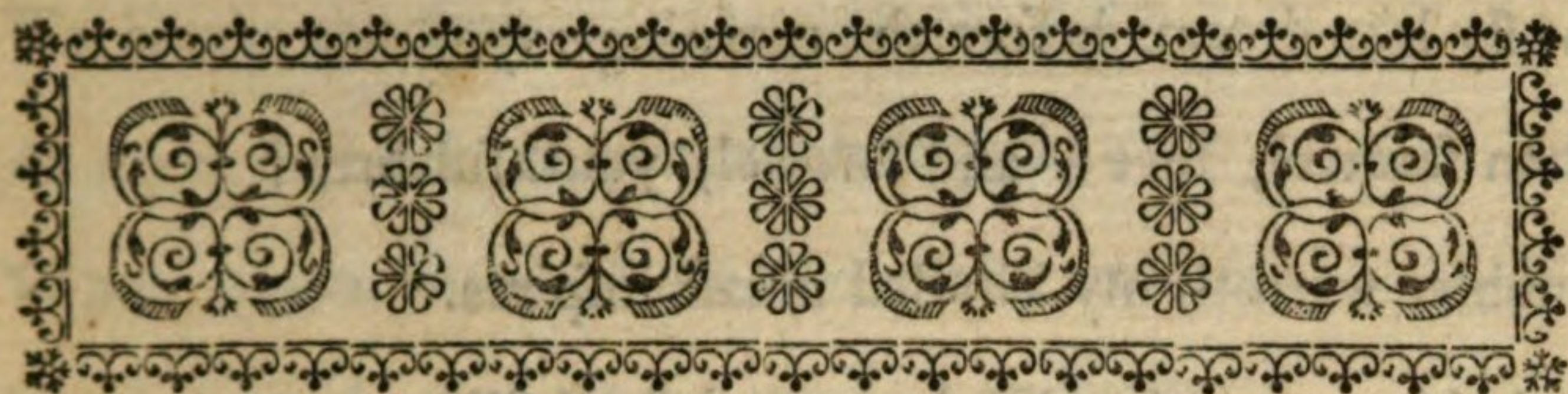
132. v. 4. *for wretched read tuneless*

187. line 6. *for imitating their style, and adopting &c.*
read imitate their style, and adopt &c.

190. l. 19. *for gutturels: read gutturals:*

195. l. 16. *for transcribing his images, and giving &c.*
read transcribe his images, and give &c.

205. l. 23. *for Jambî, read Iambî,*



S O L I M A,
AN ARABIAN ECLOGUE,

Written in the Year 1768.

YE maids of Aden, hear a loftier tale
Than e'er was sung in meadow, bow'r, or dale.

The smiles of Abelah, and Maia's eyes,

Where beauty plays, and love in slumber lies;

The fragrant hyacinths of Azza's hair,

That wanton with the laughing summer-air;

Love-tinctur'd cheeks, whence roses seek their bloom,

And lips, from which the Zephyr steals perfume,

Invite no more the wild unpolish'd lay,
 But fly like dreams before the morning ray.
 Then farewell, love ! and farewell, youthful fires !
 A nobler warmth my kindled breast inspires.
 Far bolder notes the list'ning wood shall fill :
 Flow smooth, ye riv'lets ; and, ye gales, be still.

See yon fair groves that o'er Amana rise,
 And with their spicy breath embalm the skies ;
 Where ev'ry breeze sheds incense o'er the vales,
 And ev'ry shrub the scent of musk exhales !
 See through yon op'ning glade a glitt'ring scene,
 Lawns ever gay, and meadows ever green !
 Then ask the groves, and ask the vocal bow'rs,
 Who deck'd their spiry tops with blooming flow'rs,
 Taught the blue stream o'er sandy vales to flow,
 And the brown wild with liveliest hues to glow ?
 * Fair Solima ! the hills and dales will sing,
 Fair Solima ! the distant echoes ring.

* It was not easy in this part of the translation to avoid a turn similar to that of Pope in the known description of the Man of Ross.

But not with idle shows of vain delight,
To charm the soul, or to beguile the fight;
At noon on banks of pleasure to repose,
Where bloom intwin'd the lily, pink, and rose;
Not in proud piles to heap the nightly feast,
Till morn with pearls has deck'd the glowing east;
Ah! not for this she taught those bow'rs to rise,
And bade all Eden spring before our eyes:
Far other thoughts her heav'nly mind employ,
(Hence, empty pride! and hence, delusive joy!)
To cheer with sweet repast the fainting guest;
To lull the weary on the couch of rest;
To warm the trav'ler numb'd with winter's cold;
The young to cherish, to support the old;
The sad to comfort, and the weak protect;
The poor to shelter, and the lost direct:
These are her cares, and this her glorious task;
Can heav'n a nobler give, or mortals ask?

Come to these groves, and these life-breathing glades,
Ye friendless orphans, and ye dow'rless maids !
With eager haste your mournful mansions leave,
Ye weak, that tremble, and, ye sick, that grieve ;
Here shall soft tents o'er flow'ry lawns display'd,
At night defend you, and at noon o'ershade :
Here rosy health the sweets of life will show'r,
And new delights beguile each varied hour.
Mourns there a widow, bath'd in streaming tears ?
Stoops there a sire beneath the weight of years ?
Weeps there a maid in pining sadness left,
Of fondling parents, and of hope bereft ?
To Solima their sorrows they bewail,
To Solima they pour their plaintive tale.
She hears ; and, radiant as the star of day,
Through the thick forest wins her easy way :
She asks what cares the joyless train oppress,
What sickness wastes them, or what wants distress ;

And

And as they mourn, she steals a tender sigh,
Whilst all her soul sits melting in her eye :
Then with a smile the healing balm bestows,
And sheds a tear of pity o'er their woes,
Which, as it drops, some soft-eyed angel bears
Transform'd to pearl, and in his bosom wears.

When, chill'd with fear, the trembling pilgrim roves
Through pathless deserts, and through tangled groves,
Where mantling darkness spreads her dragon wing,
And birds of death their fatal dirges sing,
While vapours pale a dreadful glimm'ring cast,
And thrilling horror howls in ev'ry blast ;
She cheers his gloom with streams of bursting light,
By day a sun, a beaming moon by night,
Darts through the quiv'ring shades her heav'nly ray,
And spreads with rising flow'rs his solitary way.

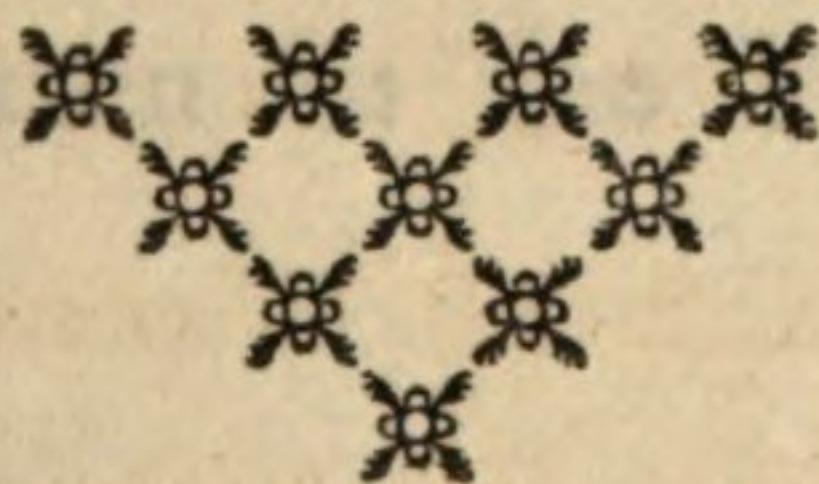
Ye heav'ns, for this in show'rs of sweetness shed
Your mildest influence o'er her favour'd head !

Long may her name, which distant climes shall praise,
Live in our notes, and blossom in our lays ;
And, like an od'rous plant, whose blushing flow'r
Paints ev'ry dale, and sweetens ev'ry bow'r,
Born to the skies in clouds of soft perfume
For ever flourish, and for ever bloom !
These grateful songs, ye maids and youths, renew,
While fresh-blown vi'lets drink the pearly dew ;
O'er Azib's banks while love-lorn damsels rove,
And gales of fragrance breathe from Hager's grove.

So sung the youth, whose sweetly-warbled strains
Fair Mena heard, and Saba's spicy plains.
Sooth'd with his lay the ravish'd air was calm,
The winds scarce whisper'd o'er the waving palm ;
The camels bounded o'er the flow'ry lawn,
Like the swift ostrich, or the sportful fawn ;
Their filken bands the list'ning rose-buds rent,
And twin'd their blossoms round his vocal tent :

He

He fung, till on the bank the moonlight slept,
And closing flow'rs beneath the night-dew wept,
Then ceas'd, and flumber'd in the lap of rest
Till the shrill lark had left his low-built nest.
Now hastes the swain to tune his rapt'rous tales
In other meadows, and in other vales.



He long, tall on the bank the moonlight shone
 And closing slowly beneath the night-dew wet
 Then came, and then he'd in the lap of rest
 Till the faint light had left his low-built staff
 Now halts the spirit to rest his weary limbs
 In ether meadows, and in ether vales.





T H E
PALACE OF FORTUNE,
AN INDIAN TALE,

Written in the Year 1769.

MILD was the vernal gale, and calm the day,
When Maia near a crystal fountain lay,
Young Maia, fairest of the blue-eyed maids,
That rov'd at noon in Tibet's musky shades ;
But, haply, wand'ring through the fields of air,
Some fiend had whisper'd, --- Maia, thou art fair !
Hence, swelling pride had fill'd her simple breast,
And rising passions rob'd her mind of rest ;

In courts and glitt'ring tow'rs she wish'd to dwell,
And scorn'd her lab'ring parents lowly cell :
And now, as gazing o'er the glassy stream,
She saw her blooming cheek's reflected beam,
Her tresses brighter than the morning sky,
And the mild radiance of her sparkling eye,
Low sighs and trickling tears by turns she stole,
And thus discharg'd the anguish of her soul :

“ Why glow those cheeks, if unadmir'd they glow ?

“ Why flow those tresses, if unprais'd they flow ?

“ Why dart those eyes their liquid ray serene,

“ Unfelt their influence, and their light unseen ?

“ Ye heav'ns ! was that love-breathing bosom made

“ To warm dull groves, and cheer the lonely glade ?

“ Ah, no : those blushes, that enchanting face

“ Some tap'stried hall or gilded bow'r might grace,

“ Might deck the scenes, where love and pleasure reign,

“ And fire with am'rous flames the youthful train.”

While

While thus she spoke, a sudden blaze of light
Shot through the clouds, and struck her dazzled sight:
She rais'd her head, astonish'd, to the skies,
And veil'd with trembling hands her aching eyes;
When through the yielding air she saw from far
A goddess gliding in a golden car,
That soon descended on the flow'ry lawn,
By two fair yokes of starry peacocks drawn:
A thousand nymphs with many a sprightly glance
Form'd round the radiant wheels an airy dance,
Celestial shapes, in fluid light array'd;
Like twinkling stars their beamy sandals play'd:
Their lucid mantles glitter'd in the sun,
(Webs half so bright the silkworm never spun)
Transparent robes, that bore the rainbow's hue,
And finer than the nets of pearly dew
That morning spreads o'er ev'ry op'ning flow'r,
When sportive summer decks his bridal bow'r.

The queen herself, too fair for mortal sight
Sat in the centre of encircling light.
Soon with soft touch she rais'd the trembling maid,
And by her side in silent slumber laid :
Straight the gay birds display'd their spangled train,
And flew refulgent through th' aerial plain ;
The fairy band their shining pinions spread,
And as they rose fresh gales of sweetness shed ;
Fan'd with their flowing skirts the sky was mild,
And heav'n's blue fields with brighter radiance smil'd.

Now in a garden deck'd with verdant bow'rs
The glitt'ring car descends on bending flow'rs :
The goddess still with looks divinely fair
Surveys the sleeping object of her care ;
Then o'er her cheek her magick finger lays,
Soft as the gale that o'er a vi'let plays,
And thus in sounds, that favour'd mortals hear,
She gently whispers in her ravish'd ear :

“ Awake

“Awake, sweet maid, and view this charming scene
“For ever beauteous, and for ever green;
“Here living rills of purest nectar flow
“O’er meads that with unfading flow’rets glow;
“Here am’rous gales their scented wings display,
“Mov’d by the breath of ever-blooming May;
“Here in the lap of pleasure shalt thou rest,
“Our lov’d companion, and our honour’d guest.”

The damsel hears the heav’nly notes distil,
Like melting snow, or like a vernal rill;
She lifts her head, and, on her arm reclin’d,
Drinks the sweet accents in her grateful mind:
On all around she turns her roving eyes,
And views the splendid scene with glad surprize;
Fresh lawns, and sunny banks, and roseate bow’rs,
Hills white with flocks, and meadows gem’d with flow’rs;
Cool shades, a sure defence from summer’s ray,
And silver brooks where wanton damsels play,

That

That with soft notes their dimpled crystal roll'd

O'er colour'd shells and sands of native gold :

A rising fountain play'd from ev'ry stream,

Smil'd as it rose, and cast a transient gleam,

Then gently falling in a vocal show'r

Bath'd ev'ry shrub, and sprinkled ev'ry flow'r,

That on the banks, like many a lovely bride,

View'd in the liquid glass their blushing pride ;

Whilst on each branch with purple blossoms hung

The sportful birds their joyous ditty sung.

While Maia thus entranc'd in sweet delight

With each gay object fed her eager sight,

The goddess mildly caught her willing hand,

And led her trembling o'er the flow'ry land :

Soon she beheld where through an op'ning glade

A spacious lake its clear expanse display'd ;

In mazy curls the flowing jasper wav'd

O'er its smooth bed with polish'd agate pav'd ;

And

And on a rock of ice by magick rais'd
High in the midst a gorgeous palace blaz'd;
The sunbeams on the gilded portals glanc'd,
Play'd on the spires, and on the turrets danc'd;
To four bright gates four iv'ry bridges led,
With pearls illumin'd, and with roses spread:
And now, more radiant than the morning sun
Her easy way the gliding goddess won;
Still by her hand she held the fearful maid,
And as she pass'd the fairies homage paid:
They enter'd straight the sumptuous palace-hall,
Where filken tapesstry emblaz'd the wall,
Refulgent tissue, of an heav'nly woof;
And gems unnumber'd sparkled on the roof,
On whose blue arch the flaming diamonds play'd,
As on a sky with living stars inlay'd:
Of precious diadems a regal store,
With globes and sceptres, strew'd the porph'ry floor;
Rich vests of eastern kings around were spread,
And glitt'ring zones a starry radiance shed:

But

But Maia most admir'd the pearly strings,
Gay bracelets, golden chains, and sparkling rings.

High in the centre of the palace shone,
Suspended in mid-air, an opal throne :
To this the queen ascends with royal pride,
And sets the favour'd damsel by her side.
Around the throne in mystick order stand
The fairy train, and wait her high command ;
When thus she speaks : (the maid attentive sips
Each word that flows, like nectar, from her lips.)

“ Fav’rite of heav’n, my much lov’d Maia, know,
“ From me all joys, all earthly blessings flow :
“ Me suppliant men imperial Fortune call,
“ The mighty empress of yon rolling ball :
(She rais’d her finger, and the wond’ring maid
At distance hung the dusky globe survey’d,
Saw the round earth with foaming oceans vein’d,
And lab’ring clouds on mountain tops sustain’d.)

“ To

“ To me has fate the pleasing task assign’d
“ To rule the various thoughts of humankind ;
“ To catch each rising wish, each ardent pray’r,
“ And some to grant, and some to waste in air :
“ Know farther ; as I rang’d the crystal sky,
“ I saw thee hear the murm’ring fountain lie ;
“ Mark’d the rough storm that gather’d in thy breast,
“ And knew what care thy joyless soul oppress’d.
“ Straight I resolv’d to bring thee quick relief,
“ Ease ev’ry weight, and soften ev’ry grief ;
“ If in this court contented thou canst live,
“ And taste the joys these happy gardens give :
“ But fill thy mind with vain desires no more,
“ And view without a wish yon shining store :
“ Soon shall a num’rous train before me bend,
“ And kneeling votaries my shrine attend ;
“ Warn’d by their empty vanities beware,
“ And scorn the folly of each human pray’r.”

She said ; and straight a damsel of her train
With tender fingers touch'd a golden chain :
Now a soft bell delighted Maia hears
That sweetly trembles on her list'ning ears ;
Through the calm air the melting numbers float,
And wanton echo lengthens every note.
Soon through the dome a mingled hum arose,
Like the swift stream that o'er a valley flows ;
Now louder still it grew, and still more loud,
As distant thunder breaks the bursting cloud :
Through the four portals rush'd a various throng,
That like a wintry torrent pour'd along :
A croud of ev'ry tongue, and ev'ry hue,
Tow'rd the bright throne with eager rapture flew.
* A lovely stripling step'd before the rest
With hasty pace, and tow'rd the goddess prest ;
His mien was graceful, and his looks were mild,
And in his eyes celestial sweetness smil'd :

* Pleasure.

Youth's purple glow, and beauty's rosy beam
O'er his smooth cheeks diffus'd a lively gleam;
The floating ringlets of his musky hair
Wav'd on the bosom of the wanton air:
With modest grace the goddess he address'd,
And thoughtless thus prefer'd his fond request.

“ Queen of the world, whose wide extended sway,
“ Gay youth, firm manhood, and cold age obey,
“ Grant me while life's fresh blooming roses smile,
“ The day with varied pleasures to beguile;
“ Let me on beds of dewy flow'rs recline,
“ And quaff with glowing lips the sparkling wine;
“ Grant me to feed on beauty's rifled charms,
“ And clasp a willing damsel in my arms;
“ Her bosom fairer than a hill of snow,
“ And gently bounding like a playful roe,
“ Her lips more fragrant than the summer air,
“ And sweet as Scythian musk her hyacinthine hair:

“ Let new delights each dancing hour employ,

“ Sport follow sport, and joy succeed to joy.”

The goddess grants the simple youth's request,

And mildly thus accosts her lovely guest :

“ On that smooth mirror full of magick light

“ Awhile, dear Maia, fix thy wand'ring sight.”

She looks ; and in th' enchanted crystal sees

A bow'r o'er canopied with tufted trees :

The wanton stripling lies beneath the shade,

And by his side reclines a blooming maid ;

O'er her fair limbs a filken mantle flows,

Through which her youthful beauty softly glows,

And part conceal'd, and part disclos'd to sight

Through the thin texture casts a ruddy light,

As the ripe clusters of the mantling vine

Beneath the verdant foliage faintly shine,

And, fearing to be view'd by envious day,

Their glowing tints unwillingly display,

The youth, while joy sits sparkling in his eyes,
Pants on her neck, and in her bosom dies ;
From her smooth cheek nectareous dew he sips,
And all his soul comes breathing to his lips.
But Maia turns her modest eyes away,
And blushes to behold their am'rous play.

She looks again, and sees with sad surprize
On the clear glass far diff'rent scenes arise :
The bow'r, which late outshone the rosy morn,
O'er hung with weeds she saw, and rough with thorn ;
With stings of asps the leafless plants were wreath'd,
And curling adders gales of venom breath'd ;
Low sat the stripling on the faded ground,
And in a mournful knot his arms were bound ;
His eyes, that shot before a sunny beam,
Now scarcely shed a sad'ning, dying gleam ;
Faint as a glimm'ring taper's wasted light,
Or a dull ray that streaks the cloudy night :

His

His crystal vase was on the pavement roll'd,
And from the bank was fall'n his cup of gold;
From which th' envenom'd dregs of deadly hue,
Flow'd on the ground in streams of baleful dew,
And, slowly stealing through the wither'd bow'r,
Poison'd each plant, and blasted ev'ry flow'r:
Fled were his slaves, and fled his yielding fair,
And each gay phantom was dissolv'd in air;
Whilst in their place was left a joyless train,
Despair, and grief, remorse, and raging pain.

Aside the damsel turns her weeping eyes,
And sad reflections in her bosom rise;
To whom thus mildly speaks the radiant queen:
“ Take sage example from this moral scene;
“ See how vain pleasures sting the lips they kiss,
“ How asps are hid beneath the bow'rs of bliss!
“ Whilst ever fair the flow'r of temp'rance blows,
“ Unchang'd her leaf and without thorn her rose,

Smiling

“Smiling she darts her glitt’ring branch on high,

“And spreads her fragrant blossoms to the sky.”

* Next to the throne she saw a knight advance,

Erect he stood, and shook a quiv’ring lance;

A fiery dragon on his helmet shone,

And on his buckler beam’d a golden sun;

O’er his broad bosom blaz’d his jointed mail

With many a gem, and many a shining scale;

He trod the sounding floor with princely mien,

And thus with haughty words address’d the queen:

“Let falling kings beneath my jav’lin bleed,

“And bind my temples with a victor’s meed;

“Let ev’ry realm that feels the solar ray,

“Shrink at my frown, and own my regal sway:

“Let Ind’s rich banks declare my deathless fame,

“And trembling Ganges dread my potent name.”

The queen consented to the warrior’s pray’r,

And his bright banners floated in the air:

He bade his darts in steely tempests fly,
Flames burst the clouds, and thunder shake the sky;
Death aim'd his lance, earth trembled at his nod,
And crimson conquest glow'd where'er he trod.

And now the damsel, fix'd in deep amaze,
Th' enchanted glass with eager look surveys:
She sees the hero in his dusky tent,
His guards retir'd, his glimm'ring taper spent;
His spear, vain instrument of dying praise,
On the rich floor with idle state he lays;
His gory falchin near his pillow stood,
And stain'd the ground with drops of purple blood;
A busy page his nodding helm unlac'd,
And on the couch his scaly hauberk plac'd:
Now on the bed his weary limbs he throws
Bath'd in the balmy dew of soft repose:
In dreams he rushes o'er the gloomy field,
He sees new armies fly, new heroes yield;

Warm with the vig'rous conflict he appears,
And ev'n in slumber seems to move the spheres.
But lo ! the faithless page with stealing tread
Advances to the champion's naked head ;
With a sharp dagger wounds his bleeding breast,
And steeps his eyelids in eternal rest :
Then cries, (and waves the steel that drops with gore)
“ The tyrant dies ; oppression is no more.”

* Now came an aged sire with trembling pace,
Sunk were his eyes, and pale his ghastly face ;
A ragged weed of dusky hue he wore,
And on his back a pond'rous coffer bore.
The queen with falt'ring speech he thus address'd :
“ O, fill with gold thy true adorer's chest.”

“ Behold, said she, and wav'd her pow'rful hand,
“ Where yon rich hills in glitt'ring order stand :
“ There load thy coffer, with the golden store ;
“ Then bear it full away, and ask no more.”

He bade his darts in steely tempests fly,
Flames burst the clouds, and thunder shake the sky;
Death aim'd his lance, earth trembled at his nod,
And crimson conquest glow'd where'er he trod.

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“ Behold, said she, and wav'd her pow'rful hand,
“ Where yon rich hills in glitt'ring order stand :
“ There load thy coffer, with the golden store ;
“ Then bear it full away, and ask no more.”

With eager steps he took his hasty way,
Where the bright coin in heaps unnumber'd lay;
There hung enamour'd o'er the gleaming spoil
Scoop'd the gay dross, and bent beneath the toil.
But bitter was his anguish to behold
The coffer widen and its sides unfold:
And ev'ry time he heap'd the darling ore,
His greedy chest grew larger than before;
Till spent with pain, and falling o'er his hoard,
With his sharp steel his mad'ning breast he gor'd:
On the lov'd heap he cast his closing eye,
Contented on a golden couch to die.

A stripling, with the fair adventure pleas'd,
Step'd forward, and the massy coffer seiz'd:
But with surprize he saw the stores decay,
And all the long-sought treasures melt away;
In winding streams the liquid metal roll'd,
And through the palace ran a flood of gold.

* Next

* Next to the shrine advanc'd a rev'rend sage,
Whose beard was hoary with the frost of age ;
His few gray locks a fable fillet bound,
And his dark mantle flow'd along the ground :
Grave was his port, yet show'd a bold neglect,
And fill'd the young beholder with respect ;
Time's envious hand had plough'd his wrinkled face,
Yet on those wrinkles sat superiour grace ;
Still full of fire appear'd his vivid eye,
Darted quick beams, and seem'd to pierce the sky.
At length with gentle voice and look serene,
He wav'd his hand, and thus address'd the queen :

“ Twice forty winters tip my beard with snow,
“ And age's chilling gusts around me blow :
“ In early youth, by contemplation led,
“ With high pursuits my flatter'd thoughts were fed ;
“ To nature first my labours were confin'd,
“ And all her charms were open'd to my mind,

“ Each flow’r that glisten’d in the morning dew,

“ And ev’ry shrub that in the forest grew :

“ From earth to heav’n I cast my wond’ring eyes,

“ Saw suns unnumber’d sparkle in the skies,

“ Mark’d the just progress of each rolling sphere,

“ Describ’d the seasons, and reform’d the year.

“ At length sublimer studies I began,

“ And fix’d my level’d telescope on man ;

“ Knew all his pow’rs, and all his passions trac’d,

“ What virtue rais’d him, and what vice debas’d :

“ But when I saw his knowledge so confin’d,

“ So vain his wishes, and so weak his mind,

“ His soul, a bright obscurity at best,

“ And rough with tempests his afflicted breast,

“ His life, a flow’r ere ev’ning sure to fade,

“ His highest joys, the shadow of a shade ;

“ To thy fair court I took my weary way,

“ Bewail my folly, and heav’n’s laws obey,

“ Confess my feeble mind for pray’rs unfit

“ And to my maker’s will my soul submit :

“ Great

“ Great empress of yon orb that rolls below,

“ On me the last best gift of heav’n bestow.”

He spake : a sudden cloud his senses stole,

And thick’ning darkness swam o’er all his soul ;

His vital spark her earthly cell forsook,

And into air her fleeting progress took.

Now from the throng a deaf’ning sound was heard,

And all at once their various pray’rs prefer’d ;

The goddess, wearied with the noisy croud,

Thrice wav’d her silver wand, and spake aloud :

“ Our ears no more with vain petitions tire,

“ But take unheard whate’er you first desire.”

She said : each wish’d, and what he wish’d obtain’d ;

And wild confusion in the palace reign’d.

But Maia, now grown senseless with delight,

Cast on an em’rald ring her roving sight ;

And,

And, ere she could survey the rest with care,
Wish'd on her hand the precious gem to wear.

Sudden the palace vanish'd from her sight,
And the gay fabrick melted into night ;
But in its place she view'd with weeping eyes
Huge rocks around her, and sharp cliffs arise :
She sat deserted on the naked shore,
Saw the curl'd waves, and heard the tempest roar ;
Whilst on her finger shone the fatal ring,
A weak defence from hunger's pointed sting,
From sad remorse, from comfortless despair,
And all the ruthless company of care !
Frantick with grief her rosy cheek she tore,
And rent her locks, her darling charge no more :
But when the night his raven wing had spread,
And hung with sable ev'ry mountain's head,
Her tender limbs were numb'd with biting cold,
And round her feet the curling billows roll'd ;

With

With trembling arms a rifted crag she grasp'd,
And the rough rock with hard embraces clasp'd.

While thus she stood, and made a piercing moan,
By chance her em'rald touch'd the rugged stone;
That moment gleam'd from heav'n a golden ray,
And taught the gloom to counterfeit the day:
A winged youth, for mortal eyes too fair,
Shot like a meteor through the dusky air;
His heav'nly charms o'ercame her dazled sight,
And drown'd her senses in a flood of light;
His sunny plumes descending he display'd,
And softly thus address'd the mournful maid:

“ Say, thou that dost yon wondrous ring possess,
“ What cares disturb thee, or what wants oppress;
“ To faithful ears disclose thy secret grief,
“ And hope (so heav'n ordains) a quick relief.”

The maid replied, “ Ah, sacred genius, bear
“ A hopeless damsel from this land of care;

Waft

“Waft me to fofter climes and lovelier plains,
“Where nature fmiles, and fpring eternal reigns.”

She fpoke ; and fwifter than the glance of thought
To a fair ifle his fleeping charge he brought.

Now morning breath'd : the fcented air was mild,
Each meadow bloffom'd, and each valley fmil'd ;
On ev'ry fhrub the pearly dewdrops hung,
On ev'ry branch a feather'd warbler fung ;
The cheerful fpring her flow'ry chaplets wove,
And incenfe-breathing gales perfum'd the grove.

The damfel wak'd ; and, loft in glad furprize,
Caft round the gay expanfe her op'ning eyes,
That fhone with pleasure like a ftarry beam,
Or moonlight fparkling on a filver fteam.
She thought fome nymph muft haunt that lovely fcene,
Some woodland goddefs, or fome fairy queen ;

At least she hop'd in some sequester'd vale
To hear the shepherd tell his am'rous tale :
Led by these flatt'ring hopes from glade to glade,
From lawn to lawn with hasty steps she stray'd ;
But not a nymph by stream or fountain stood,
And not a fairy glided through the wood ;
No damsel wanton'd o'er the dewy flow'rs,
No shepherd sung beneath the rosy bow'rs :
On ev'ry side she saw vast mountains rise,
That thrust their daring foreheads in the skies ;
The rocks of polish'd alabaster seem'd,
And in the sun their lofty summits gleam'd.
She call'd aloud, but not a voice replied,
Save echo babbling from the mountain's side.

By this had night o'ercast the gloomy scene,
And twinkling stars emblaz'd the blue serene :
Yet on she wander'd, till with grief oppress'd
She fell ; and, falling, smote her snowy breast :

Now to the heav'ns her guilty head she rears,
And pours her bursting sorrow into tears ;
Then plaintive speaks, " Ah ! fond mistaken maid,
" How was thy mind by gilded hopes betray'd ?
" Why didst thou wish for bow'rs and flow'ry hills,
" For smiling meadows, and for purling rills ;
" Since on those hills no youth or damsel roves,
" No shepherd haunts the solitary groves ?
" Ye meads that glow with intermingled dyes,
" Ye flow'ring palms that from yon hillocks rise,
" Ye quiv'ring brooks that softly murmur by,
" Ye panting gales that on the branches die,
" Ah ! why has nature through her gay domain
" Display'd your beauties, yet display'd in vain ?
" In vain, ye flow'rs, you boast your vernal bloom,
" And waste in barren air your fresh perfume.
" Ah ! leave, ye wanton birds, yon lonely spray ;
" Unheard you warble, and unseen you play :
" Yet stay till fate has fix'd my early doom,
" And strow with leaves a hapless damsel's tomb.

" Some

“Some grot or grassy bank shall be my bier,

“My maiden herse unwater’d with a tear.”

Thus while she mourns, o’erwhelm’d in deep despair,

She rends her filken robes, and golden hair :

Her fatal ring, the cause of all her woes,

On a hard rock with mad’ning rage she throws ;

The gem, rebounding from the stone, displays

Its verdant hue, and sheds refreshing rays :

• Sudden descends the genius of the ring,

And drops celestial fragrance from his wing ;

Then speaks, “Who calls me from the realms of day ?

“Ask, and I grant ; command, and I obey.”

She drank his melting words with ravish’d ears,

And stop’d the gushing current of her tears ;

Then kiss’d his skirts, that like a ruby glow’d,

And said, “O bear me to my fire’s abode.”

Straight o’er her eyes a shady veil arose,

And all her soul was lull’d in still repose.

Now to the heav'ns her guilty head she rears,
And pours her bursting sorrow into tears;
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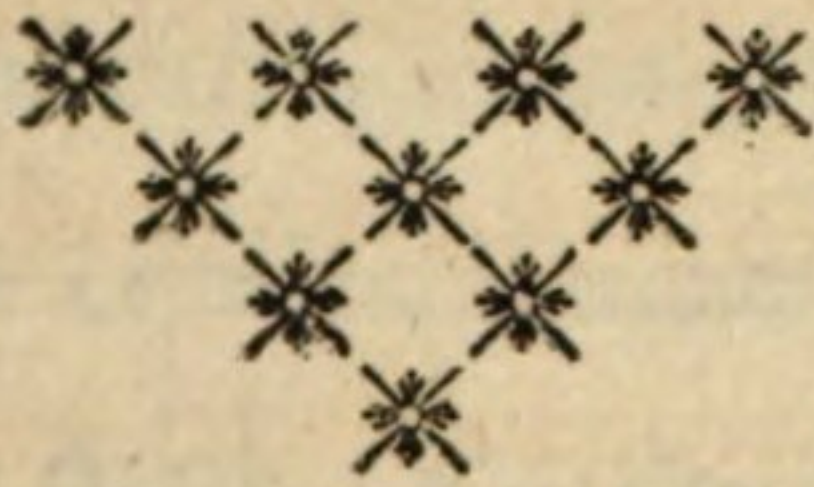
And all her soul was lull’d in still repose.

By this with flow'rs the rosy-finger'd dawn
Had spread each dewy hill and verd'rous lawn ;
She wak'd, and saw a new-built tomb that stood
In the dark bosom of a solemn wood,
While these sad sounds her trembling ears invade :
“ Beneath yon marble sleeps thy father's shade.”
She sigh'd, she wept ; she struck her pensive breast,
And bade his urn in peaceful slumber rest,

And now in silence o'er the gloomy land
She saw advance a slowly-winding band ;
Their cheeks were veil'd, their robes of mournful hue
Flow'd o'er the lawn, and swept the pearly dew :
O'er the fresh turf they sprinkled sweet perfume,
And strow'd with flow'rs the venerable tomb.
A graceful matron walk'd before the train,
And tun'd in notes of wo a plaintive strain :
When from her face her filken veil she drew,
The watchful maid her aged mother knew.

O'erpow'r'd

O'erpow'r'd with bursting joy she runs to meet
The mourning dame, and falls before her feet:
The matron with surprize her daughter rears,
Hangs on her neck, and mingles tears with tears.
Now o'er the tomb their hallow'd rites they pay,
And form with lamps an artificial day:
Erelong the damsel reach'd her native vale,
And told with joyful heart her moral tale;
Resign'd to heav'n, and lost to all beside,
She liv'd contented, and contented died.



O'erflow'd with bathing for the sun to meet

The morning dews, and little better yet

The evening with its fragrance for the night to meet

Heaps on her neck, and on her face with tears

Now over the world their fragrance is so sweet

And from the land of the living they are met

Each day the world is full of their sweet breath

And with the world they live and breathe and eat

And with the world they live and breathe and eat

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THE
SEVEN FOUNTAINS,
AN EASTERN ALLEGORY,

Written in the Year 1767.

DECK'D with fresh garlands, like a rural bride,
And with the crimson streamer's waving pride,

A wanton bark was floating o'er the main,

And seem'd with scorn to view the azure plain:

Smooth were the waves, and scarce a whisp'ring gale

Fan'd with his gentle plumes the filken sail.

High on the burnish'd deck a gilded throne

With orient pearls and beaming diamonds shone;

Or

40 THE SEVEN FOUNTAINS.

On which reclin'd a youth of graceful mien,
His sandals purple, and his mantle green ;
His locks in ringlets o'er his shoulders roll'd,
And on his cheek appear'd the downy gold.
Around him stood a train of smiling boys,
Sporting with idle cheer and mirthful toys ;
* Ten comely striplings, girt with spangled wings,
Blew piercing flutes, or touch'd the quiv'ring strings ;
Ten more, in cadence to the sprightly strain,
Wak'd with their golden oars the slumb'ring main :
The waters yielded to their guiltless blows,
And the green billows sparkled as they rose.

Long time the barge had danc'd along the deep,
And on its glassy bosom seem'd to sleep ;
‡ And now a pleasant isle arose in view,
Bounded with hillocks of a verdant hue :
Fresh groves, and roseate bow'rs appear'd above,
(Fit haunts, be sure, of pleasure and of love)

* The follies of youth.

‡ The world.

And

THE SEVEN FOUNTAINS. 41

And higher still a thousand blazing spires
Seem'd with gilt tops to threat the heav'nly fires.
Now each fair stripling plied his lab'ring oar,
And straight the pinnace struck the sandy shore.
The youth arose, and, leaping on the strand,
Took his lone way along the silver sand ;
While the light bark, and all the airy crew,
Sunk like a mist beneath the briny dew.

With eager steps the young advent'rer stray'd
Through many a grove, and many a winding glade :
At length he heard the chime of tuneful strings,
* That sweetly floated on the Zephyr's wings ;
And soon a band of damsels blithe and fair,
With flowing mantles and dishevel'd hair,
Came with quick pace along the solemn wood,
Where wrap'd in wonder and delight he stood :
In loose transparent robes they were array'd,
Which half their beauties hid, and half display'd.

* The follies and vanities of the world.

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A lovely nymph approach'd him with a smile,
And said, "O, welcome to this blissful isle!
"For thou art he, whom ancient bards foretold,
"Doom'd in our clime to bring an age of gold:
"Hail, sacred king, and from thy subject's hand,
"Accept the robes and sceptre of the land."

"Sweet maid, said he, fair learning's heav'nly beam
"O'er my young mind ne'er shed her fav'ring gleam;
"Nor has my arm e'er hurl'd the fatal lance,
"While desp'rate legions o'er the plain advance:
"How should a simple youth, unfit to bear
"The steely mail, that splendid mantle wear!"
"Ah! said the damsel, from this happy shore
"We banish wisdom, and her idle lore;
"No clarions here the strains of battle sing,
"With notes of mirth our joyful valleys ring.
"Peace to the brave! o'er us the beauteous reign,
"And ever-charming pleasures form our train."

This

This said, a diadem, inlay'd with pearls,
 She plac'd respectful on his golden curls;
 Another o'er his graceful shoulder threw
 A filken mantle of the rose's hue,
 Which, clasp'd with studs of gold, behind him flow'd,
 And through the folds his glowing bosom show'd.
 Then in a car, by snowwhite courfers drawn,
 They led him o'er the dew-besprinkled lawn,
 Through groves of joy and arbours of delight,
 With all that could allure his ravish'd sight;
 Green hillocks, meads, and rosy grots he view'd,
 And verd'rous plains with winding streams bedew'd.
 On ev'ry bank, and under ev'ry shade,
 A thousand youths, a thousand damsels play'd;
 Some wantonly were tripping in a ring
 On the soft border of a gushing spring,
 While some reclining in the shady vales,
 Told to their smiling loves their am'rous tales:

44 THE SEVEN FOUNTAINS.

But when the sportful train beheld from far
The nymphs returning with the stately car,
O'er the smooth plain with hasty steps they came,
And hail'd their youthful king with loud acclaim;
With flow'rs of ev'ry tint the paths they strow'd,
And cast their chaplets on the hallow'd road,

At last they reach'd the bosom of a wood,
Where on a hill a radiant palace stood,
A sumptuous dome, by hands immortal made,
Which on its walls and on its gates display'd
The gems that in the rocks of Tibet glow,
The pearls that in the shells of Ormus grow,
And now a num'rous train advance to meet
The youth descending from his regal seat;
Whom to a rich and spacious hall they led,
With filken carpets delicately spread:
There on a throne, with gems unnumber'd grac'd,
Their lovely king six blooming damsels plac'd, *

* The pleasures of the senses.

And meekly kneeling, to his modest hand
 They gave the glitt'ring sceptre of command ;
 Then on six smaller thrones they sat reclin'd,
 And watch'd the rising transports of his mind :
 When thus the youth a blushing nymph address'd,
 And, as he spoke, her hand with rapture prefs'd,

“ Say, gentle damsel, may I ask unblam'd,
 “ How this gay isle, and splendid seats are nam'd ?
 “ And you, fair queens of beauty and of grace,
 “ Are you of earthly or celestial race ?
 “ To me the world's bright treasures were unknown,
 “ Where late I wander'd pensive and alone,
 “ And, slowly winding on my native shore,
 “ Saw the vast ocean roll, but saw no more ;
 “ Till from the waves with many a charming song,
 “ A barge arose, and gayly mov'd along ;
 “ The jolly rowers reach'd the yielding sands,
 “ Allur'd my steps, and wav'd their shining hands :

“ I went

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“ I went, saluted by the vocal train,
“ And the swift pinnace cleav'd the waves again ;
“ When on this island struck the gilded prow,
“ I landed full of joy : the rest you know.
“ Short is the story of my tender years :
“ Now speak, sweet nymph, and charm my list'ning ears.”

“ These are the groves, for ever deck'd with flow'rs,
“ The maid replied, and these the fragrant bow'rs,
“ Where love and pleasure hold their airy court,
“ The seat of blifs, of sprightliness, and sport ;
“ And we, dear youth, are nymphs of heav'nly line,
“ Our souls immortal, as our forms divine ;
“ For Maia, fill'd with Zephyr's warm embrace,
“ In caves and forests cover'd her disgrace ;
“ At last she rested on this peaceful shore,
“ Where in yon grot a lovely boy she bore,
“ Whom fresh and wild and frolick from his birth
“ She nurs'd in myrtle bow'rs, and call'd him Mirth.

“ He

“ He on a summer’s morning chanc’d to rove
 “ Through the green lab’rinth of some shady grove,
 “ Where by a dimpled riv’let’s verdant side
 “ A rising bank with woodbine edg’d he spied :
 “ There, veil’d with flow’rets of a thousand hues,
 “ A nymph lay bath’d in slumber’s balmy dew ;
 “ (This maid by some, for some our race defame,
 “ Was Folly call’d, but Pleasure was her name :)
 “ Her mantle, like the sky in April, blue,
 “ Hung on a blossom’d branch that near her grew ;
 “ For long disporting in the silver stream
 “ She shun’d the blazing daystar’s sultry beam,
 “ And ere she could conceal her naked charms,
 “ Sleep caught her trembling in his downy arms :
 “ Born on the wings of love, he flew, and press’d
 “ Her breathing bosom to his eager breast.
 “ At his wild theft the rosy morning blush’d,
 “ The riv’let smil’d, and all the woods were hush’d.
 “ Of these fair parents on this blissful coast
 “ (Parents like Mirth and Pleasure who can boast ?)

“ I, with

48 THE SEVEN FOUNTAINS.

“ I, with five sisters, on one happy morn,
“ All fair alike, behold us now, were born.
“ When they to brighter regions took their way,
“ By love invited to the realms of day,
“ To us they gave this large, this gay domain,
“ And said, departing, Here let beauty reign.
“ Then reign, fair prince, in thee all beauties shine,
“ And ah ! we know thee of no mortal line.”

She said ; the king with rapid ardour glow'd,
And the swift poison through his bosom flow'd :
But while she spoke he cast his eyes around
To view the dazzling roof, and spangled ground ;
Then, turning with amaze from side to side,
Sev'n golden doors that richly shone he spied,
Then said, “ Fair nymph, (but let me not be bold)
“ What mean those doors that blaze with burnish'd gold ? ”
“ To fix gay bow'rs, the maid replied, they lead ;
“ Where Spring eternal crowns the glowing mead,

“ Six

“ Six fountains there, that glitter as they play,
 “ Rise to the sun with many a colour’d ray.”
 “ But the sev’nth door, said he, what beauties grace ?”
 “ O, ’tis a cave, a dark and joyless place,
 “ A scene of bloody deeds, and magick spells,
 “ Where day ne’er shines, and pleasure never dwells :
 “ No more of that. But come, my royal friend,
 “ And see what joys thy favour’d steps attend.”

She spoke, and pointed to the nearest door :

Swift he descends ; the damsel flies before ;

She turns the lock ; it opens at command ;

The maid and stripling enter hand in hand.

The wond’ring youth beheld an op’ning glade,
 Where in the midst a crystal fountain play’d ; *
 The silver sands that on its bottom grew
 Were strown with pearls and gems of varied hue,
 The diamond sparkled like the star of day,
 And the soft topaz shed a golden ray,

* Light.

50 THE SEVEN FOUNTAINS.

Clear amethysts combin'd their purple gleam
With the mild em'erald's light-refreshing beam,
The sapphire smil'd like yon blue plain above,
And rubies spread the blushing tint of love.
" These are the waters of eternal light,
" The damsel said, the stream of heav'nly light,
" See, in this cup (she spoke, and stoop'd to fill
" A vase of jasper with the sacred rill)
" See how the living waters bound and shine,
" Which this well-polish'd gem can scarce confine ! "
From her soft hand the lucid urn he took,
And quaff'd the nectar with a tender look :
Straight from his eyes a cloud of darkness flew,
And all the scene was open'd to his view ;
Not all the groves, where ancient bards have told
Of vegetable gems, and blooming gold,
Not all the bow'rs which oft in flow'ry lays
And solemn tales Arabian poets praise,
Though streams of honey flow'd through ev'ry mead,
Though balm and amber drop'd from ev'ry reed,

Held half the sweets that nature's ample hand
 Had pour'd luxuriant o'er this wondrous land.
 All flow'rets here their mingled rays diffuse,
 The rainbow's tints to these were vulgar hues;
 All birds that in the stream their pinions dip,
 Or from the brink the liquid crystal sip,
 Or show their beauties to the sunny skies,
 Here wav'd their plumes that shone with varying dyes;
 But chiefly he, that o'er the verdant plain
 Spreads the gay eyes that grace his spangled train;
 And he, that, proudly sailing, loves to show
 His mantling wings and neck of downy snow;
 Nor absent he, that learns the human sound,
 With wavy gold and moving em'rals crown'd,
 Whose head and breast with polish'd sapphires glow,
 And on whose wing the gems of Indus grow.
 The monarch view'd their beauties o'er and o'er,
 He was all eye, and look'd from ev'ry pore.
 But now the damsel calls him from his trance;
 And o'er the lawn delighted they advance:

52 THE SEVEN FOUNTAINS.

They pass the hall adorn'd with royal state,
And enter now with joy the second gate. *

A soothing sound he heard, (but tasted first
The gushing stream that from the valley burst)
And in the shade beheld a youthful quire
That touch'd with flying hands the trembling lyre :
Melodious notes drawn out with magick art,
Caught with sweet extasy his ravish'd heart ;
An hundred nymphs their charming descants play'd,
And melting voices died along the glade ;
The tuneful stream that murmur'd as it rose,
The birds that on the trees bewail'd their woes,
The boughs, made vocal by the whisp'ring gale,
Join'd their soft strain, and warbled through the vale.
The concert ends : and now the stripling hears
A tender voice that strikes his wond'ring ears ;
A beauteous bird in our rude climes unknown,
That on a leafy arbour sits alone,

* Hearing.

Strains his sweet throat, and waves his purple wings,
And thus in human accents softly sings :

- “ Rise, lovely pair, a sweeter bow’r invites
“ Your eager steps, a bow’r of new delights ;
“ Ah ! crop the flow’rs of pleasure while they blow,
“ Ere winter hides them in a veil of snow.
“ Youth, like a thin anemone, displays
“ His filken leaf, and in a morn decays.
“ See, gentle youth, a rosy-bosom’d bride,
“ See, nymph, a blooming stripling by thy side !
“ Then haste and bathe your souls in soft delights,
“ A sweeter bow’r your wand’ring steps invites.”

He ceas’d ; the slender branch from which he flew
Bent its fair head and sprinkled pearly dew.

The damsel smil’d ; the blushing boy was pleas’d,
And by her willing hand his charmer seiz’d :

Soon the * third door he pass’d with eager haste,
And the third stream was nectar to his taste.

* Smell.

54 THE SEVEN FOUNTAINS.

His ravish'd sense a scene of pleasure meets,
 A maze of joy, a paradise of sweets.
 Through jasmine bow'rs, and vi'let-scented vales,
 On silken pinions flew the wanton gales,
 Arabian odours on the plants they left,
 And whisper'd to the woods their spicy theft;
 Beneath the shrubs that spread a trembling shade
 The musky roes, and fragrant civets play'd.
 As when at eve an eastern merchant roves
 From Hadramut to Aden's spikenard groves,
 Where some rich caravan not long before
 Has pass'd, with cassia fraught, and balmy store,
 Charm'd with the scent that hills and vales diffuse,
 His grateful journey gayly he pursues;
 Thus pleas'd the monarch fed his eager soul,
 And from each breeze a cloud of fragrance stole.
 But now the nymph, who sigh'd for sweeter joy,
 To the * fourth gate conducts the blooming boy:

* Taste.

She turns the key ; her cheeks like roses bloom,
And on the lock her fingers drop perfume.

Before his eyes, on agate columns rear'd,
On high a purple canopy appeared ;
And under it in stately form was plac'd
A table with a thousand vases grac'd,
Laden with all the dainties that are found
In air, in seas, or on the fruitful ground.
Here the fair youth reclin'd with decent pride,
His wanton nymph was seated by his side :
All that could please the taste the happy pair
Cull'd from the loaded board with curious care ;
(But first the king had quaff'd the tempting stream,
That through the bow'r display'd a silver gleam :)
O'er their enchanted heads a mantling vine
His curling tendrils wove with am'rous twine ;
From the green stalks the glowing clusters hung
Like rubies on a thread of em'ralsd strung,

With

56 THE SEVEN FOUNTAINS.

With these were other fruits of ev'ry hue,
 The pale, the red, the golden, and the blue.
 An hundred smiling pages stood around,
 Their shining brows with wreaths of myrtle bound ;
 They, in transparent cups of agate, bore
 Of sweetly sparkling wines a precious store ;
 The stripling sip'd and revel'd, till the sun
 Down heav'n's blue vault his daily course had run,
 Then rose, and, follow'd by the gentle maid,
 * Op'd the fifth door : a stream before them play'd.

The king impatient for the cooling draught
 In a full cup the mystick nectar quaff'd ;
 Then with a smile (he knew no higher bliss)
 From her sweet lip he stole a balmy kiss :
 On the smooth bank of vi'lets they reclin'd ;
 And, whilst a chaplet for his brow she twin'd,
 With his soft cheek her softer cheek he press'd,
 His pliant arms were folded round her breast.

* Touch.

She

She smil'd, soft lightning darted from her eyes,
 And from his fragrant seat she bade him rise ;
 Then, while a brighter blush her face o'erspread,
 To the sixth gate her willing guest she led.

The golden lock she softly turn'd around,
 The moving hinges gave a pleasing sound :
 The boy delighted ran with eager haste,
 And to his lips the living fountain plac'd ;
 The magick water pierc'd his kindled brain,
 And a strange venom shot from vein to vein.
 Whatever charms he saw in other bow'rs,
 Were here combin'd, fruits, musick, odours, flow'rs,
 A couch besides with softest silk o'erlaid,
 And sweeter still a lovely yielding maid ;
 Who now more charming seem'd, and not so coy,
 And in her arms infolds the blushing boy :
 They sport and wanton, till, with sleep oppress'd,
 Like two fresh rose-buds on one stalk, they rest.

58 THE SEVEN FOUNTAINS.

When morning spread around her purple flame,
 To the sweet couch the five fair sisters came ;
 They hail'd the bridegroom with a cheerful voice,
 And bade him make with speed a second choice.
 Hard task to choose when all alike were fair !
 Now this, now that engag'd his anxious care :
 Then to the first that spoke his hand he lent ;
 The rest retir'd, and whisper'd as they went.
 The prince enamour'd view'd his second bride ;
 They left the bow'r, and wander'd side by side,
 With her he charm'd his ears, with her his sight,
 With her he pass'd the day, with her the night.
 Thus all by turns the sprightly stranger led,
 And all by turns partook his nuptial bed ;
 Hours, days, and months in pleasure flow'd away,
 All laugh'd, all sweetly sung, and all were gay.

So had he wanton'd threescore days and sev'n,
 More blest, he thought, than any son of heav'n :

Till

Till on a morn, with sighs and streaming tears,
The train of nymphs before his bed appears ;
And thus the youngest of the sisters speaks,
Whilst a sad show'r runs trickling down her cheeks :

“ A custom which we cannot, dare not fail,
“ (Such are the laws that in our isle prevail)
“ Compels us, prince, to leave thee here alone,
“ Till thrice the sun his rising front has shown :
“ Our parents, whom, alas, we must obey,
“ Expect us at a splendid feast to day ;
“ What joy to us can all their splendour give ?
“ With thee, with only thee, we wish to live.
“ Yet may we hope, these gardens will afford
“ Some pleasing solace to our absent lord ?
“ Six golden keys, that ope yon blissful gates,
“ Where joy, eternal joy, thy steps awaits,
“ Accept : the sev'nth (but that you heard before)
“ Leads to a gloomy dungeon, and no more,

60 THE SEVEN FOUNTAINS.

“ A fullen, dire, inhospitable cell,

“ Where deathful spirits and magicians dwell.

“ Farewel dear youth ; how will our bosoms burn

“ For the sweet moment of our blest return.”

The king, who found it uselefs to complain,

Took the sev'n keys, and kifs'd the parting train.

A glitt'ring car, which bounding courfers drew,

They mounted straight, and through the forest flew.

The youth, unknowing how to pass the day,

Review'd the bow'rs, and heard the fountains play ;

By hands unseen whate'er he wish'd was brought,

And pleasures rose obedient to his thought.

Yet all the sweets that ravish'd him before

Were tedious now, and charm'd his soul no more :

Less lovely still, and still less gay they grew ;

He sigh'd, and wish'd, and long'd for something new :

Back to the hall he turn'd his weary feet,

And sat repining on his royal seat.

Now

THE SEVEN FOUNTAINS. 61

Now on the sev'nth bright gate he casts his eyes,
And in his bosom rose a bold surmise :

“ The nymph, said he, was sure dispos'd to jest,

“ Who talk'd of dungeons in a place so blest :

“ What harm to open if it be a cell,

“ Where deathful spirits and magicians dwell ?

“ If dark or foul, I need not pass the door ;

“ If new or strange, my soul desires no more.”

He said, and rose ; then took the golden keys,

And op'd the door ; the hinges mov'd with ease.

Before his eyes appear'd a fullen gloom,

Thick, hideous, wild ; a cavern, or a tomb.

Yet as he longer gaz'd, he saw afar

A light that sparkled like a shooting star.

He paus'd : at last, by some kind angel led,

He enter'd, and advanc'd with cautious tread.

Still as he walk'd, the light appear'd more clear ;

Hope sooth'd him then, and scarcely left a fear.

62 THE SEVEN FOUNTAINS.

At length an aged fire surpriz'd he saw,
 Who fill'd his bosom with a sacred awe : *
 A book he held, which, as reclin'd he lay,
 He read, assisted by a taper's ray ;
 His beard, more white than snow on winter's breast,
 Hung to the zone that bound his sable vest,
 A pleasing calmness on his brow was seen,
 Mild was his look, majestick was his mien.
 Soon as the youth approach'd the rev'rend sage,
 He rais'd his head, and clos'd the serious page,
 Then spoke : “ O son, what chance has turn'd thy feet
 “ To this dull solitude, and lone retreat ? ”
 To whom the youth : “ First, holy father, tell,
 “ What force detains thee in this gloomy cell ? ”
 This isle, this palace, and those balmy bow'rs,
 Where six sweet fountains fall on living flow'rs,
 Are mine ; a train of damsels chose me king,
 And through my kingdom smiles perpetual spring.
 For some important cause to me unknown,
 This day they left me joyless and alone,

* Religion.

But, ere three morns with roses strow the skies,
My lovely brides will charm my longing eyes.

“ Youth, said the fire, on this auspicious day
“ Some angel hither led thy erring way :
“ Hear a strange tale, and tremble at the snare,
“ Which for thy steps thy pleasing foes prepare.
“ Know, in this isle prevails a bloody law ;
“ Lift, stripling, lift ! (the youth stood fix’d with awe :)
“ * But sev’nty days the hapless monarchs reign,
“ Then close their lives in exile and in pain,
“ Doom’d in a deep and frightful cave to rove,
“ Where darkness hovers o’er the iron grove.
“ Yet know, thy prudence and thy timely care
“ May save thee, son, from this alarming snare.
“ † Not far from this a lovelier island lies,
“ Too rich, too splendid, for unhallow’d eyes :
“ On that blest shore a sweeter fountain flows
“ Than this vain clime, or this gay palace knows,

* The life of man.

† Heaven.

64 THE SEVEN FOUNTAINS.

“ Which if you taste, whate’er was sweet before
“ Will bitter seem, and steal your soul no more.
“ But, ere these happy waters thou canst reach,
“ Thy weary steps must pass yon rugged beech,
“ * Where the dark sea with angry billows raves,
“ And, fraught with monsters, curls his howling waves ;
“ If to my words obedient thou attend,
“ Behold in me thy pilot and thy friend.
“ A bark I have, supplied with plenteous store,
“ That now lies anchor’d on the rocky shore ;
“ And, when of all thy regal toys bereft,
“ In the rude cave an exile thou art left,
“ Myself will find thee on the gloomy lea,
“ And waft thee safely o’er the dang’rous sea.”

The boy was fill’d with wonder as he spake,
And from a dream of folly seem’d to wake :
All day the sage his tainted thoughts refin’d ;
His reason brighten’d, and reform’d his mind :

* Death.

THE SEVEN FOUNTAINS. 65

Through the dim cavern hand in hand they walk'd,
And much of truth, and much of heav'n they talk'd.
At night the stripling to the hall return'd ;
With other fires his alter'd bosom burn'd :
O ! to his wiser soul how low, how mean,
Seem'd all he e'er had heard, had felt, had seen !
He view'd the stars, he view'd the crystal skies,
And bless'd the pow'r all-good, all-great, all-wise ;
How lowly now appear'd the purple robe,
The rubied sceptre, and the iv'ry globe !
How dim the rays that gild the brittle earth !
How vile the brood of Folly, and of Mirth !

When the third morning, clad in mantle gray,
Brought in her rosy car the sev'ntieth day,
A band of slaves, that rush'd with furious sound,
In chains of steel the willing captive bound ;
From his young head the diadem they tore,
And cast his pearly bracelets on the floor ;

I

They

66 THE SEVEN FOUNTAINS.

They rent his robe that bore the rose's hue,
And o'er his breast a hairy mantle threw ;
Then drag'd him to the damp and dreary cave,
Drench'd by the gloomy sea's resounding wave.
Mean while the voices of a num'rous croud
Pierc'd the dun air, as thunder breaks a cloud ;
The nymphs another hapless youth had found,
And then were leading o'er the guilty ground,
They hail'd him king (alas, how short his reign !)
And with fresh chaplets strow'd the fatal plain.

The happy exile, monarch now no more,
Was roving slowly o'er the lonely shore,
At last the fire's expected voice he knew,
And to the sound with hasty rapture flew.
A little pinnacle just afloat he found,
And the glad sage his fetter'd hands unbound ;
But when he saw the foaming billows rave,
And dragons rolling o'er the fiery wave,

He stop'd : his guardian caught his ling'ring hand,
And gently led him o'er the rocky strand ;
Soon as he touch'd the bark, the ocean smil'd,
The dragons vanish'd, and the waves were mild.

For many an hour with vig'rous arms they row'd,
While not a star his friendly sparkle show'd ;
At length a glimm'ring brightness they behold,
Like a thin cloud that morning dies with gold :
To that they steer ; and now rejoic'd they view
A shore begirt with cliffs of radiant hue.
They land : a train, in shining mantles clad,
Hail their approach, and bid the youth be glad ;
They led him o'er the lea with easy pace,
And floated as they went with heav'nly grace.
A golden fountain soon appear'd in sight,
That o'er the border cast a funny light :
The sage impatient scoop'd the lucid wave
In a rich vase, which to the youth he gave ;

68 THE SEVEN FOUNTAINS.

He drank : and straight a bright celestial beam
Before his eyes display'd a dazzling gleam.
Myriads of airy shapes around him gaz'd ;
Some prais'd his wisdom, some his courage prais'd,
Then o'er his limbs a starry robe they spread,
And plac'd a crown of di'monds on his head.

His aged guide was gone, and in his place
Stood a fair cherub flush'd with rosy grace ;
Who smiling spake : " Here ever wilt thou rest,
" Admir'd, belov'd, our brother and our guest ;
" So all shall end, whom vice can charm no more
" With the gay follies of that per'lous shore.
" See yon immortal tow'rs their gates unfold
" With rubies flaming and no earthly gold !
" There joys before unknown thy steps invite,
" Bliss without care, and morn without a night.
" But now farewell ! my duty calls me hence,
" Some injur'd mortal asks my just defence.

"To

THE SEVEN FOUNTAINS. 69

“To yon destructive island I repair,

“Swift as a star.” He speaks, and melts in air.

The youth o'er walks of jasper takes his flight,
And bounds and blazes in eternal light.



THE SEVEN FOUNTAINS

"I am confident that I shall
"be a man," he says, "and make in the
"The youth of the world of paper takes his light,
"And pours and shines in eternal light.
"And the light of the world is the light of the world."

The aged man was gone, and the young man was left

Stood a little while, and then he went away

Who had been the first to see the light

"Admiral, what is the light?"

"So all the world, when the light is gone

"With the light of the world is the light of the world

"See you the light of the world is the light of the world

"With the light of the world is the light of the world

"There is no light in the world is the light of the world

"This is the light of the world is the light of the world

"But now the light of the world is the light of the world

"There is no light in the world is the light of the world



A P E R S I A N S O N G

OF HAFIZ.

SWEET maid, if thou wouldst charm my sight,
 And bid these arms thy neck infold ;
 That rosy cheek, that lily hand,
 Would give thy poet more delight
 Than all Bocara's vaunted gold,
 Than all the gems of Samarcand.

G A Z E L.

EGHER an Turki Shirazi
 Bedest ared dili mara,
 Be khali hinduish bakhshem
 Samarcand u Bokharara.

Boy,

Boy, let yon liquid ruby flow,
And bid thy pensive heart be glad,
Whate'er the frowning zealots say :
Tell them, their Eden cannot show
A stream so clear as Rocnabad,
A bow'r so sweet as Mofellay.

O ! when these fair perfidious maids,
Whose eyes our secret haunts infest,
Their dear destructive charms display ;
Each glance my tender breast invades,
And robs my wounded soul of rest,
As Tartars seize their destin'd prey.

Bedeh, faki, mei baki,

Ke der jennet nekhahi yaft

Kunari abi Rocnabad,

Va gulgheshti Mofellara.

Fugan kein lulian shokh

I shiringari shehrashob

Chunan berdendi fabr az dil

Ke Turcan khani yagmara.

In vain with love our bosoms glow :
 Can all our tears, can all our sighs
 New lustre to those charms impart ?
 Can cheeks, where living roses blow,
 Where nature spreads her richest dyes,
 Require the borrow'd gloss of art ?

Speak not of fate :--- ah ! change the theme,
 And talk of odours, talk of wine,
 Talk of the flow'rs that round us bloom :
 'Tis all a cloud, 'tis all a dream ;
 To love and joy thy thoughts confine,
 Nor hope to pierce the sacred gloom.

Ze eshki na temami ma
 Jemali yari mustagnist ;
 Be ab u reng u khal u khatt
 Che hajet ruyi zibara.

Hadis az mutreb u mei gu,
 Va razi dehri kemter ju,
 Ke kes nekshud u nekshaied
 Be hikmet ein moammara.]

74 A PERSIAN SONG.

Beauty has such resistless pow'r,
That ev'n the chaste Egyptian dame
Sigh'd for the blooming Hebrew boy;
For her how fatal was the hour,
When to the banks of Nilus came
A youth so lovely and so coy!

But ah! sweet maid, my counsel hear:—
(Youth should attend when those advise
Whom long experience renders sage)
While musick charms the ravish'd ear,
While sparkling cups delight our eyes,
Be gay; and scorn the frowns of age.

Men az an hufni ruzafzun
Ke Yufuf dashti daneftem,
Ke eshk az perdei ifmet
Berun ared Zuleikhara.

Nasihet goshi kun jana,
Ke az jan dostiter darend
Juvanani saadetmend
I pendi peeri danara.

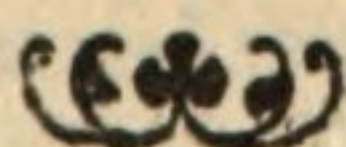
What

What cruel answer have I heard !
And yet, by heav'n, I love thee still :
Can aught be cruel from thy lip ?
Yet say, how fell that bitter word
From lips which streams of sweetness fill,
Which nought but drops of honey sip ?

Go boldly forth, my simple lay,
Whose accents flow with artless ease
Like orient pearls at random strung ;
Thy notes are sweet, the damsels say,
But O ! far sweeter, if they please
The nymph for whom these notes are sung.

Bedem gufti, va khurfendam,
Afac alla, neku gufti,
Jawabi telkhi mizeibed
Lebi lali sheker khara.

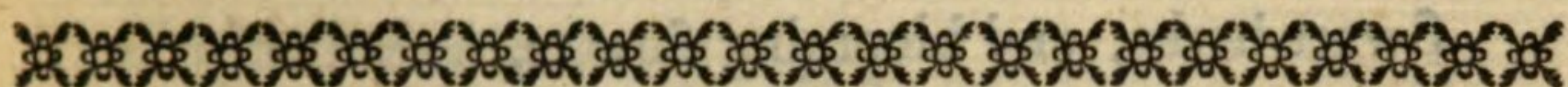
Gazel gufti vedurr fufti,
Bea vakhoft bukhan Hafiz,
Ke ber nazmi to affhaned
Felek ikdi furiara,



What sweet answer have I heard!
And yet, by heaven, I love thee still:
Can song be carried from thy lip?
Yet say, how fell that bitter word
From lips which breathe of love and joy,
Which thought but drops of honey still?

Go boldly forth, my friend! thy heart
Whole accents flow with angel's words;
Like organ-peals at midnight hours,
Thy notes are sweet, the angels say,
But O! far sweeter, if they dwell
The tongue for whom these notes are sung.

Adam's gift, a thousand years,
Alas! alas, now gone,
Sweetest of all mankind,
Lest I should lose thee,
Gone, gone, without return,
The velvet cushioned chair,
Keen to pierce to shroud,
I feel I feel thee.



A N

ODE OF PETRARCH,
TO THE
FOUNTAIN OF VALCHIUSA.

* **Y**E clear and sparkling streams,
Warm'd by the sunny beams,
Through whose transparent crystal Laura play'd;
Ye boughs, that deck the grove,
Where Spring her chaplets wove,
While Laura lay beneath the quiv'ring shade;

Canzone 27.

Chiare, fresche, e dolci acque,
Ove le belle membra
Pose colei, che sola a me par donna;
Gentil ramo, ove piacque
(Con sospir mi rimembra)
A lei di fare al bel fianco colonna;

* M. de Voltaire has given us a beautiful paraphrase of this first stanza, though it is certain that he had never read the ode in the original, or at most only the
three

Sweet herbs, and blooming flow'rs,
 That crown yon vernal bow'rs
 For ever fatal, yet for ever dear :
 And ye, that heard my sighs
 When first she charm'd my eyes,
 Soft-breathing gales, my dying accents hear,

Erba, e fior', che la gonna
 Leggiadra ricoverse
 Coll' angelico feno ;
 Aer sacro fereno
 Ov' Amor co' begli occhi il cor m' aperse ;
 Date udienza insieme
 Alle dolento mie parole estreme.

three first lines of it ; for he asserts that the Italian song is irregular and without rhymes, whereas the stanzas are perfectly regular, and the rhymes very exact. His design was to give Madame du Châtelet, for whom he wrote his history, an idea of Petrarch's style ; but if she had only read his imitation, she could have but an imperfect notion of the Italian, which the reader will easily perceive by comparing them.

If heav'n has fix'd my doom,
 That Love must quite consume
 My bursting heart, and close my eyes in death;
 Ah ! grant this slight request,
 That here my urn may rest
 When to its mansion flies my vital breath.
 This pleasing hope will smoothe
 My anxious mind, and sooth
 The pangs of that inevitable hour;
 My spirit will not grieve
 Her mortal veil to leave
 In these calm shades, and this enchanting bow'r.

S'egli e pur mio destino,
 E' l cielo in cio s'adopra,
 Ch'amor questi occhi lagrimando chiuda,
 Qualche grazia il meschino
 Corpo fra voi ricopra ; .
 E torni l' alma al proprio albergo ignuda.
 La morte fia men cruda,
 Se questa speme porto
 A quel dubbioso passo ;
 Che lo spirito lasso
 Non poria mai in piu riposato porto
 Ne'n piu tranquilla fossa
 Fuggir la carne travagliata, e l' ossa.

Haply the guilty maid
Through yon accustom'd glade
To my sad tomb will take her lonely way,
Where first her beauty's light
O'erpow'r'd my dazzled sight,
When Love on this fair border bade me stray :
There forr'wing shall she see,
Beneath an aged tree,
Her true but hapless lover's lowly bier;
Too late her tender sighs
Shall melt the pitying skies,
And her soft veil shall hide the gushing tear.

Tempo verra ancor forse
Ch' all' ufato soggiorno
Torni la fera bella e mansueta ;
E la, ov' ella mi scorfe
Nel benedetto giorno
Volga la vista desiosa e lieta,
Cercandomi, ed, o pieta,
Gia terra infra le pietre
Vedendo, Amor l' ispiri
In guisa che sospiri
Si dolcemente che merce m' impetre,
E faccia forza al cielo
Asciugandosi gli occhi col bel velo.

O! well-remember'd day,
 When on yon bank she lay,
 Meek in her pride, and in her rigour mild;
 The young and blooming flow'rs,
 Falling in fragrant show'rs,
 Shone on her neck, and on her bosom smil'd:
 Some on her mantle hung,
 Some in her locks were strung,
 Like orient gems in rings of flaming gold;
 Some in a spicy cloud
 Descending, call'd aloud,
 "Here Love and Youth the reins of empire hold."

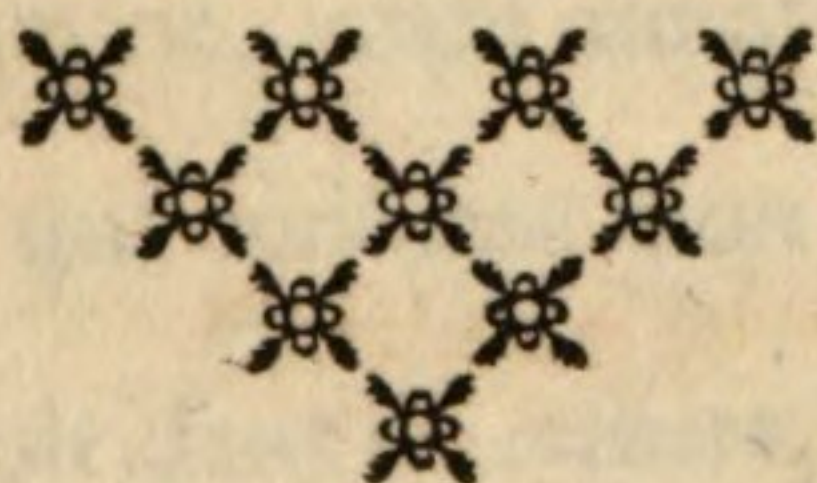
Da' bei rami scendea
 Dolce nella memoria
 Una pioggia di fior sovra 'l suo grembo;
 Ed ella si sedea
 Humile in tanta gloria
 Coverta gia dell' amoroso nembo:
 Qual fior' cadea sul lembo,
 Qual sulle treccie bionde,
 Ch' oro forbito e perle
 Eran quel di a vederle,
 Qual si posava in terra, e qual full' onde;
 Qual con un vago errore
 Girando parca dir, " Qui regna Amore."

I view'd the heav'nly maid,
 And, rapt in wonder, said
 "The groves of Eden gave this angel birth;"
 Her look, her voice, her smile,
 That might all heav'n beguile,
 Wafted my soul above the realms of earth:
 The star-bespangled skies
 Were open'd to my eyes;
 Sighing I said, "Whence rose this glitt'ring scene?"
 Since that auspicious hour,
 This bank, and od'rous bow'r,
 My morning couch, and ev'ning haunt have been.

Quante volte diss' io
 Allor pien di spavento
 "Costei per fermo nacque in paradiso,"
 Così carico d' oblio
 Il divin portamento
 E' l volto, e le parole, e' l dolce riso
 M' aveano, e si diviso
 Dall' imagine vera,
 Ch' i' dicea sospirando,
 "Qui come venn' io, o quando?"
 Credendo esser' in ciel, non la dov' era.
 Da indi in qua mi piace
 Questa erba sì ch' altrove non o pace.

Well mayst thou blush, my song,
To leave the rural throng,
And fly thus artless to my Laura's ear ;
But were thy poet's fire
Ardent as his desire,
Thou wert a song that heav'n might stoop to hear.

Se tu avessi ornamenti quant' ai voglia,
Potresti arditamente
Uscir del bosco, e gir' infra la gente.



It is not that I am not long

To leave the world behind

And by this time I am not long

But were thy heart a heart

As mine is his desire

I am not a long time to leave

But were thy heart a heart

As mine is his desire

I am not a long time to leave

But were thy heart a heart

As mine is his desire

I am not a long time to leave

But were thy heart a heart

As mine is his desire

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But were thy heart a heart

As mine is his desire

I am not a long time to leave

But were thy heart a heart

As mine is his desire





M. DE VOLTAIRE'S PARAPHRASE
OF THE
FIRST STANZA,

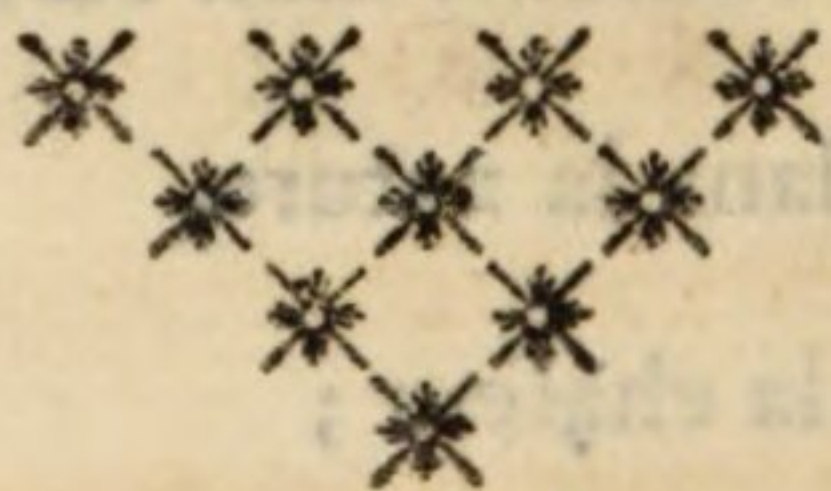
Chiare, fresche, e dolci acque &c.

CLAIRE fontaine, onde aimable, onde pure,
Ou la beauté qui consume mon cœur,
Seule beauté, qui soit dans la nature,
Des feux du jour evite la chaleur ;

Arbre heureux, dont le feuillage
Agité par les Zephirs
La couvris de son ombrage,
Qui rappelles mes soupirs,
En rappelant son image,

Ornemens

Ornemens de ces bords, et filles du matin,
Vous dont je suis jalouse, vous moins brillantes qu' Elle,
Fleurs, qu' elle embellissait, quand vous touchiez son sein,
Rossignols, dont la voix est moins douce et moins belle,
Air devenu plus pur, adorable séjour,
Immortalisé par ses charmes,
Lieux dangereux et chers, ou de ses tendres armes
L' amour a blessé tous mes sens,
Ecoutez mes derniers accens,
Recevez mes dernières larmes.





L A U R A,

AN ELEGY FROM PETRARCH.

* **I**N this fair season, when the whisp'ring gales
 Drop show'rs of fragrance o'er the bloomy vales,
 From bow'r to bow'r the vernal warblers play;
 The skies are cloudless, and the meads are gay;

IMITATIONS.

* Ver. 1. Petrarch. Sonnet. 270.

Zefiro torna, e' l bel tempo rimena,
 E' i fiori, e l' erbe, sua dolce famiglia;
 E garrir Progne, e pianger Filomela;
 E primavera candida, e vermiglia:

Ridono

The nightingale in many a melting strain
 Sings to the groves, "Here Mirth and Beauty reign ;"
 But me, for ever bath'd in gushing tears,
 No mirth enlivens, and no beauty cheers :
 The birds that warble, and the flow'rs that bloom,
 Relieve no more this solitary gloom.
 I see, where late the verdant meadow smil'd,
 A joyless desert, and a dreary wild.
 For those dear eyes, that pierc'd my heart before,
 Are clos'd in death, and charm the world no more :

I M I T A T I O N S.

Ridono i prati, e'l ciel si rasserena ;
 Giove s' allegra di mirar sua figlia ;
 L'aria, e l'acqua, e la terra e d'amor piena ;
 Ogni animal d'amar si riconfiglia :
 Ma per me, lasso, tornano i più gravi
 Sospiri, che del cor profondo tragge
 Quella ch'al ciel se ne porto le chiavi :
 E cantar' augelletti, e fiorir piagge,
 E'n belle donne oneste atti soavi,
 Sono un deserto, e fere aspre e selvagge.

Loft are those tresses, that outshone the morn,
And pale those cheeks, that might the skies adorn.

* Ah death ! thy hand has crop'd the fairest flow'r,

That shed its smiling rays in beauty's bow'r ;

Thy dart has lay'd on yonder fable bier

All my soul lov'd, and all the world held dear,

Celestial sweetness, love-inspiring youth,

Soft-ey'd benevolence, and white-rob'd truth.

‡ Hard fate of man, on whom the heav'ns bestow
A drop of pleasure for a sea of wo !

IMITATIONS.

* Ver. 17. Sonnet. 243.

Discolorato ai, morte, il piu bel volto

Che mai si vede, e' i piu begli occhi spenti ;

Spirto piu acceso di virtuti ardenti

Del piu leggiadro, e piu bel nodo ai sciolto !

‡ Ver. 28. Sonnet. 230.

O nostra vita, ch' e si bella in vista !

Com' perde agevolmente in un' mattina

Quel che'n molt' anni a gran pena s' acquista.

M

Ah,

Ah, life of care, in fears or hopes consum'd,
 Vain hopes, that wither ere they well have bloom'd !
 How oft, emerging from the shades of night,
 Laughs the gay morn, and spreads a purple light,
 But soon the gath'ring clouds o'ershade the skies,
 Red lightnings play, and thund'ring storms arise !
 How oft a day, that fair and mild appears,
 Grows dark with fate, and mars the toil of years !

* Not far remov'd, yet hid from distant eyes,
 Low in her secret grot a Naiad lies.

IMITATIONS.

* Ver. 33. See a description of this celebrated fountain in
 a poem of Madame Deshoulières.

Entre de hauts rochers, dont l'aspect est terrible,
 Des pres toujours fleuris, des arbres toujours verts,
 Une source orgueilleuse et pure,
 Dont l'eau sur cent rochers divers
 D'une mousse verte couverts,
 S'épanche, bouillonne, et murmure ;
 Des agneaux bondissans sur la tendre verdure,
 Et de leurs conducteurs les rustiques concerts &c.

Steep

Steep arching rocks, with verdant moss o'ergrown,
Form her rude diadem, and native throne :
There in a gloomy cave her waters sleep,
Clear as a brook, but as an ocean deep.
But when the waking flow'rs of April blow,
And warmer sunbeams melt the gather'd snow,
Rich with the tribute of the vernal rains
The nymph exulting bursts her silver chains :
Her living waves in sparkling columns rise,
And shine like rainbows to the sunny skies.
From cliff to cliff the falling waters roar,
Then die in murmurs, and are heard no more.
Hence, softly flowing in a dimpled stream,
The crystal Sorga spreads a lively gleam,
From which a thousand rills in mazes glide,
And deck the banks with summer's gayest pride ;
Brighten the verdure of the smiling plains,
And crown the labour of the joyful swains.

First on those banks (ah, dream of short delight !)
The charms of Laura struck my dazzled sight,
Charms, that the bliss of Eden might restore,
That heav'n might envy, and mankind adore.
I saw --- and O ! what heart could long rebel ?
I saw, I lov'd, and bade the world farewell.
Where'er she mov'd, the meads were fresh and gay,
And ev'ry bow'r exhal'd the sweets of May ;
Smooth flow'd the streams, and softly blew the gale ;
And rising flow'rs impurpled every dale ;
Calm was the ocean, and the sky serene ;
An universal smile o'erspread the shining scene :
But when in death's cold arms entranc'd she lay,
(* Ah, ever dear, yet ever fatal day !)
O'er all the air a direful gloom was spread ;
Pale were the meads, and all their blossoms dead ;
The clouds of April shed a baleful dew,
All nature wore a veil of deadly hue.

* Laura was first seen by Petrarch on the sixth of April in the year 1327, and she died on the same day in 1348.

Go, plaintive breeze, to Laura's flow'ry bier,
 Heave the warm sigh, and shed the tender tear.
 There to the awful shade due homage pay,
 And softly thus address the sacred clay :

* " Say, envied earth, that dost those charms infold,
 " Where are those cheeks, and where those locks of gold ?
 " Where are those eyes, which oft the Muse has sung ?
 " Where those sweet lips, and that enchanting tongue ?
 " Ye radiant tresses, and thou, nectar'd smile,
 " Ye looks that might the melting skies beguile,

I M I T A T I O N S.

* Ver. 75. Sonnet. 260.

Quanta invidia ti porto, avara terra,
 Ch' abbracci quella, cui veder m' e tolta.

And Sonnet. 259.

Ov' e la fronte, che con picciol cenno
 Volgea 'l mio core in questa parte, e'n quella ?
 Ov' e 'l bel ciglio, e l' una e l' altra stella,
 Ch' al corso del mio viver lume denno ? &c.

" You

“ You rob’d my soul of rest, my eyes of sleep,

“ You taught me how to love, and how to weep.”

* No shrub o’erhangs the dew-bespangled vale,
 No blossom trembles to the dying gale,
 No flow’ret blushes in the morning rays,
 No stream along the winding valley plays,
 But knows what anguish thrills my tortur’d breast,
 What pains consume me, and what cares infect.

IMITATIONS.

* Ver. 83. Sonnet. 248.

Non e sterpe, ne fasso in questi monti,
 Non ramo o fronda verde in queste piagge;
 Non fior’ in queste valli, o foglia d’erba;
 Stilla d’acque non ven di queste fonti,
 Ne fiere an questi boschi sì selvagge,
 Che non sappian quant’è mia pena acerba.

* At

* At blush of dawn, and in the gloom of night,
 Her pale-eyed phantom swims before my sight,
 Sits on the border of each purling rill,
 Crowns ev'ry bow'r, and glides o'er ev'ry hill.

* Flows the loud riv'let down the mountain's brow?
 Or pants the Zephyr on the waving bough?

I M I T A T I O N S.

* Ver. 89. Sonnet. 241.

Or' in forma di ninfa, o d'altra diva,
 Che del piu chiaro fondo di Sorga esca,
 E pongasi a feder' in su la riva;
 Or' l' o veduta su per l'erba fresca
 Calcar' i fior, com' una donna viva,
 Mostrando in vista, che di me le'ncresca.

* Ver. 93. Sonnet. 239.

Se lamentar' augelli, o verdi fronde
 Mover soavemente all'aura estiva,
 O roco mormorar di lucid'onde
 S'ode d'una fiorita e fresca riva,

Or sips the lab'ring bee her balmy dew,
 And with soft strains her fragrant toil pursues?
 Or warbles from yon silver-blossom'd thorn
 The wakeful bird, that hails the rising morn?
 My Laura's voice in many a soothing note
 Floats through the yielding air, or seems to float.

“ Why fill thy sighs, she says, this lonely bow'r?
 “ Why down thy bosom flows this endless show'r?

IMITATIONS.

La v' io feggia d'amor pensoso, e s'chriva;
 Lei che'l ciel ne mostro, terra nasconde,
 Veggio, e odo, e intendo, ch' ancor viva
 Di sì lontano a' sospir miei risponde.
 Deh! perche innanzi tempo ti consume?
 Mi dice con pietate, a che pur versi
 Dagli occhi tristi un doloroso fiume?
 Di me non pianger tu; che miei di ferfi,
 Morendo, eterni, e nell' eterno lume,
 Quando mostrai di chiuder gl'occhi, aperfi.

“Complain no more ; but hope erelong to meet
“Thy much lov'd Laura in a happier seat.
“Here fairer scenes detain my parted shade,
“Suns that ne'er set, and flow'rs that never fade :
“Through crystal skies I wing my joyous flight,
“And revel in eternal blaze of light,
“See all thy wand'rings in that vale of tears,
“And smile at all thy hopes, at all thy fears ;
“Death wak'd my soul, that slept in life before,
“And op'd these brighten'd eyes to sleep no more.”

She ends : the fates, that will no more reveal,
Fix on her closing lips their sacred seal.
“Return, sweet shade ! I wake, and fondly say,
“O, cheer my gloom with one far-beaming ray !
“Return : thy charms my sorrow will dispel,
“And snatch my spirit from her mortal cell ;
“Then, mix'd with thine, exulting she shall fly,
“And bound enraptur'd through her native sky.”

N

She

She comes no more : my pangs more fierce return ;
 Tears gush in streams, and sighs my bosom burn.
 * Ye banks, that oft my weary limbs have born,
 Ye murm'ring brooks, that learnt of me to mourn,
 Ye birds, that tune with me your plaintive lay,
 Ye groves, where Love once taught my steps to stray,
 You, ever sweet and ever fair, renew
 Your strains melodious, and your blooming hue ;

I M I T A T I O N S.

* Ver. 123. Sonnet. 261.

Valle, che de' lamenti miei se' piena ;
 Fiume, che spesso del mio pianger cresci ;
 Fere selvestre, vaghi augelli, e pesci,
 Che l' una, e l' altra verde riva affrena ;
 Aria de' miei sospir' calda e serena ;
 Dolce sentier, che sì amaro riesci ;
 Colle, che mi piacesti, or mi rincresci,
 Ov' ancor per usanza Amor mi mena ;
 Ben riconosco in voi l' usate forme,
 Non, lasso, in me, che da sì lieta vista,
 Son fatto albergo d' infinita doglia.

But

But not in my sad heart can blifs remain,
My heart, the haunt of never-ceasing plain !

Henceforth, to fing in fmoothly-warbled lays
The fmiles of youth, and beauty's heav'nly rays ;
* To fee the morn her early charms unfold,
Her cheeks of rofes, and her curls of gold ;
‡ Led by the facred Mufe at noon to rove
O'er tufted mountain, vale, or fhady grove ;

IMITATIONS.

* Ver. 133. Sonnet. 251.

Quand' io veggio dal ciel fcender l'Aurora,
Con la fronte di rofe, e co' crin d'oro.

‡ Ver. 135. Sonnet. 272.

Ne per fereno ciel ir vaghe ftelle ;
Ne per tranquillo mar legni fpalmati ;
Ne per campagne cavalieri armati ;
Ne per bei boschi allegre fere e fnelle ;

To watch the stars, that gild the lucid pole,
 And view yon orbs in mazy order roll;
 To hear the tender nightingale complain,
 And warble to the woods her am'rous strain;
 No more shall these my pensive soul delight,
 But each gay vision melts in endless night.

* Nymphs, that in glimm'ring glades by moonlight dance,
 And ye, that through the liquid crystal glance,

IMITATIONS.

Ne d'aspettato ben fresche novelle,
 Ne dir d'Amore in stili alti ed ornati;
 Ne tra chiare fontane, e verdi prati
 Dolce cantare oneste donne e belle;
 Ne altro fara mai ch'al cor m'aggiunga,
 Si feco il seppa quella seppellire,
 Che sola a gli occhi miei fu lume e specchio.

* Ver. 143. Sonnet. 263.

O vaghi abitator de' verdi boschi,
 O Ninfe, e voi, che'l fresco erbofo fondo
 Del liquido cristallo alberga e pasce.

That

That oft have heard my sadly-pleasing moan,

Behold me now a lifeless marble grown.

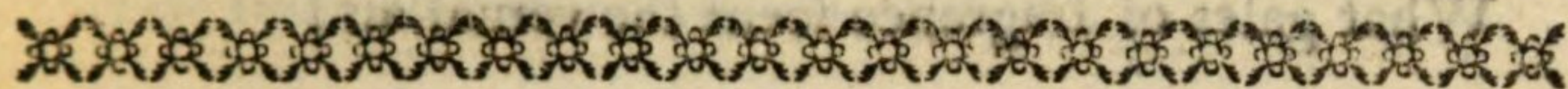
Ah ! lead me to the tomb where Laura lies :

Clouds, fold me round, and, gather'd darkness, rise !

Bear me, ye gales, in death's soft slumber lay'd,

And, ye bright realms, receive my fleeting shade !





A TURKISH ODE

OF MESIHİ.

HE A R how the nightingales on ev'ry spray,
 Hail in wild notes the sweet return of May !
 The gale, that o'er yon waving almond blows,
 The verdant bank with silver blossoms strows :
 The smiling season decks each flow'ry glade.
 Be gay : too soon the flow'rs of Spring will fade.

DIN LEH bulbul kışta sen kim gildi eiami behar,
 Kurdi her bir baghda hengamei hengami behar,
 Oldi sim affhan ana ezhari badami behar
 Ysh u nush it kim gicher kalmaz bu eiami behar.

*Thou hearest the tale of the nightingale "that the vernal season
 "approaches." The Spring has spread a bower of joy in every grove,
 where the almond-tree sheds its silver blossoms. Be cheerful ; be full
 of mirth ; for the Spring passes soon away : it will not last.*

What

What gales of fragrance scent the vernal air !
 Hills, dales, and woods their loveliest mantles wear.
 Who knows what cares await that fatal day,
 When ruder gusts shall banish gentle May ?
 Ev'n death, perhaps, our valleys will invade.
 Be gay : too soon the flow'rs of Spring will fade.

Yineh enwai shukufleh bezendi bagh u ragh,
 Ysh ichun kurdi chichekler fahni gulshenda otagh,
 Kim bilur ol behareh dek kih u kim ola fagh ?
 Ysh u nush it kim gicher kalmaz bu ciami behar.

*The groves and hills are again adorned with all sorts of flowers :
 a pavilion of roses, as the seat of pleasure, is raised in the garden.
 Who knows which of us will be alive when the fair season ends ?
 Be cheerful, &c.*

The tulip now its varied hue displays,
 And sheds, like Ahmed's eye, celestial rays.
 Ah, nation ever faithful, ever true,
 The joys of youth, while May invites, pursue!
 Will not these notes your tim'rous minds persuade?
 Be gay: too soon the flow'rs of Spring will fade.

Tarafı gulşen nuri Ahmed birleh malamaldur,
 Sebzelerinda fehabeç lalehi kheirulaldur,
 Hei Mohammed ummeti wakti huzuri haldur.
 Ysh u nush it kim gicher kalmaz bu eiami behar.

The edge of the bower is filled with the light of Ahmed: among the plants the fortunate tulips represent his companions. Come, O people of Mohammed, this is the season of merriment. Be cheerful, &c.

The sparkling dewdrops o'er the lilies play
 Like orient pearls, or like the beams of day.
 If love and mirth your wanton thoughts engage,
 Attend, ye nymphs! (A poet's words are sage.)
 While thus you sit beneath the trembling shade,
 Be gay: too soon the flow'rs of Spring will fade.

Kildi shebnem yineh jeuherdari tighi fufeni,
 Zhalehler aldi hewai doiyile leh gulshene,
 Gher temasha iseh maksudun beni esleh beni.
 Ysh u nush it kim gicher kalmaz bu eiami behar.

*Again the dew glitters on the leaves of the lily, like the water of
 a bright scymitar. The dewdrops fall through the air on the garden
 of roses. Listen to me, listen to me, if thou desirest to be delighted.
 Be cheerful, &c.*

The fresh-blown rose like Zeineb's cheek appears,
 When pearls, like dewdrops, glitter in her ears.
 The charms of youth at once are seen and past,
 And nature says, "They are too sweet to last."
 So blooms the rose, and so the blushing maid!
 Be gay: too soon the flow'rs of Spring will fade.

Rukhleri rengin giuzellar dur gulileh lalehlar,
 Kim kulaklarineh durlu jeuher asmish zhalehlar,
 Aldanup fanma ki bunlar boileh baki kalehlar.
 Ysh u nush it kim gicher kalmaz bu eiami behar.

*The roses and tulips are like the bright cheeks of beautiful maids,
 in whose ears the pearls hang like drops of dew. Deceive not thyself
 by thinking that these charms will have a long duration. Be cheer-
 ful, &c.*

See yon anemonies their leaves unfold
 With rubies flaming, and with living gold !
 While crystal show'rs from weeping clouds descend,
 Enjoy the presence of thy tuneful friend.
 Now, while the wines are brought, the sofa's lay'd,
 Be gay : too soon the flow'rs of Spring will fade.

Gulistanda giorunin laleh u gul naoman leh
 Baghda kan aldi shemfun nishteri baran leh.
 Arefun bu demi khosh gior bu giun yaran leh,
 Ysh u nush it kim gicher kalmaz bu eiami behar.

Tulips, roses, and anemonies appear in the gardens : the showers and the sunbeams, like sharp lancets, tinge the banks with the colour of blood. Spend this day agreeably with thy friends, like a prudent man. Be cheerful, &c.

The plants no more are dried, the meadows dead,
No more the rose-bud hangs her pensive head.
The shrubs revive in valleys, meads, and bow'rs,
And ev'ry stalk is diadem'd with flow'rs :
In silken robes each hillock stands array'd.
Be gay : too soon the flow'rs of Spring will fade.

Gitti ol demler ki olup febzeler sahib ferasih,
Gunchesh fikri gulshenun olmishti bagherinda bash,
Gildi bir dem kim karardi laleh lerle dagh u tash,
Ysh u nush it kim gicher kalmaz bu ciami behar.

*The time is passed in which the plants were sick, and the rose-bud
hung its thoughtful head on its bosom. The season comes in which
mountains and rocks are coloured with tulips. Be cheerful, &c.*

See yon anemonies their leaves unfold
 With rubies flaming, and with living gold !
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 and the sunbeams, like sharp lancets, tinge the banks with the co-
 lour of blood. Spend this day agreeably with thy friends, like a
 prudent man. Be cheerful, &c.*

The plants no more are dried, the meadows dead,
 No more the rose-bud hangs her pensive head.
 The shrubs revive in valleys, meads, and bow'rs,
 And ev'ry stalk is diadem'd with flow'rs :
 In filken robes each hillock stands array'd.
 Be gay : too soon the flow'rs of Spring will fade.

Gitti ol demler ki olup febzeler sahib ferasih,
 Guncheh fikri gulshenun olmishdi bagherinda bash,
 Gildi bir dem kim karardi laleh lerle dagh u tash,
 Ysh u nush it kim gicher kalmaz bu eiami behar.

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 hung its thoughtful head on its bosom. The season comes in which
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And ev'ry stalk is diadem'd with flow'rs :
In silken robes each hillock stands array'd.
Be gay : too soon the flow'rs of Spring will fade.

Gitti ol demler ki olup sebzeler fahib ferasih,
Gunchesh fikri gulshenun olmishti bagherinda bash,
Gildi bir dem kim karardi laleh lerle dagh u tash,
Ysh u nush it kim gicher kalmaz bu ciامي behar.

*The time is passed in which the plants were sick, and the rose-bud
hung its thoughtful head on its bosom. The season comes in which
mountains and rocks are coloured with tulips. Be cheerful, &c.*

Boy, let yon liquid ruby flow,
 And bid thy pensive heart be glad,
 Whate'er the frowning zealots say :
 Tell them, their Eden cannot show
 A stream so clear as Rocnabad,
 A bow'r so sweet as Mofellay.

O ! when these fair perfidious maids,
 Whose eyes our secret haunts infest,
 Their dear destructive charms display ;
 Each glance my tender breast invades,
 And robs my wounded soul of rest,
 As Tartars seize their destin'd prey.

Bedeh, faki, mei baki,
 Ke der jennet nekhahi yaft
 Kunari abi Rocnabad,
 Va gulgheshti Mofellara.

Fugan kein lulian shokh
 I shiringari shehrashob
 Chunan berdendi fabr az dil
 Ke Turcan khani yagmara.

In vain with love our bosoms glow :

Can all our tears, can all our sighs

New lustre to those charms impart ?

Can cheeks, where living roses blow,

Where nature spreads her richest dyes,

Require the borrow'd gloss of art ?

Speak not of fate :--- ah ! change the theme,

And talk of odours, talk of wine,

Talk of the flow'rs that round us bloom :

'Tis all a cloud, 'tis all a dream ;

To love and joy thy thoughts confine,

Nor hope to pierce the sacred gloom.

Ze eshki na temami ma

Jemali yari mustagnift ;

Be ab u reng u khal u khatt

Che hajet ruyi zibara.

Hadis az mutreb u mei gu,

Va razi dehri kemter ju,

Ke kes nekshud u nekshaied

Be hikmet ein moammara.]

Beauty has such resistless pow'r,
 That ev'n the chaste Egyptian dame
 Sigh'd for the blooming Hebrew boy;
 For her how fatal was the hour,
 When to the banks of Nilus came
 A youth so lovely and so coy!

But ah! sweet maid, my counsel hear:—
 (Youth should attend when those advise
 Whom long experience renders sage)
 While musick charms the ravish'd ear,
 While sparkling cups delight our eyes,
 Be gay; and scorn the frowns of age.

Men az an hufni ruzafzun
 Ke Yufuf dashti daneftem,
 Ke eshk az perdei ifmet
 Berun ared Zuleikhara.

Nasihet goshi kun jana,
 Ke az jan dostiter darend
 Juvanani saadetmend
 I pendi peeri danara.

What

What cruel answer have I heard !
And yet, by heav'n, I love thee still :
Can aught be cruel from thy lip ?
Yet say, how fell that bitter word
From lips which streams of sweetness fill,
Which nought but drops of honey sip ?

Go boldly forth, my simple lay,
Whose accents flow with artless ease
Like orient pearls at random strung ;
Thy notes are sweet, the damsels say,
But O ! far sweeter, if they please
The nymph for whom these notes are sung.

Bedem gufti, va khurfendam,

Afac alla, neku gufti,

Jawabi telkhi mizeibed

Lebi lali sheker khara.

Gazel gufti vedurr fufti,

Bea vakhoft bukhan Hafiz,

Ke ber nazmi to affhaned

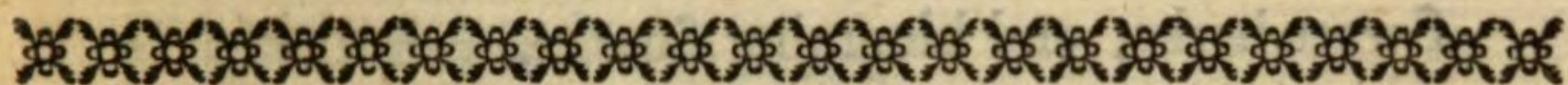
Felek ikdi furiara,



What cruel answer have I heard!
And yet, by heav'n, I love thee still:
Can ought be cruel from thy lip?
Yet let, how tell that bitter word
From lips which breathe of love and bliss,
Which thought but drops of honey still.

Go boldly forth, my darling love,
To seek adventure now with sword and shield;
I'll wait thy coming at my father's door,
Thy name is sweet, the danger is small.
But O! for sweetest, if thy heart
The thought for whom these notes are sung.

Adieu, adieu, my darling love,
I shall be with thee in a twinkling;
I shall be with thee in a twinkling;
I shall be with thee in a twinkling;
I shall be with thee in a twinkling;
I shall be with thee in a twinkling;
I shall be with thee in a twinkling;
I shall be with thee in a twinkling.



A N

ODE OF PETRARCH,
TO THE
FOUNTAIN OF VALCHIUSA.

* **Y**E clear and sparkling streams,
Warm'd by the sunny beams,
Through whose transparent crystal Laura play'd;
Ye boughs, that deck the grove,
Where Spring her chaplets wove,
While Laura lay beneath the quiv'ring shade;

Canzone 27.

Chiare, fresche, e dolci acque,
Ove le belle membra
Pose colei, che sola a me par donna;
Gentil ramo, ove piacque
(Con sospir mi rimembra)
A lei di fare al bel fianco colonna;

* M. de Voltaire has given us a beautiful paraphrase of this first stanza, though it is certain that he had never read the ode in the original, or at most only the
three

Sweet herbs, and blooming flow'rs,
 That crown yon vernal bow'rs
 For ever fatal, yet for ever dear :
 And ye, that heard my sighs
 When first she charm'd my eyes,
 Soft-breathing gales, my dying accents hear,

Erba, e fior', che la gonna
 Leggiadra ricoverse
 Coll' angelico feno ;
 Aer sacro fereno
 Ov' Amor co' begli occhi il cor m' aperse ;
 Date udienza insieme
 Alle dolento mie parole estreme.

three first lines of it ; for he asserts that the Italian song is irregular and without rhymes, whereas the stanzas are perfectly regular, and the rhymes very exact. His design was to give Madame du Châtelet, for whom he wrote his history, an idea of Petrarch's style ; but if she had only read his imitation, she could have but an imperfect notion of the Italian, which the reader will easily perceive by comparing them.

If heav'n has fix'd my doom,
 That Love must quite consume
 My bursting heart, and close my eyes in death;
 Ah ! grant this slight request,
 That here my urn may rest
 When to its mansion flies my vital breath.
 This pleasing hope will smoothe
 My anxious mind, and sooth
 The pangs of that inevitable hour;
 My spirit will not grieve
 Her mortal veil to leave
 In these calm shades, and this enchanting bow'r.

S'egli e pur mio destino,
 E' l cielo in cio s'adopra,
 Ch' amor questi occhi lagrimando chiuda,
 Qualche grazia il meschino
 Corpo fra voi ricopra ;
 E torni l' alma al proprio albergo ignuda.
 La morte fia men cruda,
 Se questa speme porto
 A quel dubbioso passo ;
 Che lo spirito lasso
 Non poria mai in piu riposato porto
 Ne'n piu tranquilla fossa
 Fuggir la carne travagliata, e l' ossa.

y W. Jones.

[Jones]

A. or. 133 2 80

Poems

P O E M S

CONSISTING CHIEFLY

OF

TRANSLATIONS

FROM THE

ASIATICK LANGUAGES.

TO WHICH ARE ADDED

T W O E S S A Y S,

- I. On the Poetry of the Eastern nations.
- II. On the Arts, commonly called Imitative.

———— *Juvat integros accedere fontes,
Atque haurire, juvatque novos decerpere flores.* Lucr.

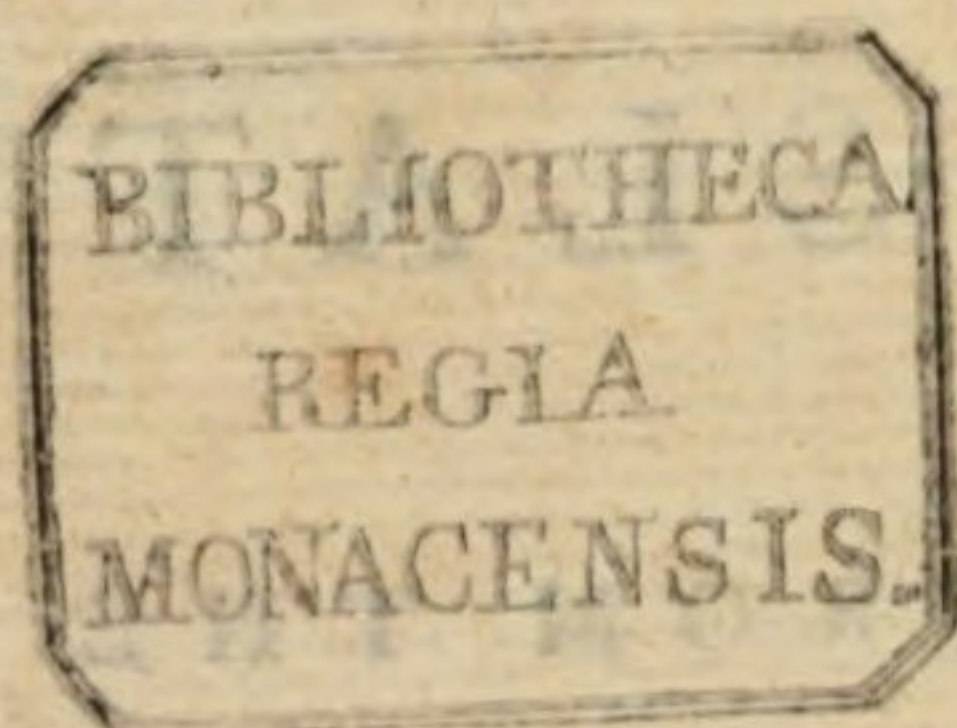
O X F O R D,

At the CLARENDON-PRESS. M DCC LXXII.

Sold by PETER ELMSLY, in the Strand, London;
and DAN. PRINCE, at Oxford.

P O E M S

CONSTITUTING CHIEFLY
OF



THE EAST

ASIANIC LANGUAGES

TO WHICH ARE ADDED

TWO ESSAYS,

- I. On the Poetry of the Eastern Nations.
- II. On the Arts; commonly called Miniature.

By JAMES CLARKE MARSH, Esq.
Author of the 'History of the Progress of the Human Mind,' &c.

OXFORD

At the University Press, in the Year MDCCLXXII.

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T H E
P R E F A C E.

TH E reader will probably expect, that, before I present him with the following miscellany, I should give some account of the pieces contained in it; and should prove the authenticity of those *Eastern* originals, from which I profess to have translated them: indeed, so many productions, invented in *France*, have been offered to the publick as genuine translations from the languages of *Asia*, that I should have wished, for my own sake, to clear my publication from the slightest suspicion of imposture: but there is a circumstance peculiarly hard in the present case; namely, that, were I to produce the *originals* themselves, it would be impossible to persuade some men, that even *they*

ii. THE PREFACE.

were not forged for the purpose, like the pretended language of *Formosa*. I shall, however, attempt in this short preface to satisfy the reader's expectations.

The first poem in the collection, called *Solima*, is not a regular translation from the *Arabick* language; but all the figures, sentiments, and descriptions in it, were really taken from the poets of *Arabia*: for when I was reading some of their verses on benevolence and hospitality, which they justly consider as their most amiable virtues, I selected those passages, which seemed most likely to run into our measure, and connected them in such a manner as to form one continued piece, which I suppose to be written in praise of an *Arabian* prince, who had built a *caravansera* with pleasant gardens, for the refreshment of travellers and pilgrims; an act of munificence not uncommon in *Asia*. I shall trouble the reader with only one of the original passages, from which he may form a tolerable judgment of the rest:

Kad alama e'ddhaifo wa'l mojtaduno
Idha agbbara ofkon wahabbat shemalan,
Wakbalat an auladiba elmordhiato,
Wa lam tar ainon lemoznin belalan,
Beenca conto 'errablo el mogbitbo

Leman

T H E P R E F A C E.

*Leman yâtarica, waconto' themalan,
Waconto' nebara bebi shemsoho,
Waconto dagiyyi' lleili fibi belalan.*

that is ; * *the stranger and the pilgrim well know,
when the sky is dark, and the north-wind rages,
when the mothers leave their sucking infants, when
no moisture can be seen in the clouds, that thou art
bountiful to them as the spring, that thou art their
chief support, that thou art a sun to them by day, and
a moon in the cloudy night.*

The hint of the next poem, or *The Palace of Fortune*, was taken from an *Indian* tale, translated a few years ago from the *Persian* by a very ingenious gentleman in the service of the *India-company* ; but I have added several descriptions, and episodes, from other *Eastern* writers, have given a different moral to the whole piece, and have made some other alterations in it, which may be seen by any one, who will take the pains to compare it with the story of *Roshana*, in the second volume of the tales of *Inatulla*.

I have taken a still greater liberty with the moral allegory, which, in imitation of the *Persian* poet *Nezâmi*, I have entitled *The Seven Fountains* :

* See this passage versified, *Solima*, line 71. etc.

the general subject of it was borrowed from a story in a collection of tales by *Ebn Arabshah*, a native of *Damascus*, who flourished in the fifteenth century, and wrote several other works in a very polished style, the most celebrated of which is *An history of the life of Tamerlane**: but I have ingrafted, upon the principal allegory, an episode from the *Arabian tales* of ‡ *A thousand and one nights*, a copy of which work in *Arabick* was procured for me by a learned friend at *Aleppo*.

The song, which follows, was first printed at the end of a *Persian* grammar; but, for the satisfaction of those who may have any doubt of its being genuine, it seemed proper to set down the original of it in *Roman* characters at the bottom of the page. The ode of *Petrarch* was added, that the reader might compare the manner of the *Asiatick* poets with that of the *Italians*, many of whom have written in the true spirit of the *Easterns*:

* *The History of Tamerlane* was published by the excellent *Golius*, in the year 1636; and the book of fables, called in *Arabick* *Facabato'lkholafa*, or, *The Delight of the Caliphs*, is among *Pocock's* manuscripts at *Oxford*, No. 334.

‡ See the story of Prince *Agib*, or the *third Calander* in the *Arabian tales*, Night 57. etc.

THE PREFACE. v.

some of the *Persian* songs have a striking resemblance to the sonnets of *Petrarch*; and even the form of those little amatory poems was, I believe, brought into *Europe* by the *Arabians*: one would almost imagine the following lines to be translated from the *Persian*,

*Aura, che quelle chiome bionde e crespe
Circondi, e movi, e se' mossa da loro
Soavemente, e spargi quel dolce oro,
E poi 'l raccogli, e'n bei nodi l'increspe.*

since there is scarce a page in the works of *Hafez* and *Jami*, in which the same image, of *the breeze playing with the tresses of a beautiful girl*, is not agreeably and variously expressed. x

The elegy on the death of *Laura* was inserted with the same view, of forming a comparison between the *Oriental* and the *Italian* poetry: the description of the fountain of *Valchiusa*, or *Vallis Clausa*, which was close to *Petrarch's* house, was added to the elegy in the year 1769, and was composed on the very spot, which I could not forbear visiting, when I passed by *Avignon*.

The

The *Turkish* Ode on the spring was selected from many others in the same language, written by *Mesibi*, a poet of great repute at *Constantinople*, who lived in the reign of *Soliman the Second*, or the *Lawgiver*: it is not unlike the *Vigil of Venus*, which has been ascribed to *Catullus*; the measure of it is nearly the same with that of the *Latin* poem; and it has, like that, a lively burden at the end of every stanza: the works of *Mesibi* are preserved in the archives of the *Royal Society*.

It will be needless, I hope, to apologize for the *Pastoral*, and the poem upon *Chefs*, which were done as early as at the age of sixteen or seventeen years, and were saved from the fire, in preference to a great many others, because they seemed more correctly versified than the rest.

It must not be supposed from my zeal for the literature of *Asia*, that I mean to place it in competition with the beautiful productions of the *Greeks* and *Romans*; for I am convinced, that, whatever changes we make in our opinions, we always return to the writings of the ancients, as to the standard of true taste.

If the novelty of the following poems should recommend them to the favour of the reader, it may, probably, be agreeable to him to know, that there are many others of equal or superiour merit, which have never appeared in any language of *Europe*; and I am persuaded that a writer, acquainted with the originals, might imitate them very happily in his native tongue, and that the publick would not be displeased to see the genuine compositions of *Arabia* and *Persia* in an *English* dress. The heroick poem of *Ferdusi* might be versified as easily as the *Iliad*, and I see no reason why *the delivery of Persia by Cyrus* should not be a subject as interesting to us, as *the anger of Achilles*, or *the wandering of Ulysses*. The Odes of *Hafez*, and of *Mesibi*, would suit our lyrick measures as well as those ascribed to *Anacreon*; and the seven *Arabick* elegies, that were hung up in the temple of *Mecca*, and of which there are several fine copies at *Oxford*, would, no doubt, be highly acceptable to the lovers of antiquity, and the admirers of native genius: but when I propose a translation of these *Oriental* pieces, as a work likely to meet with success, I only mean to invite my readers, who have leisure and industry, to the study of the languages, in which they are written

viii. THE PREFACE.

written, and am very far from insinuating that I have the remotest design of performing any part of the task myself; for, to say the truth, I should not have suffered even the following trifles to see the light, if I were not very desirous of recommending to the learned world a species of literature, which abounds with so many new expressions, new images, and new inventions.



C O R R I G E N D A.

Page 21. verse 2. *for in read on*

32. v. 11. *for wak'd; read rose;*

36. v. 16. *for plaintive read piercing*

41. v. 16. *for wrap'd read rapt*

48. v. 15. *for Then read And*

49. *in the margin for Light. read Sight.*

53. v. 9. *for rosy-bosom'd read lily-bosom'd*

59. v. 18. *read Leads to a cave where rav'ning monsters roar,*

60. v. 5. *read The king, who wept, yet knew his tears were*
[vain,

78. v. 1. *for blooming read blushing*

—— 13. *for dolento read dolenti*

86. v. 2. *for jalouse, read jaloux,*

91. v. 4. *for but read yet*

99. v. 2. *for plain! read pain!*

132. v. 4. *for wretched read tuneless*

187. line 6. *for imitating their style, and adopting &c.*
read imitate their style, and adopt &c.

190. l. 19. *for gutturels: read gutturals:*

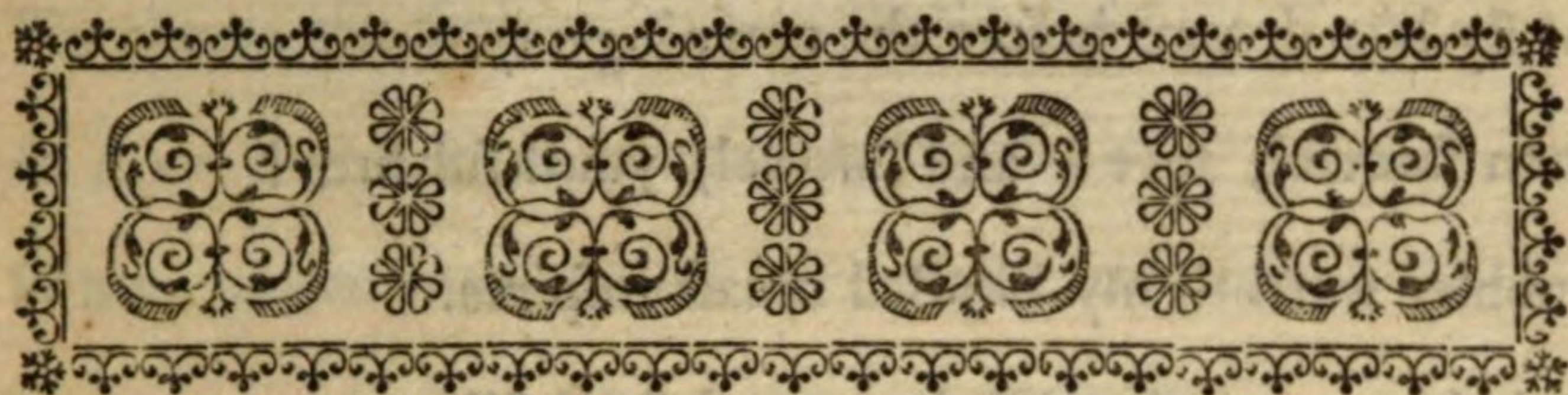
195. l. 16. *for transcribing his images, and giving &c.*
read transcribe his images, and give &c.

205. l. 23. *for Jambis, read Iambi,*

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S O L I M A,
AN ARABIAN ECLOGUE,

Written in the Year 1768.

YE maids of Aden, hear a loftier tale
Than e'er was sung in meadow, bow'r, or dale.

The smiles of Abelah, and Maia's eyes,
Where beauty plays, and love in slumber lies;
The fragrant hyacinths of Azza's hair,
That wanton with the laughing summer-air;
Love-tinctur'd cheeks, whence roses seek their bloom,
And lips, from which the Zephyr steals perfume,

Invite no more the wild unpolish'd lay,
 But fly like dreams before the morning ray.
 Then farewell, love ! and farewell, youthful fires !
 A nobler warmth my kindled breast inspires.
 Far bolder notes the lift'ning wood shall fill :
 Flow smooth, ye riv'lets ; and, ye gales, be still.

See yon fair groves that o'er Amana rise,
 And with their spicy breath embalm the skies ;
 Where ev'ry breeze sheds incense o'er the vales,
 And ev'ry shrub the scent of musk exhales !
 See through yon op'ning glade a glitt'ring scene,
 Lawns ever gay, and meadows ever green !
 Then ask the groves, and ask the vocal bow'rs,
 Who deck'd their spiry tops with blooming flow'rs,
 Taught the blue stream o'er sandy vales to flow,
 And the brown wild with liveliest hues to glow ?
 * Fair Solima ! the hills and dales will sing,
 Fair Solima ! the distant echoes ring.

* It was not easy in this part of the translation to avoid a turn similar to that of Pope in the known description of the Man of Ross.

But not with idle shows of vain delight,
To charm the soul, or to beguile the sight;
At noon on banks of pleasure to repose,
Where bloom intwin'd the lily, pink, and rose;
Not in proud piles to heap the nightly feast,
Till morn with pearls has deck'd the glowing east;
Ah! not for this she taught those bow'rs to rise,
And bade all Eden spring before our eyes:
Far other thoughts her heav'nly mind employ,
(Hence, empty pride! and hence, delusive joy!)
To cheer with sweet repast the fainting guest;
To lull the weary on the couch of rest;
To warm the trav'ler numb'd with winter's cold;
The young to cherish, to support the old;
The sad to comfort, and the weak protect;
The poor to shelter, and the lost direct:
These are her cares, and this her glorious task;
Can heav'n a nobler give, or mortals ask?

Come to these groves, and these life-breathing glades,
Ye friendless orphans, and ye dow'rless maids !
With eager haste your mournful mansions leave,
Ye weak, that tremble, and, ye sick, that grieve ;
Here shall soft tents o'er flow'ry lawns display'd,
At night defend you, and at noon o'ershade :
Here rosy health the sweets of life will show'r,
And new delights beguile each varied hour.
Mourns there a widow, bath'd in streaming tears ?
Stoops there a fire beneath the weight of years ?
Weeps there a maid in pining sadness left,
Of fondling parents, and of hope bereft ?
To Solima their sorrows they bewail,
To Solima they pour their plaintive tale.
She hears ; and, radiant as the star of day,
Through the thick forest wins her easy way :
She asks what cares the joyless train oppresses,
What sickness wastes them, or what wants distress ;

And

And as they mourn, she steals a tender sigh,
Whilst all her soul sits melting in her eye :
Then with a smile the healing balm bestows,
And sheds a tear of pity o'er their woes,
Which, as it drops, some soft-eyed angel bears
Transform'd to pearl, and in his bosom wears.

When, chill'd with fear, the trembling pilgrim roves
Through pathless deserts, and through tangled groves,
Where mantling darkness spreads her dragon wing,
And birds of death their fatal dirges sing,
While vapours pale a dreadful glimm'ring cast,
And thrilling horror howls in ev'ry blast ;
She cheers his gloom with streams of bursting light,
By day a sun, a beaming moon by night,
Darts through the quiv'ring shades her heav'nly ray,
And spreads with rising flow'rs his solitary way.

Ye heav'ns, for this in show'rs of sweetness shed
Your mildest influence o'er her favour'd head !

Long may her name, which distant climes shall praise,
Live in our notes, and blossom in our lays ;
And, like an od'rous plant, whose blushing flow'r
Paints ev'ry dale, and sweetens ev'ry bow'r,
Born to the skies in clouds of soft perfume
For ever flourish, and for ever bloom !
These grateful songs, ye maids and youths, renew,
While fresh-blown vi'lets drink the pearly dew ;
O'er Azib's banks while love-lorn damsels rove,
And gales of fragrance breathe from Hager's grove.

So sung the youth, whose sweetly-warbled strains
Fair Mena heard, and Saba's spicy plains.
Sooth'd with his lay the ravish'd air was calm,
The winds scarce whisper'd o'er the waving palm ;
The camels bounded o'er the flow'ry lawn,
Like the swift ostrich, or the sportful fawn ;
Their filken bands the list'ning rose-buds rent,
And twin'd their blossoms round his vocal tent :

He

He fung, till on the bank the moonlight slept,
And closing flow'rs beneath the night-dew wept,
Then ceas'd, and flumber'd in the lap of rest
Till the shrill lark had left his low-built nest.
Now hastes the swain to tune his rapt'rous tales
In other meadows, and in other vales.





T H E
PALACE OF FORTUNE,
AN INDIAN TALE,

Written in the Year 1769.

MILD was the vernal gale, and calm the day,
When Maia near a crystal fountain lay,
Young Maia, fairest of the blue-eyed maids,
That rov'd at noon in Tibet's musky shades ;
But, haply, wand'ring through the fields of air,
Some fiend had whisper'd, --- Maia, thou art fair !
Hence, swelling pride had fill'd her simple breast,
And rising passions rob'd her mind of rest ;

In courts and glitt'ring tow'rs she wish'd to dwell,
And scorn'd her lab'ring parents lowly cell :
And now, as gazing o'er the glassy stream,
She saw her blooming cheek's reflected beam,
Her tresses brighter than the morning sky,
And the mild radiance of her sparkling eye,
Low sighs and trickling tears by turns she stole,
And thus discharg'd the anguish of her soul :

“ Why glow those cheeks, if unadmir'd they glow ?

“ Why flow those tresses, if unprais'd they flow ?

“ Why dart those eyes their liquid ray serene,

“ Unfelt their influence, and their light unseen ?

“ Ye heav'ns ! was that love-breathing bosom made

“ To warm dull groves, and cheer the lonely glade ?

“ Ah, no : those blushes, that enchanting face

“ Some tap'stried hall or gilded bow'r might grace,

“ Might deck the scenes, where love and pleasure reign,

“ And fire with am'rous flames the youthful train.”

While

While thus she spoke, a sudden blaze of light
Shot through the clouds, and struck her dazzled sight:
She rais'd her head, astonish'd, to the skies,
And veil'd with trembling hands her aching eyes;
When through the yielding air she saw from far
A goddess gliding in a golden car,
That soon descended on the flow'ry lawn,
By two fair yokes of starry peacocks drawn:
A thousand nymphs with many a sprightly glance
Form'd round the radiant wheels an airy dance,
Celestial shapes, in fluid light array'd;
Like twinkling stars their beamy sandals play'd:
Their lucid mantles glitter'd in the sun,
(Webs half so bright the silkworm never spun)
Transparent robes, that bore the rainbow's hue,
And finer than the nets of pearly dew
That morning spreads o'er ev'ry op'ning flow'r,
When sportive summer decks his bridal bow'r.

The queen herself, too fair for mortal sight
Sat in the centre of encircling light.
Soon with soft touch she rais'd the trembling maid,
And by her side in silent slumber laid :
Straight the gay birds display'd their spangled train,
And flew refulgent through th' aerial plain ;
The fairy band their shining pinions spread,
And as they rose fresh gales of sweetness shed ;
Fan'd with their flowing skirts the sky was mild,
And heav'n's blue fields with brighter radiance smil'd.

Now in a garden deck'd with verdant bow'rs
The glitt'ring car descends on bending flow'rs :
The goddess still with looks divinely fair
Surveys the sleeping object of her care ;
Then o'er her cheek her magick finger lays,
Soft as the gale that o'er a vi'let plays,
And thus in sounds, that favour'd mortals hear,
She gently whispers in her ravish'd ear :

“ Awake

“Awake, sweet maid, and view this charming scene
“For ever beauteous, and for ever green;
“Here living rills of purest nectar flow
“O’er meads that with unfading flow’rets glow;
“Here am’rous gales their scented wings display,
“Mov’d by the breath of ever-blooming May;
“Here in the lap of pleasure shalt thou rest,
“Our lov’d companion, and our honour’d guest.”

The damsel hears the heav’nly notes distil,
Like melting snow, or like a vernal rill;
She lifts her head, and, on her arm reclin’d,
Drinks the sweet accents in her grateful mind:
On all around she turns her roving eyes,
And views the splendid scene with glad surprize;
Fresh lawns, and sunny banks, and roseate bow’rs,
Hills white with flocks, and meadows gem’d with flow’rs;
Cool shades, a sure defence from summer’s ray,
And silver brooks where wanton damsels play,

That

That with soft notes their dimpled crystal roll'd

O'er colour'd shells and sands of native gold :

A rising fountain play'd from ev'ry stream,

Smil'd as it rose, and cast a transient gleam,

Then gently falling in a vocal show'r

Bath'd ev'ry shrub, and sprinkled ev'ry flow'r,

That on the banks, like many a lovely bride,

View'd in the liquid glass their blushing pride ;

Whilst on each branch with purple blossoms hung

The sportful birds their joyous ditty sung.

While Maia thus entranc'd in sweet delight

With each gay object fed her eager sight,

The goddess mildly caught her willing hand,

And led her trembling o'er the flow'ry land :

Soon she beheld where through an op'ning glade

A spacious lake its clear expanse display'd ;

In mazy curls the flowing jasper wav'd

O'er its smooth bed with polish'd agate pav'd ;

And

And on a rock of ice by magick rais'd
High in the midst a gorgeous palace blaz'd;
The sunbeams on the gilded portals glanc'd,
Play'd on the spires, and on the turrets danc'd;
To four bright gates four iv'ry bridges led,
With pearls illumin'd, and with roses spread:
And now, more radiant than the morning sun
Her easy way the gliding goddess won;
Still by her hand she held the fearful maid,
And as she pass'd the fairies homage paid:
They enter'd straight the sumptuous palace-hall,
Where filken tapesstry emblaz'd the wall,
Refulgent tissue, of an heav'nly woof;
And gems unnumber'd sparkled on the roof,
On whose blue arch the flaming diamonds play'd,
As on a sky with living stars inlay'd:
Of precious diadems a regal store,
With globes and sceptres, strew'd the porph'ry floor;
Rich vests of eastern kings around were spread,
And glitt'ring zones a starry radiance shed:

But

But Maia most admir'd the pearly strings,
Gay bracelets, golden chains, and sparkling rings.

High in the centre of the palace shone,
Suspended in mid-air, an opal throne :
To this the queen ascends with royal pride,
And sets the favour'd damsel by her side.
Around the throne in mystick order stand
The fairy train, and wait her high command ;
When thus she speaks : (the maid attentive sips
Each word that flows, like nectar, from her lips.)

“ Fav’rite of heav’n, my much lov’d Maia, know,
“ From me all joys, all earthly blessings flow :
“ Me suppliant men imperial Fortune call,
“ The mighty empress of yon rolling ball :
(She rais’d her finger, and the wond’ring maid
At distance hung the dusky globe survey’d,
Saw the round earth with foaming oceans vein’d,
And lab’ring clouds on mountain tops sustain’d.)

“ To

“ To me has fate the pleasing task assign’d
“ To rule the various thoughts of humankind ;
“ To catch each rising wish, each ardent pray’r,
“ And some to grant, and some to waste in air :
“ Know farther ; as I rang’d the crystal sky,
“ I saw thee hear the murm’ring fountain lie ;
“ Mark’d the rough storm that gather’d in thy breast,
“ And knew what care thy joyless soul oppress’d.
“ Straight I resolv’d to bring thee quick relief,
“ Ease ev’ry weight, and soften ev’ry grief ;
“ If in this court contented thou canst live,
“ And taste the joys these happy gardens give :
“ But fill thy mind with vain desires no more,
“ And view without a wish yon shining store :
“ Soon shall a num’rous train before me bend,
“ And kneeling votaries my shrine attend ;
“ Warn’d by their empty vanities beware,
“ And scorn the folly of each human pray’r.”

She said ; and straight a damsel of her train
With tender fingers touch'd a golden chain :
Now a soft bell delighted Maia hears
That sweetly trembles on her list'ning ears ;
Through the calm air the melting numbers float,
And wanton echo lengthens every note.
Soon through the dome a mingled hum arose,
Like the swift stream that o'er a valley flows ;
Now louder still it grew, and still more loud,
As distant thunder breaks the bursting cloud :
Through the four portals rush'd a various throng,
That like a wintry torrent pour'd along :
A croud of ev'ry tongue, and ev'ry hue,
Tow'rd the bright throne with eager rapture flew.
* A lovely stripling step'd before the rest
With hasty pace, and tow'rd the goddess prest ;
His mien was graceful, and his looks were mild,
And in his eyes celestial sweetness smil'd :

* Pleasure.

Youth's

Youth's purple glow, and beauty's rosy beam
O'er his smooth cheeks diffus'd a lively gleam ;
The floating ringlets of his musky hair
Wav'd on the bosom of the wanton air :
With modest grace the goddess he address'd,
And thoughtless thus prefer'd his fond request.

“ Queen of the world, whose wide extended sway,
“ Gay youth, firm manhood, and cold age obey,
“ Grant me while life's fresh blooming roses smile,
“ The day with varied pleasures to beguile ;
“ Let me on beds of dewy flow'rs recline,
“ And quaff with glowing lips the sparkling wine ;
“ Grant me to feed on beauty's rifled charms,
“ And clasp a willing damsel in my arms ;
“ Her bosom fairer than a hill of snow,
“ And gently bounding like a playful roe,
“ Her lips more fragrant than the summer air,
“ And sweet as Scythian musk her hyacinthine hair :

“ Let new delights each dancing hour employ,

“ Sport follow sport, and joy succeed to joy.”

The goddess grants the simple youth's request,

And mildly thus accosts her lovely guest :

“ On that smooth mirror full of magick light

“ Awhile, dear Maia, fix thy wand'ring sight.”

She looks ; and in th' enchanted crystal sees

A bow'r o'er canopied with tufted trees :

The wanton stripling lies beneath the shade,

And by his side reclines a blooming maid ;

O'er her fair limbs a filken mantle flows,

Through which her youthful beauty softly glows,

And part conceal'd, and part disclos'd to sight

Through the thin texture casts a ruddy light,

As the ripe clusters of the mantling vine

Beneath the verdant foliage faintly shine,

And, fearing to be view'd by envious day,

Their glowing tints unwillingly display,

The youth, while joy sits sparkling in his eyes,
Pants on her neck, and in her bosom dies ;
From her smooth cheek nectareous dew he sips,
And all his soul comes breathing to his lips.
But Maia turns her modest eyes away,
And blushes to behold their amr'ous play.

She looks again, and sees with sad surprize
On the clear glass far diff'rent scenes arise :
The bow'r, which late outshone the rosy morn,
O'er hung with weeds she saw, and rough with thorn ;
With stings of asps the leafless plants were wreath'd,
And curling adders gales of venom breath'd ;
Low sat the stripling on the faded ground,
And in a mournful knot his arms were bound ;
His eyes, that shot before a sunny beam,
Now scarcely shed a sad'ning, dying gleam ;
Faint as a glimm'ring taper's wasted light,
Or a dull ray that streaks the cloudy night :

His

His crystal vase was on the pavement roll'd,
And from the bank was fall'n his cup of gold;
From which th' envenom'd dregs of deadly hue,
Flow'd on the ground in streams of baleful dew,
And, slowly stealing through the wither'd bow'r,
Poison'd each plant, and blasted ev'ry flow'r:
Fled were his slaves, and fled his yielding fair,
And each gay phantom was dissolv'd in air;
Whilst in their place was left a joyless train,
Despair, and grief, remorse, and raging pain.

Aside the damsel turns her weeping eyes,
And sad reflections in her bosom rise;
To whom thus mildly speaks the radiant queen:
"Take sage example from this moral scene;
"See how vain pleasures sting the lips they kiss,
"How asps are hid beneath the bow'rs of bliss!
"Whilst ever fair the flow'r of temp'rance blows,
"Unchang'd her leaf and without thorn her rose,

Smiling

“Smiling she darts her glitt’ring branch on high,
“And spreads her fragrant blossoms to the sky.”

* Next to the throne she saw a knight advance,
Erect he stood, and shook a quiv’ring lance;
A fiery dragon on his helmet shone,
And on his buckler beam’d a golden sun;
O’er his broad bosom blaz’d his jointed mail
With many a gem, and many a shining scale;
He trod the sounding floor with princely mien,
And thus with haughty words address’d the queen:
“Let falling kings beneath my jav’lin bleed,
“And bind my temples with a victor’s meed;
“Let ev’ry realm that feels the solar ray,
“Shrink at my frown, and own my regal sway:
“Let Ind’s rich banks declare my deathless fame,
“And trembling Ganges dread my potent name.”

The queen consented to the warrior’s pray’r,
And his bright banners floated in the air:

He bade his darts in steely tempests fly,
Flames burst the clouds, and thunder shake the sky;
Death aim'd his lance, earth trembled at his nod,
And crimson conquest glow'd where'er he trod.

And now the damsel, fix'd in deep amaze,
Th' enchanted glass with eager look surveys:
She sees the hero in his dusky tent,
His guards retir'd, his glimm'ring taper spent;
His spear, vain instrument of dying praise,
On the rich floor with idle state he lays;
His gory falchin near his pillow stood,
And stain'd the ground with drops of purple blood;
A busy page his nodding helm unlac'd,
And on the couch his scaly hauberk plac'd:
Now on the bed his weary limbs he throws
Bath'd in the balmy dew of soft repose:
In dreams he rushes o'er the gloomy field,
He sees new armies fly, new heroes yield;

Warm with the vig'rous conflict he appears,
And ev'n in slumber seems to move the spheres.
But lo ! the faithless page with stealing tread
Advances to the champion's naked head ;
With a sharp dagger wounds his bleeding breast,
And steeps his eyelids in eternal rest :
Then cries, (and waves the steel that drops with gore)
“ The tyrant dies ; oppression is no more.”

* Now came an aged sire with trembling pace,
Sunk were his eyes, and pale his ghastly face ;
A ragged weed of dusky hue he wore,
And on his back a pond'rous coffer bore.
The queen with falt'ring speech he thus addrest :
“ O, fill with gold thy true adorer's chest.”

“ Behold, said she, and wav'd her pow'rful hand,
“ Where yon rich hills in glitt'ring order stand :
“ There load thy coffer, with the golden store ;
“ Then bear it full away, and ask no more.”

With eager steps he took his hasty way,
Where the bright coin in heaps unnumber'd lay ;
There hung enamour'd o'er the gleaming spoil
Scoop'd the gay dross, and bent beneath the toil.
But bitter was his anguish to behold
The coffer widen and its sides unfold :
And ev'ry time he heap'd the darling ore,
His greedy chest grew larger than before ;
Till spent with pain, and falling o'er his hoard,
With his sharp steel his mad'ning breast he gor'd :
On the lov'd heap he cast his closing eye,
Contented on a golden couch to die.

A stripling, with the fair adventure pleas'd,
Step'd forward, and the massy coffer seiz'd :
But with surprize he saw the stores decay,
And all the long-fought treasures melt away ;
In winding streams the liquid metal roll'd,
And through the palace ran a flood of gold.

* Next

* Next to the shrine advanc'd a rev'rend sage,
Whose beard was hoary with the frost of age ;
His few gray locks a fable fillet bound,
And his dark mantle flow'd along the ground :
Grave was his port, yet show'd a bold neglect,
And fill'd the young beholder with respect ;
Time's envious hand had plough'd his wrinkled face,
Yet on those wrinkles sat superiour grace ;
Still full of fire appear'd his vivid eye,
Darted quick beams, and seem'd to pierce the sky.
At length with gentle voice and look serene,
He wav'd his hand, and thus address'd the queen :

“ Twice forty winters tip my beard with snow,
“ And age's chilling gusts around me blow :
“ In early youth, by contemplation led,
“ With high pursuits my flatter'd thoughts were fed ;
“ To nature first my labours were confin'd,
“ And all her charms were open'd to my mind,

“ Each flow’r that glisten’d in the morning dew,

“ And ev’ry shrub that in the forest grew :

“ From earth to heav’n I cast my wond’ring eyes,

“ Saw suns unnumber’d sparkle in the skies,

“ Mark’d the just progress of each rolling sphere,

“ Describ’d the seasons, and reform’d the year.

“ At length sublimer studies I began,

“ And fix’d my level’d telescope on man ;

“ Knew all his pow’rs, and all his passions trac’d,

“ What virtue rais’d him, and what vice debas’d :

“ But when I saw his knowledge so confin’d,

“ So vain his wishes, and so weak his mind,

“ His soul, a bright obscurity at best,

“ And rough with tempests his afflicted breast,

“ His life, a flow’r ere ev’ning sure to fade,

“ His highest joys, the shadow of a shade ;

“ To thy fair court I took my weary way,

“ Bewail my folly, and heav’n’s laws obey,

“ Confess my feeble mind for pray’rs unfit

“ And to my maker’s will my soul submit :

“ Great

“ Great empress of yon orb that rolls below,
“ On me the last best gift of heav’n bestow.”

He spake : a sudden cloud his senses stole,
And thick’ning darkness swam o’er all his soul ;
His vital spark her earthly cell forsook,
And into air her fleeting progress took.

Now from the throng a deaf’ning sound was heard,
And all at once their various pray’rs prefer’d ;
The goddess, wearied with the noisy croud,
Thrice wav’d her silver wand, and spake aloud :
“ Our ears no more with vain petitions tire,
“ But take unheard whate’er you first desire.”
She said : each wish’d, and what he wish’d obtain’d ;
And wild confusion in the palace reign’d.

But Maia, now grown senseless with delight,
Cast on an em’rald ring her roving sight ;

And,

And, ere she could survey the rest with care,
Wish'd on her hand the precious gem to wear.

Sudden the palace vanish'd from her sight,
And the gay fabrick melted into night ;
But in its place she view'd with weeping eyes
Huge rocks around her, and sharp cliffs arise :
She sat deserted on the naked shore,
Saw the curl'd waves, and heard the tempest roar ;
Whilst on her finger shone the fatal ring,
A weak defence from hunger's pointed sting,
From sad remorse, from comfortless despair,
And all the ruthless company of care !
Frantick with grief her rosy cheek she tore,
And rent her locks, her darling charge no more :
But when the night his raven wing had spread,
And hung with sable ev'ry mountain's head,
Her tender limbs were numb'd with biting cold,
And round her feet the curling billows roll'd ;

With

With trembling arms a rifted crag she grasp'd,
And the rough rock with hard embraces clasp'd.

While thus she stood, and made a piercing moan,
By chance her em'rald touch'd the rugged stone;
That moment gleam'd from heav'n a golden ray,
And taught the gloom to counterfeit the day:
A winged youth, for mortal eyes too fair,
Shot like a meteor through the dusky air;
His heav'nly charms o'ercame her dazled sight,
And drown'd her senses in a flood of light;
His sunny plumes descending he display'd,
And softly thus address'd the mournful maid:

“ Say, thou that dost yon wondrous ring possess,
“ What cares disturb thee, or what wants oppress;
“ To faithful ears disclose thy secret grief,
“ And hope (so heav'n ordains) a quick relief.”

The maid replied, “ Ah, sacred genius, bear
“ A hopeless damsel from this land of care;

Waft

“Waft me to fofter climes and lovelier plains,
“Where nature fmiles, and fpring eternal reigns.”

She fpoke ; and fwifter than the glance of thought
To a fair ifle his fleeping charge he brought.

Now morning breath'd : the fcented air was mild,
Each meadow bloffom'd, and each valley fmil'd ;
On ev'ry fhrub the pearly dewdrops hung,
On ev'ry branch a feather'd warbler fung ;
The cheerful fpring her flow'ry chaplets wove,
And incenfe-breathing gales perfum'd the grove.

The damfel wak'd ; and, loft in glad furprize,
Caft round the gay expanfe her op'ning eyes,
That fhone with pleasure like a ftarry beam,
Or moonlight fparkling on a filver fteam.
She thought fome nymph muft haunt that lovely fcene,
Some woodland goddefs, or fome fairy queen ;

At least she hop'd in some sequester'd vale
To hear the shepherd tell his am'rous tale :
Led by these flatt'ring hopes from glade to glade,
From lawn to lawn with hasty steps she stray'd ;
But not a nymph by stream or fountain stood,
And not a fairy glided through the wood ;
No damsel wanton'd o'er the dewy flow'rs,
No shepherd sung beneath the rosy bow'rs :
On ev'ry side she saw vast mountains rise,
That thrust their daring foreheads in the skies ;
The rocks of polish'd alabaster seem'd,
And in the sun their lofty summits gleam'd.
She call'd aloud, but not a voice replied,
Save echo babbling from the mountain's side.

By this had night o'ercast the gloomy scene,
And twinkling stars emblaz'd the blue serene :
Yet on she wander'd, till with grief oppress'd
She fell ; and, falling, smote her snowy breast :

Now to the heav'ns her guilty head she rears,
And pours her bursting sorrow into tears;
Then plaintive speaks, " Ah ! fond mistaken maid,
" How was thy mind by gilded hopes betray'd ?
" Why didst thou wish for bow'rs and flow'ry hills,
" For smiling meadows, and for purling rills ;
" Since on those hills no youth or damsel roves,
" No shepherd haunts the solitary groves ?
" Ye meads that glow with intermingled dyes,
" Ye flow'ring palms that from yon hillocks rise,
" Ye quiv'ring brooks that softly murmur by,
" Ye panting gales that on the branches die,
" Ah ! why has nature through her gay domain
" Display'd your beauties, yet display'd in vain ?
" In vain, ye flow'rs, you boast your vernal bloom,
" And waste in barren air your fresh perfume.
" Ah ! leave, ye wanton birds, yon lonely spray ;
" Unheard you warble, and unseen you play :
" Yet stay till fate has fix'd my early doom,
" And strow with leaves a hapless damsel's tomb.

" Some

“Some grot or grassy bank shall be my bier,

“My maiden herse unwater’d with a tear.”

Thus while she mourns, o’erwhelm’d in deep despair,

She rends her filken robes, and golden hair :

Her fatal ring, the cause of all her woes,

On a hard rock with mad’ning rage she throws ;

The gem, rebounding from the stone, displays

Its verdant hue, and sheds refreshing rays :

• Sudden descends the genius of the ring,

And drops celestial fragrance from his wing ;

Then speaks, “Who calls me from the realms of day ?

“Ask, and I grant ; command, and I obey.”

She drank his melting words with ravish’d ears,

And stop’d the gushing current of her tears ;

Then kiss’d his skirts, that like a ruby glow’d,

And said, “O bear me to my fire’s abode.”

Straight o’er her eyes a shady veil arose,

And all her soul was lull’d in still repose.

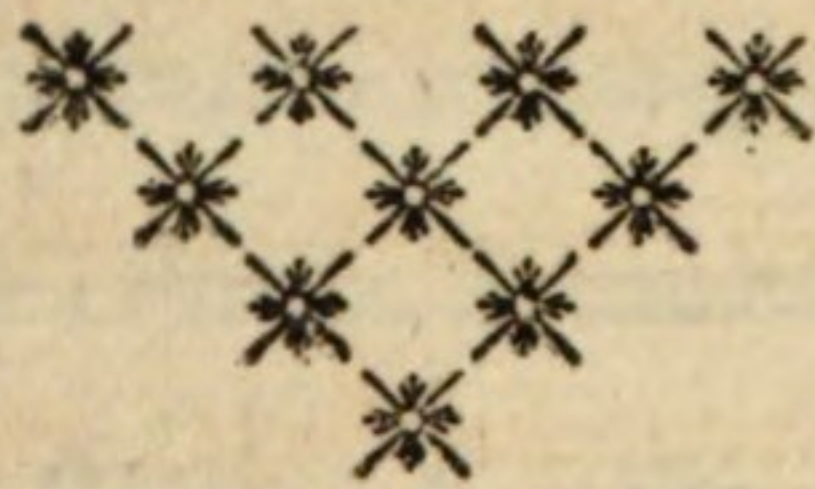
THE PALACE

By this with flow'rs the rosy-finger'd dawn
Had spread each dewy hill and verd'rous lawn ;
She wak'd, and saw a new-built tomb that stood
In the dark bosom of a solemn wood,
While these sad sounds her trembling ears invade :
“ Beneath yon marble sleeps thy father's shade.”
She sigh'd, she wept ; she struck her pensive breast,
And bade his urn in peaceful slumber rest,

And now in silence o'er the gloomy land
She saw advance a slowly-winding band ;
Their cheeks were veil'd, their robes of mournful hue
Flow'd o'er the lawn, and swept the pearly dew :
O'er the fresh turf they sprinkled sweet perfume,
And strow'd with flow'rs the venerable tomb.
A graceful matron walk'd before the train,
And tun'd in notes of wo a plaintive strain :
When from her face her filken veil she drew,
The watchful maid her aged mother knew.

O'erpow'r'd

O'erpow'r'd with bursting joy she runs to meet
The mourning dame, and falls before her feet :
The matron with surprize her daughter rears,
Hangs on her neck, and mingles tears with tears.
Now o'er the tomb their hallow'd rites they pay,
And form with lamps an artificial day :
Erelong the damsel reach'd her native vale,
And told with joyful heart her moral tale ;
Resign'd to heav'n, and lost to all beside,
She liv'd contented, and contented died.





THE
SEVEN FOUNTAINS,
AN EASTERN ALLEGORY,

Written in the Year 1767.

DECK'D with fresh garlands, like a rural bride,
And with the crimson streamer's waving pride,
A wanton bark was floating o'er the main,
And seem'd with scorn to view the azure plain :
Smooth were the waves, and scarce a whisp'ring gale
Fan'd with his gentle plumes the silken sail.
High on the burnish'd deck a gilded throne
With orient pearls and beaming diamonds shone ;

On

40 THE SEVEN FOUNTAINS.

On which reclin'd a youth of graceful mien,
His sandals purple, and his mantle green ;
His locks in ringlets o'er his shoulders roll'd,
And on his cheek appear'd the downy gold.
Around him stood a train of smiling boys,
Sporting with idle cheer and mirthful toys ;
* Ten comely striplings, girt with spangled wings,
Blew piercing flutes, or touch'd the quiv'ring strings ;
Ten more, in cadence to the sprightly strain,
Wak'd with their golden oars the slumb'ring main :
The waters yielded to their guiltless blows,
And the green billows sparkled as they rose.

Long time the barge had danc'd along the deep,
And on its glassy bosom seem'd to sleep ;
‡ And now a pleasant isle arose in view,
Bounded with hillocks of a verdant hue :
Fresh groves, and roseate bow'rs appear'd above,
(Fit haunts, be sure, of pleasure and of love)

* The follies of youth.

‡ The world.

And

THE SEVEN FOUNTAINS. 41

And higher still a thousand blazing spires
Seem'd with gilt tops to threat the heav'nly fires.
Now each fair stripling plied his lab'ring oar,
And straight the pinnacle struck the sandy shore.
The youth arose, and, leaping on the strand,
Took his lone way along the silver sand ;
While the light bark, and all the airy crew,
Sunk like a mist beneath the briny dew.

With eager steps the young advent'rer stray'd
Through many a grove, and many a winding glade :
At length he heard the chime of tuneful strings,
* That sweetly floated on the Zephyr's wings ;
And soon a band of damsels blithe and fair,
With flowing mantles and dishevel'd hair,
Came with quick pace along the solemn wood,
Where wrap'd in wonder and delight he stood :
In loose transparent robes they were array'd,
Which half their beauties hid, and half display'd.

* The follies and vanities of the world.

A lovely nymph approach'd him with a smile,
 And said, "O, welcome to this blissful isle!
 "For thou art he, whom ancient bards foretold,
 "Doom'd in our clime to bring an age of gold:
 "Hail, sacred king, and from thy subject's hand,
 "Accept the robes and sceptre of the land."

"Sweet maid, said he, fair learning's heav'nly beam
 "O'er my young mind ne'er shed her fav'ring gleam;
 "Nor has my arm e'er hurl'd the fatal lance,
 "While desp'rate legions o'er the plain advance:
 "How should a simple youth, unfit to bear
 "The steely mail, that splendid mantle wear!"
 "Ah! said the damsel, from this happy shore
 "We banish wisdom, and her idle lore;
 "No clarions here the strains of battle sing,
 "With notes of mirth our joyful valleys ring.
 "Peace to the brave! o'er us the beauteous reign,
 "And ever-charming pleasures form our train."

This said, a diadem, inlay'd with pearls,
 She plac'd respectful on his golden curls;
 Another o'er his graceful shoulder threw
 A filken mantle of the rose's hue,
 Which, clasp'd with studs of gold, behind him flow'd,
 And through the folds his glowing bosom show'd.
 Then in a car, by snowwhite coursers drawn,
 They led him o'er the dew-besprinkled lawn,
 Through groves of joy and arbours of delight,
 With all that could allure his ravish'd sight;
 Green hillocks, meads, and rosy grots he view'd,
 And verd'rous plains with winding streams bedew'd,
 On ev'ry bank, and under ev'ry shade,
 A thousand youths, a thousand damsels play'd;
 Some wantonly were tripping in a ring
 On the soft border of a gushing spring,
 While some reclining in the shady vales,
 Told to their smiling loves their am'rous tales:

44 THE SEVEN FOUNTAINS.

But when the sportful train beheld from far
The nymphs returning with the stately car,
O'er the smooth plain with hasty steps they came,
And hail'd their youthful king with loud acclaim;
With flow'rs of ev'ry tint the paths they strow'd,
And cast their chaplets on the hallow'd road.

At last they reach'd the bosom of a wood,
Where on a hill a radiant palace stood,
A sumptuous dome, by hands immortal made,
Which on its walls and on its gates display'd
The gems that in the rocks of Tibet glow,
The pearls that in the shells of Ormus grow.
And now a num'rous train advance to meet
The youth descending from his regal seat;
Whom to a rich and spacious hall they led,
With filken carpets delicately spread:
There on a throne, with gems unnumber'd grac'd,
Their lovely king six blooming damsels plac'd, *

* The pleasures of the senses.

And meekly kneeling, to his modest hand
 They gave the glitt'ring sceptre of command ;
 Then on six smaller thrones they sat reclin'd,
 And watch'd the rising transports of his mind :
 When thus the youth a blushing nymph address'd,
 And, as he spoke, her hand with rapture press'd,

“ Say, gentle damsel, may I ask unblam'd,
 “ How this gay isle, and splendid seats are nam'd ?
 “ And you, fair queens of beauty and of grace,
 “ Are you of earthly or celestial race ?
 “ To me the world's bright treasures were unknown,
 “ Where late I wander'd pensive and alone,
 “ And, slowly winding on my native shore,
 “ Saw the vast ocean roll, but saw no more ;
 “ Till from the waves with many a charming song,
 “ A barge arose, and gayly mov'd along ;
 “ The jolly rowers reach'd the yielding sands,
 “ Allur'd my steps, and wav'd their shining hands :

“ I went

46 THE SEVEN FOUNTAINS.

“ I went, saluted by the vocal train,
“ And the swift pinnace cleav'd the waves again ;
“ When on this island struck the gilded prow,
“ I landed full of joy : the rest you know.
“ Short is the story of my tender years :
“ Now speak, sweet nymph, and charm my list'ning ears.”

“ These are the groves, for ever deck'd with flow'rs,
“ The maid replied, and these the fragrant bow'rs,
“ Where love and pleasure hold their airy court,
“ The seat of bliss, of sprightliness, and sport ;
“ And we, dear youth, are nymphs of heav'nly line,
“ Our souls immortal, as our forms divine :
“ For Maia, fill'd with Zephyr's warm embrace,
“ In caves and forests cover'd her disgrace ;
“ At last she rested on this peaceful shore,
“ Where in yon grot a lovely boy she bore,
“ Whom fresh and wild and frolick from his birth
“ She nurs'd in myrtle bow'rs, and call'd him Mirth.

“ He

" He on a summer's morning chanc'd to rove
 " Through the green lab'rinth of some shady grove,
 " Where by a dimpled riv'let's verdant side
 " A rising bank with woodbine edg'd he spied :
 " There, veil'd with flow'rets of a thousand hues,
 " A nymph lay bath'd in slumber's balmy dew ;
 " (This maid by some, for some our race defame,
 " Was Folly call'd, but Pleasure was her name :)
 " Her mantle, like the sky in April, blue,
 " Hung on a blossom'd branch that near her grew ;
 " For long disporting in the silver stream
 " She shun'd the blazing daystar's sultry beam,
 " And ere she could conceal her naked charms,
 " Sleep caught her trembling in his downy arms :
 " Born on the wings of love, he flew, and press'd
 " Her breathing bosom to his eager breast.
 " At his wild theft the rosy morning blush'd,
 " The riv'let smil'd, and all the woods were hush'd.
 " Of these fair parents on this blissful coast
 " (Parents like Mirth and Pleasure who can boast ?)

" I, with

48 THE SEVEN FOUNTAINS.

“ I, with five sisters, on one happy morn,
“ All fair alike, behold us now, were born.
“ When they to brighter regions took their way,
“ By love invited to the realms of day,
“ To us they gave this large, this gay domain,
“ And said, departing, Here let beauty reign.
“ Then reign, fair prince, in thee all beauties shine,
“ And ah ! we know thee of no mortal line.”

She said ; the king with rapid ardour glow'd,
And the swift poison through his bosom flow'd :
But while she spoke he cast his eyes around
To view the dazzling roof, and spangled ground ;
Then, turning with amaze from side to side,
Sev'n golden doors that richly shone he spied,
Then said, “ Fair nymph, (but let me not be bold)
“ What mean those doors that blaze with burnish'd gold ? ”
“ To six gay bow'rs, the maid replied, they lead ;
“ Where Spring eternal crowns the glowing mead,

“ Six

“ Six fountains there, that glitter as they play,
 “ Rise to the sun with many a colour’d ray.”
 “ But the sev’nth door, said he, what beauties grace ?”
 “ O, ’tis a cave, a dark and joyless place,
 “ A scene of bloody deeds, and magick spells,
 “ Where day ne’er shines, and pleasure never dwells :
 “ No more of that. But come, my royal friend,
 “ And see what joys thy favour’d steps attend.”

She spoke, and pointed to the nearest door :

Swift he descends ; the damsel flies before ;

She turns the lock ; it opens at command ;

The maid and stripling enter hand in hand.

The wond’ring youth beheld an op’ning glade,

Where in the midst a crystal fountain play’d ; *

The silver sands that on its bottom grew

Were strown with pearls and gems of varied hue,

The diamond sparkled like the star of day,

And the soft topaz shed a golden ray,

* Light.

G

Clear

50 THE SEVEN FOUNTAINS.

Clear amethysts combin'd their purple gleam

With the mild em'erald's light-refreshing beam,

The sapphire smil'd like yon blue plain above,

And rubies spread the blushing tint of love.

“ These are the waters of eternal light,

“ The damsel said, the stream of heav'nly light,

“ See, in this cup (she spoke, and stoop'd to fill

“ A vase of jasper with the sacred rill)

“ See how the living waters bound and shine,

“ Which this well-polish'd gem can scarce confine ! ”

From her soft hand the lucid urn he took,

And quaff'd the nectar with a tender look :

Straight from his eyes a cloud of darkness flew,

And all the scene was open'd to his view ;

Not all the groves, where ancient bards have told

Of vegetable gems, and blooming gold,

Not all the bow'rs which oft in flow'ry lays

And solemn tales Arabian poets praise,

Though streams of honey flow'd through ev'ry mead,

Though balm and amber drop'd from ev'ry reed,

Held

Held half the sweets that nature's ample hand
 Had pour'd luxuriant o'er this wondrous land.
 All flow'rets here their mingled rays diffuse,
 The rainbow's tints to these were vulgar hues;
 All birds that in the stream their pinions dip,
 Or from the brink the liquid crystal sip,
 Or show their beauties to the sunny skies,
 Here wav'd their plumes that shone with varying dyes;
 But chiefly he, that o'er the verdant plain
 Spreads the gay eyes that grace his spangled train;
 And he, that, proudly sailing, loves to show
 His mantling wings and neck of downy snow;
 Nor absent he, that learns the human sound,
 With wavy gold and moving em'ralsd crown'd,
 Whose head and breast with polish'd sapphires glow,
 And on whose wing the gems of Indus grow.
 The monarch view'd their beauties o'er and o'er,
 He was all eye, and look'd from ev'ry pore.
 But now the damsel calls him from his trance;
 And o'er the lawn delighted they advance:

52 THE SEVEN FOUNTAINS.

They pass the hall adorn'd with royal state,
And enter now with joy the second gate. *

A soothing sound he heard, (but tasted first
The gushing stream that from the valley burst)
And in the shade beheld a youthful quire
That touch'd with flying hands the trembling lyre :
Melodious notes drawn out with magick art,
Caught with sweet extasy his ravish'd heart ;
An hundred nymphs their charming descants play'd,
And melting voices died along the glade ;
The tuneful stream that murmur'd as it rose,
The birds that on the trees bewail'd their woes,
The boughs, made vocal by the whisp'ring gale,
Join'd their soft strain, and warbled through the vale.
The concert ends : and now the stripling hears
A tender voice that strikes his wond'ring ears ;
A beauteous bird in our rude climes unknown,
That on a leafy arbour sits alone,

* Hearing.

Strains his sweet throat, and waves his purple wings,
And thus in human accents softly sings :

- “ Rise, lovely pair, a sweeter bow’r invites
“ Your eager steps, a bow’r of new delights ;
“ Ah ! crop the flow’rs of pleasure while they blow,
“ Ere winter hides them in a veil of snow.
“ Youth, like a thin anemone, displays
“ His filken leaf, and in a morn decays.
“ See, gentle youth, a rosy-bosom’d bride,
“ See, nymph, a blooming stripling by thy side !
“ Then haste and bathe your souls in soft delights,
“ A sweeter bow’r your wand’ring steps invites.”

He ceas’d ; the slender branch from which he flew
Bent its fair head and sprinkled pearly dew.

The damsel smil’d ; the blushing boy was pleas’d,
And by her willing hand his charmer seiz’d :

Soon the * third door he pass’d with eager haste,
And the third stream was nectar to his taste.

* Smell.

54 THE SEVEN FOUNTAINS.

His ravish'd sense a scene of pleasure meets,
 A maze of joy, a paradise of sweets.
 Through jasmine bow'rs, and vi'let-scented vales,
 On silken pinions flew the wanton gales,
 Arabian odours on the plants they left,
 And whisper'd to the woods their spicy theft;
 Beneath the shrubs that spread a trembling shade
 The musky roes, and fragrant civets play'd.
 As when at eve an eastern merchant roves
 From Hadramut to Aden's spikenard groves,
 Where some rich caravan not long before
 Has pass'd, with cassia fraught, and balmy store,
 Charm'd with the scent that hills and vales diffuse,
 His grateful journey gayly he pursues;
 Thus pleas'd the monarch fed his eager soul,
 And from each breeze a cloud of fragrance stole.
 But now the nymph, who sigh'd for sweeter joy,
 To the * fourth gate conducts the blooming boy:

* Taste.

She turns the key ; her cheeks like roses bloom,
And on the lock her fingers drop perfume.

Before his eyes, on agate columns rear'd,
On high a purple canopy appeared ;
And under it in stately form was plac'd
A table with a thousand vases grac'd,
Laden with all the dainties that are found
In air, in seas, or on the fruitful ground.
Here the fair youth reclin'd with decent pride,
His wanton nymph was seated by his side :
All that could please the taste the happy pair
Cull'd from the loaded board with curious care ;
(But first the king had quaff'd the tempting stream,
That through the bow'r display'd a silver gleam :)
O'er their enchanted heads a mantling vine
His curling tendrils wove with am'rous twine ;
From the green stalks the glowing clusters hung
Like rubies on a thread of em'ralsds strung,

With

56 THE SEVEN FOUNTAINS.

With these were other fruits of ev'ry hue,
 The pale, the red, the golden, and the blue.
 An hundred smiling pages stood around,
 Their shining brows with wreaths of myrtle bound ;
 They, in transparent cups of agate, bore
 Of sweetly sparkling wines a precious store ;
 The stripling sip'd and revel'd, till the sun
 Down heav'n's blue vault his daily course had run,
 Then rose, and, follow'd by the gentle maid,
 * Op'd the fifth door : a stream before them play'd.

The king impatient for the cooling draught
 In a full cup the mystick nectar quaff'd ;
 Then with a smile (he knew no higher bliss)
 From her sweet lip he stole a balmy kiss :
 On the smooth bank of vi'lets they reclin'd ;
 And, whilst a chaplet for his brow she twin'd,
 With his soft cheek her softer cheek he press'd,
 His pliant arms were folded round her breast.

* Touch.

She

She smil'd, soft lightning darted from her eyes,
 And from his fragrant seat she bade him rise ;
 Then, while a brighter blush her face o'erspread,
 To the sixth gate her willing guest she led.

The golden lock she softly turn'd around,
 The moving hinges gave a pleasing sound :
 The boy delighted ran with eager haste,
 And to his lips the living fountain plac'd ;
 The magick water pierc'd his kindled brain,
 And a strange venom shot from vein to vein.
 Whatever charms he saw in other bow'rs,
 Were here combin'd, fruits, musick, odours, flow'rs,
 A couch besides with softest silk o'erlaid,
 And sweeter still a lovely yielding maid ;
 Who now more charming seem'd, and not so coy,
 And in her arms infolds the blushing boy :
 They sport and wanton, till, with sleep oppress'd,
 Like two fresh rose-buds on one stalk, they rest.

58 THE SEVEN FOUNTAINS.

When morning spread around her purple flame,
 To the sweet couch the five fair sisters came ;
 They hail'd the bridegroom with a cheerful voice,
 And bade him make with speed a second choice.
 Hard task to choose when all alike were fair !
 Now this, now that engag'd his anxious care :
 Then to the first that spoke his hand he lent ;
 The rest retir'd, and whisper'd as they went.
 The prince enamour'd view'd his second bride ;
 They left the bow'r, and wander'd side by side,
 With her he charm'd his ears, with her his sight,
 With her he pass'd the day, with her the night.
 Thus all by turns the sprightly stranger led,
 And all by turns partook his nuptial bed ;
 Hours, days, and months in pleasure flow'd away,
 All laugh'd, all sweetly sung, and all were gay.

So had he wanton'd threescore days and sev'n,
 More blest, he thought, than any son of heav'n :

Till

Till on a morn, with sighs and streaming tears,
The train of nymphs before his bed appears ;
And thus the youngest of the sisters speaks,
Whilst a sad show'r runs trickling down her cheeks :

“ A custom which we cannot, dare not fail,
“ (Such are the laws that in our isle prevail)
“ Compels us, prince, to leave thee here alone,
“ Till thrice the sun his rising front has shown :
“ Our parents, whom, alas, we must obey,
“ Expect us at a splendid feast to day ;
“ What joy to us can all their splendour give ?
“ With thee, with only thee, we wish to live.
“ Yet may we hope, these gardens will afford
“ Some pleasing solace to our absent lord ?
“ Six golden keys, that ope yon blisful gates,
“ Where joy, eternal joy, thy steps awaits,
“ Accept : the sev'nth (but that you heard before)
“ Leads to a gloomy dungeon, and no more,

60 THE SEVEN FOUNTAINS.

“ A fullen, dire, inhospitable cell,
“ Where deathful spirits and magicians dwell.
“ Farewel dear youth ; how will our bosoms burn
“ For the sweet moment of our blest return.”

The king, who found it usefess to complain,
Took the sev'n keys, and kifs'd the parting train.
A glitt'ring car, which bounding courfers drew,
They mounted straight, and through the forest flew.

The youth, unknowing how to pass the day,
Review'd the bow'rs, and heard the fountains play ;
By hands unseen whate'er he wish'd was brought,
And pleasures rose obedient to his thought.
Yet all the sweets that ravish'd him before
Were tedious now, and charm'd his soul no more :
Less lovely still, and still less gay they grew ;
He sigh'd, and wish'd, and long'd for something new :
Back to the hall he turn'd his weary feet,
And sat repining on his royal seat.

Now

THE SEVEN FOUNTAINS. 61

Now on the sev'nth bright gate he casts his eyes,
And in his bosom rose a bold surmise :

“ The nymph, said he, was sure dispos'd to jest,

“ Who talk'd of dungeons in a place so blest :

“ What harm to open if it be a cell,

“ Where deathful spirits and magicians dwell ?

“ If dark or foul, I need not pass the door ;

“ If new or strange, my soul desires no more.”

He said, and rose ; then took the golden keys,

And op'd the door ; the hinges mov'd with ease.

Before his eyes appear'd a fullen gloom,

Thick, hideous, wild ; a cavern, or a tomb.

Yet as he longer gaz'd, he saw afar

A light that sparkled like a shooting star.

He paus'd : at last, by some kind angel led,

He enter'd, and advanc'd with cautious tread.

Still as he walk'd, the light appear'd more clear ;

Hope sooth'd him then, and scarcely left a fear.

62 THE SEVEN FOUNTAINS.

At length an aged fire surpriz'd he saw,
 Who fill'd his bosom with a sacred awe : *
 A book he held, which, as reclin'd he lay,
 He read, assisted by a taper's ray ;
 His beard, more white than snow on winter's breast,
 Hung to the zone that bound his sable vest,
 A pleasing calmness on his brow was seen,
 Mild was his look, majestick was his mien.
 Soon as the youth approach'd the rev'rend sage,
 He rais'd his head, and clos'd the serious page,
 Then spoke : " O son, what chance has turn'd thy feet
 " To this dull solitude, and lone retreat ?"
 To whom the youth : " First, holy father, tell,
 " What force detains thee in this gloomy cell ?"
 This isle, this palace, and those balmy bow'rs,
 Where six sweet fountains fall on living flow'rs,
 Are mine ; a train of damsels chose me king,
 And through my kingdom smiles perpetual spring.
 For some important cause to me unknown,
 This day they left me joyless and alone,

* Religion.

But, ere three morns with roses strow the skies,
My lovely brides will charm my longing eyes.

“ Youth, said the fire, on this auspicious day
“ Some angel hither led thy erring way :
“ Hear a strange tale, and tremble at the snare,
“ Which for thy steps thy pleasing foes prepare.
“ Know, in this isle prevails a bloody law ;
“ Lift, stripling, lift ! (the youth stood fix’d with awe :)
“ * But sev’nty days the hapless monarchs reign,
“ Then close their lives in exile and in pain,
“ Doom’d in a deep and frightful cave to rove,
“ Where darkness hovers o’er the iron grove.
“ Yet know, thy prudence and thy timely care
“ May save thee, son, from this alarming snare.
“ † Not far from this a lovelier island lies,
“ Too rich, too splendid, for unhallow’d eyes :
“ On that blest shore a sweeter fountain flows
“ Than this vain clime, or this gay palace knows,

* The life of man.

† Heaven.

“ Which

64 THE SEVEN FOUNTAINS.

“ Which if you taste, whate’er was sweet before
“ Will bitter seem, and steal your soul no more.
“ But, ere these happy waters thou canst reach,
“ Thy weary steps must pass yon rugged beech,
“ * Where the dark sea with angry billows raves,
“ And, fraught with monsters, curls his howling waves ;
“ If to my words obedient thou attend,
“ Behold in me thy pilot and thy friend.
“ A bark I have, supplied with plenteous store,
“ That now lies anchor’d on the rocky shore ;
“ And, when of all thy regal toys bereft,
“ In the rude cave an exile thou art left,
“ Myself will find thee on the gloomy lea,
“ And waft thee safely o’er the dang’rous sea.”

The boy was fill’d with wonder as he spake,
And from a dream of folly seem’d to wake :
All day the sage his tainted thoughts refin’d ;
His reason brighten’d, and reform’d his mind :

* Death.

THE SEVEN FOUNTAINS. 65

Through the dim cavern hand in hand they walk'd,
And much of truth, and much of heav'n they talk'd.
At night the stripling to the hall return'd ;
With other fires his alter'd bosom burn'd :
O ! to his wiser soul how low, how mean,
Seem'd all he e'er had heard, had felt, had seen !
He view'd the stars, he view'd the crystal skies,
And blest'd the pow'r all-good, all-great, all-wise ;
How lowly now appear'd the purple robe,
The rubied sceptre, and the iv'ry globe !
How dim the rays that gild the brittle earth !
How vile the brood of Folly, and of Mirth !

When the third morning, clad in mantle gray,
Brought in her rosy car the sev'ntieth day,
A band of slaves, that rush'd with furious sound,
In chains of steel the willing captive bound ;
From his young head the diadem they tore,
And cast his pearly bracelets on the floor ;

I

They

66 THE SEVEN FOUNTAINS.

They rent his robe that bore the rose's hue,
 And o'er his breast a hairy mantle threw ;
 Then drag'd him to the damp and dreary cave,
 Drench'd by the gloomy sea's resounding wave.
 Mean while the voices of a num'rous croud
 Pierc'd the dun air, as thunder breaks a cloud ;
 The nymphs another hapless youth had found,
 And then were leading o'er the guilty ground,
 They hail'd him king (alas, how short his reign !)
 And with fresh chaplets strow'd the fatal plain.

The happy exile, monarch now no more,
 Was roving slowly o'er the lonely shore,
 At last the fire's expected voice he knew,
 And to the sound with hasty rapture flew.
 A little pinnace just afloat he found,
 And the glad sage his fetter'd hands unbound ;
 But when he saw the foaming billows rave,
 And dragons rolling o'er the fiery wave,

He stop'd : his guardian caught his ling'ring hand,
And gently led him o'er the rocky strand ;
Soon as he touch'd the bark, the ocean smil'd,
The dragons vanish'd, and the waves were mild.

For many an hour with vig'rous arms they row'd,
While not a star his friendly sparkle show'd ;
At length a glimm'ring brightness they behold,
Like a thin cloud that morning dies with gold :
To that they steer ; and now rejoic'd they view
A shore begirt with cliffs of radiant hue.
They land : a train, in shining mantles clad,
Hail their approach, and bid the youth be glad ;
They led him o'er the lea with easy pace,
And floated as they went with heav'nly grace.
A golden fountain soon appear'd in sight,
That o'er the border cast a sunny light :
The sage impatient scoop'd the lucid wave
In a rich vase, which to the youth he gave ;

68 THE SEVEN FOUNTAINS.

He drank : and straight a bright celestial beam

Before his eyes display'd a dazzling gleam.

Myriads of airy shapes around him gaz'd ;

Some prais'd his wisdom, some his courage prais'd,

Then o'er his limbs a starry robe they spread,

And plac'd a crown of di'monds on his head,

His aged guide was gone, and in his place

Stood a fair cherub flush'd with rosy grace ;

Who smiling spake : " Here ever wilt thou rest,

" Admir'd, belov'd, our brother and our guest ;

" So all shall end, whom vice can charm no more

" With the gay follies of that per'lous shore.

" See yon immortal tow'rs their gates unfold

" With rubies flaming and no earthly gold !

" There joys before unknown thy steps invite,

" Bliss without care, and morn without a night.

" But now farewell ! my duty calls me hence,

" Some injur'd mortal asks my just defence.

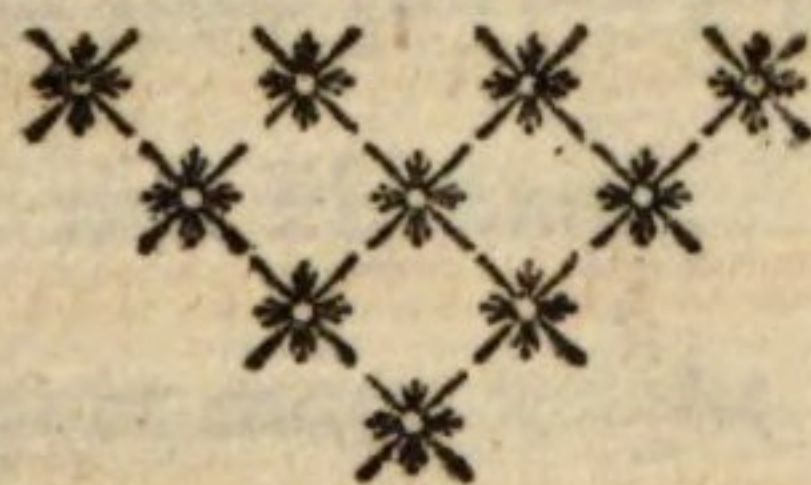
"To

THE SEVEN FOUNTAINS. 69

"To yon destructive island I repair,

"Swift as a star." He speaks, and melts in air.

The youth o'er walks of jasper takes his flight,
And bounds and blazes in eternal light.





A P E R S I A N S O N G

O F H A F I Z.

SWEET maid, if thou wouldst charm my sight,
 And bid these arms thy neck infold ;
 That rosy cheek, that lily hand,
 Would give thy poet more delight
 Than all Bocara's vaunted gold,
 Than all the gems of Samarcand.

G A Z E L.

EGHER an Turki Shirazi
 Bedest ared dili mara,
 Be khali hinduishi bakhshem
 Samarcand u Bokharara.

Boy, let yon liquid ruby flow,
And bid thy pensive heart be glad,
Whate'er the frowning zealots say :
Tell them, their Eden cannot show
A stream so clear as Rocnabad,
A bow'r so sweet as Mofellay.

O ! when these fair perfidious maids,
Whose eyes our secret haunts infest,
Their dear destructive charms display ;
Each glance my tender breast invades,
And robs my wounded soul of rest,
As Tartars seize their destin'd prey.

Bedeh, faki, mei baki,
Ke der jennet nekhahi yaft
Kunari abi Rocnabad,
Va gulgheshti Mofellara.

Fugan kein lulian shokh
I shiringari shehrashob
Chunan berdendi fabr az dil
Ke Turcan khani yagmara.

In vain with love our bosoms glow :
 Can all our tears, can all our sighs
 New lustre to those charms impart ?
 Can cheeks, where living roses blow,
 Where nature spreads her richest dyes,
 Require the borrow'd gloss of art ?

Speak not of fate :--- ah ! change the theme,
 And talk of odours, talk of wine,
 Talk of the flow'rs that round us bloom :
 'Tis all a cloud, 'tis all a dream ;
 To love and joy thy thoughts confine,
 Nor hope to pierce the sacred gloom.

Ze eshki na temami ma
 Jemali yari mustagnist ;
 Be ab u reng u khal u khatt
 Che hajet ruyi zibara.

 Hadis az mutreb u mei gu,
 Va razi dehri kemter ju,
 Ke kes nekshud u nekshaied
 Be hikmet ein moammara.

Beauty has such resistless pow'r,
 That ev'n the chaste Egyptian dame
 Sigh'd for the blooming Hebrew boy;
 For her how fatal was the hour,
 When to the banks of Nilus came
 A youth so lovely and so coy!

But ah! sweet maid, my counsel hear:--
 (Youth should attend when those advise
 Whom long experience renders sage)
 While musick charms the ravish'd ear,
 While sparkling cups delight our eyes,
 Be gay; and scorn the frowns of age.

Men az an hufni ruzafzun
 Ke Yufuf dashti daneftem,
 Ke eshk az perdei ifmet
 Berun ared Zuleikhara.

Nasihet goshi kun jana,
 Ke az jan dostiter darend
 Juvanani faadetmend
 I pendi peeri danara.

What cruel answer have I heard !
And yet, by heav'n, I love thee still :
Can aught be cruel from thy lip ?
Yet say, how fell that bitter word
From lips which streams of sweetness fill,
Which nought but drops of honey sip ?

Go boldly forth, my simple lay,
Whose accents flow with artless ease
Like orient pearls at random strung ;
Thy notes are sweet, the damsels say,
But O ! far sweeter, if they please
The nymph for whom these notes are sung.

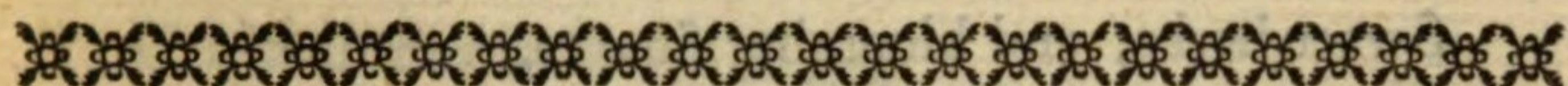
Bedem gufti, va khursendam,
Afac alla, neku gufti,
Jawabi telkhi mizeibed
Lebi lali sheker khara.

Gazel gufti vedurr fufti,
Bea vakhoſh bukhan Hafiz,
Ke ber nazmi to affhaned
Felek ikdi furiara,



What sweet answer have I heard !
And yet, my heart, I love thee still :
Can angels be cruel from thy lip ?
Yet say, how tell that bitter word
From lips which breathe of love and bliss,
Which thought but drops of honey still ?
Go boldly forth, my darling,
What matter now with words and tears ?
Like orient pearls at random lying,
Thy roses are sweet, the daisies lay,
But O ! for sweeter, if they please,
The nuptials for whom these roses are laid.

Heaven's gift, ye Arabian dams,
Alike alas, none gentle,
Jewels to be misused
To bid their hearts
Gaze-gaze weep and sigh,
For verily such hearts are
Kept to be adorned
To bid their hearts.



A N

ODE OF PETRARCH,
TO THE
FOUNTAIN OF VALCHIUSA.

* **Y**E clear and sparkling streams,
Warm'd by the sunny beams,
Through whose transparent crystal Laura play'd;
Ye boughs, that deck the grove,
Where Spring her chaplets wove,
While Laura lay beneath the quiv'ring shade;

Canzone 27.

Chiare, fresche, e dolci acque,
Ove le belle membra
Pose colei, che sola a me par donna;
Gentil ramo, ove piacque
(Con sospir mi rimembra)
A lei di fare al bel fianco colonna;

* M. de Voltaire has given us a beautiful paraphrase of this first stanza, though it is certain that he had never read the ode in the original, or at most only the
three

Sweet herbs, and blooming flow'rs,
 That crown yon vernal bow'rs
 For ever fatal, yet for ever dear :

And ye, that heard my sighs
 When first she charm'd my eyes,
 Soft-breathing gales, my dying accents hear,

Erba, e fior', che la gonna
 Leggiadra ricoverse
 Coll' angelico feno ;
 Aer sacro sereno
 Ov' Amor co' begli occhi il cor m' aperse ;
 Date udienza insieme
 Alle dolento mie parole estreme.

three first lines of it ; for he asserts that the Italian song is irregular and without rhymes, whereas the stanzas are perfectly regular, and the rhymes very exact. His design was to give Madame du Châtelet, for whom he wrote his history, an idea of Petrarch's style ; but if she had only read his imitation, she could have but an imperfect notion of the Italian, which the reader will easily perceive by comparing them.

If heav'n has fix'd my doom,
 That Love must quite consume
 My bursting heart, and close my eyes in death;
 Ah ! grant this slight request,
 That here my urn may rest
 When to its mansion flies my vital breath.
 This pleasing hope will smoothe
 My anxious mind, and sooth
 The pangs of that inevitable hour;
 My spirit will not grieve
 Her mortal veil to leave
 In these calm shades, and this enchanting bow'r.

S'egli e pur mio destino,
 E' l cielo in cio s'adopra,
 Ch' amor questi occhi lagrimando chiuda,
 Qualche grazia il meschino
 Corpo fra voi ricopra ;
 E torni l' alma al proprio albergo ignuda.
 La morte fia men cruda,
 Se questa speme porto
 A quel dubbioso passo ;
 Che lo spirito lasso
 Non poria mai in piu riposato porto
 Ne'n piu tranquilla fossa
 Fuggir la carne travagliata, e l' ossa.

Haply the guilty maid
Through yon accustom'd glade
To my sad tomb will take her lonely way,
Where first her beauty's light
O'erpow'r'd my dazzled sight,
When Love on this fair border bade me stray :
There forr'wing shall she see,
Beneath an aged tree,
Her true but hapless lover's lowly bier;
Too late her tender sighs
Shall melt the pitying skies,
And her soft veil shall hide the gushing tear.

Tempo verra ancor forse
Ch' all' usato foggiorno
Torni la fera bella e mansueta ;
E la, ov' ella mi scorse
Nel benedetto giorno
Volga la vista desiosa e lieta,
Cercandomi, ed, o pieta,
Gia terra infra le pietre
Vedendo, Amor l' ispiri
In guisa che sospiri
Si dolcemente che merce m' impetre,
E faccia forza al cielo
Asciugandosi gli occhi col bel velo.

O! well-remember'd day,
 When on yon bank she lay,
 Meek in her pride, and in her rigour mild;
 The young and blooming flow'rs,
 Falling in fragrant show'rs,
 Shone on her neck, and on her bosom smil'd:
 Some on her mantle hung,
 Some in her locks were strung,
 Like orient gems in rings of flaming gold;
 Some in a spicy cloud
 Descending, call'd aloud,
 "Here Love and Youth the reins of empire hold."

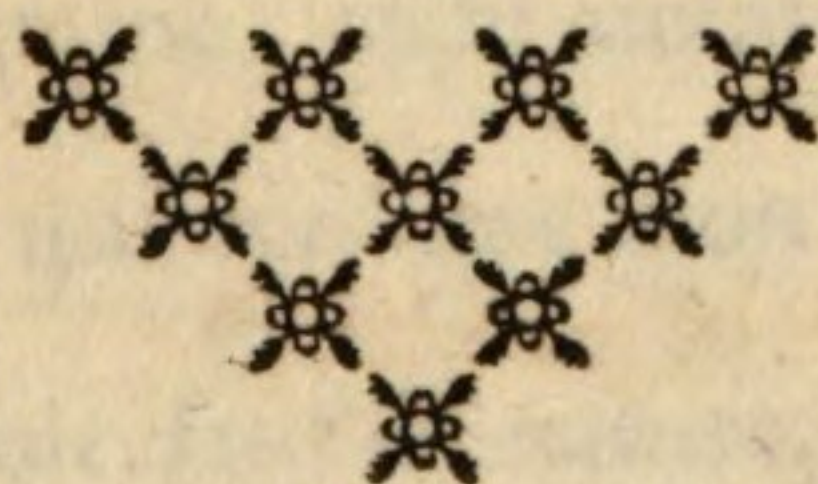
Da' bei rami scendea
 Dolce nella memoria
 Una pioggia di fior sovra 'l suo grembo;
 Ed ella si sedea
 Humile in tanta gloria
 Coverta gia dell' amoroso nembo:
 Qual fior' cadea sul lembo,
 Qual sulle treccie bionde,
 Ch' oro forbito e perle
 Eran quel di a vederle,
 Qual si posava in terra, e qual full' onde;
 Qual con un vago errore
 Girando parca dir, " Qui regna Amore."

I view'd the heav'nly maid,
 And, rapt in wonder, said
 "The groves of Eden gave this angel birth;"
 Her look, her voice, her smile,
 That might all heav'n beguile,
 Wafted my soul above the realms of earth:
 The star-bespangled skies
 Were open'd to my eyes;
 Sighing I said, "Whence rose this glitt'ring scene?"
 Since that auspicious hour,
 This bank, and od'rous bow'r,
 My morning couch, and ev'ning haunt have been.

Quante volte dissi io
 Allor pien di spavento
 "Costei per fermo nacque in paradiso,"
 Così carico d'oblio
 Il divin portamento
 E' l volto, e le parole, e' l dolce riso
 M'aveano, e si diviso
 Dall' imagine vera,
 Ch' i' dicea sospirando,
 "Qui come venn' io, o quando?"
 Credendo esser' in ciel, non la dov' era.
 Da indi in qua mi piace
 Questa erba sì ch' altrove non o pace.

Well mayst thou blush, my song,
To leave the rural throng,
And fly thus artless to my Laura's ear ;
But were thy poet's fire
Ardent as his desire,
Thou wert a song that heav'n might stoop to hear.

Se tu avessi ornamenti quant' ai voglia,
Potresti arditamente
Uscir del bosco, e gir' infra la gente.



Will wait for thee, my love,

To leave the world behind,

And for thee alone to live,

But wait thy poor heart,

Arcane as his desire,

I am not a long time

Waiting for thee to come.

As in these moments of

My life, I am not

Waiting for thee to come.

I am not a long time

Waiting for thee to come.

As in these moments of

My life, I am not

Waiting for thee to come.

I am not a long time

Waiting for thee to come.

As in these moments of

My life, I am not

Waiting for thee to come.

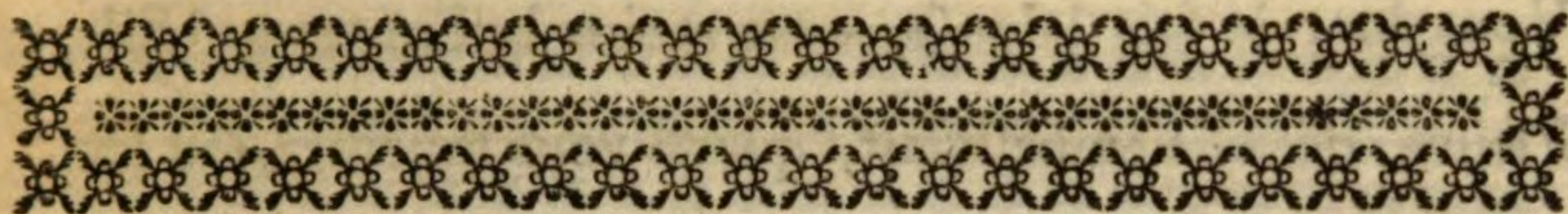
I am not a long time

Waiting for thee to come.

As in these moments of

My life, I am not

Waiting for thee to come.



M. DE VOLTAIRE'S PARAPHRASE

OF THE

FIRST STANZA,

Chiare, fresche, e dolci acque &c.

CLAIRE fontaine, onde aimable, onde pure,
Ou la beauté qui consume mon cœur,
Seule beauté, qui soit dans la nature,
Des feux du jour evite la chaleur ;

Arbre heureux, dont le feuillage

Agité par les Zephirs

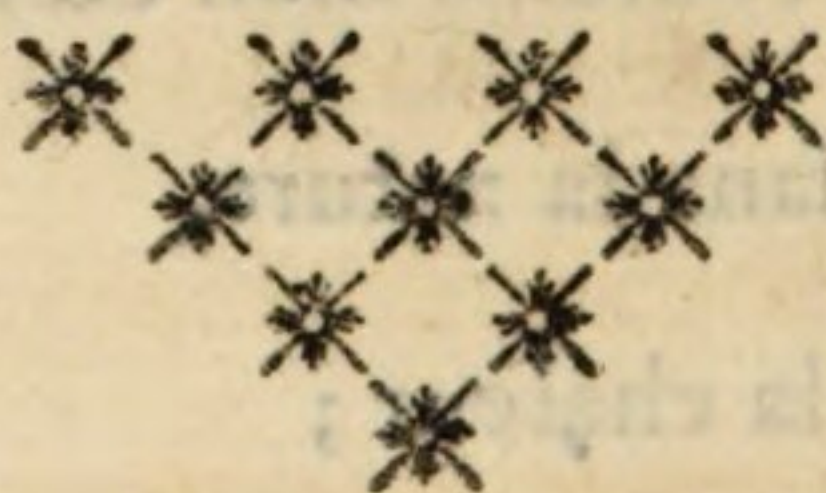
La couvris de son ombrage,

Qui rappelles mes soupirs,

En rappelant son image,

Ornemens

Ornemens de ces bords, et filles du matin,
Vous dont je suis jalouse, vous moins brillantes qu' Elle,
Fleurs, qu' elle embellissait, quand vous touchiez son sein,
Rossignols, dont la voix est moins douce et moins belle,
Air devenu plus pur, adorable séjour,
Immortalisé par ses charmes,
Lieux dangereux et chers, ou de ses tendres armes
L' amour a blessé tous mes sens,
Ecoutez mes derniers accens,
Recevez mes dernières larmes.





L A U R A,

AN ELEGY FROM PETRARCH.

* **I**N this fair season, when the whisp'ring gales
 Drop show'rs of fragrance o'er the bloomy vales,
 From bow'r to bow'r the vernal warblers play;
 The skies are cloudless, and the meads are gay;

IMITATIONS.

* Ver. 1. Petrarch. Sonnet. 270.

Zefiro torna, e' l bel tempo rimena,
 E' i fiori, e l' erbe, sua dolce famiglia;
 E garrir Progne, e pianger Filomela;
 E primavera candida, e vermiglia:

Ridono

The nightingale in many a melting strain
 Sings to the groves, "Here Mirth and Beauty reign ;"
 But me, for ever bath'd in gushing tears,
 No mirth enlivens, and no beauty cheers :
 The birds that warble, and the flow'rs that bloom,
 Relieve no more this solitary gloom.
 I see, where late the verdant meadow smil'd,
 A joyless desert, and a dreary wild.
 For those dear eyes, that pierc'd my heart before,
 Are clos'd in death, and charm the world no more :

IMITATIONS.

Ridono i prati, e'l ciel si rasserena ;
 Giove s'allegra di mirar sua figlia ;
 L'aria, e l'acqua, e la terra e d'amor piena ;
 Ogni animal d'amar si riconfiglia :
 Ma per me, lasso, tornano i piu gravi
 Sospiri, che del cor profondo tragge
 Quella ch'al ciel se ne porto le chiavi :
 E cantar' augelletti, e fiorir piagge,
 E'n belle donne oneste atti soavi,
 Sono un deserto, e fere aspre e selvagge.

Lost are those tresses, that outshone the morn,
 And pale those cheeks, that might the skies adorn.
 * Ah death ! thy hand has crop'd the fairest flow'r,
 That shed its smiling rays in beauty's bow'r ;
 Thy dart has lay'd on yonder fable bier
 All my soul lov'd, and all the world held dear,
 Celestial sweetness, love-inspiring youth,
 Soft-ey'd benevolence, and white-rob'd truth.

† Hard fate of man, on whom the heav'ns bestow
 A drop of pleasure for a sea of wo !

I M I T A T I O N S.

* Ver. 17. Sonnet. 243.

Discolorato ai, morte, il piu bel volto
 Che mai si vede, e' i piu begli occhi spenti ;
 Spirto piu acceso di virtuti ardenti
 Del piu leggiadro, e piu bel nodo ai sciolto !

† Ver. 28. Sonnet. 230.

O nostra vita, ch' e si bella in vista !
 Com' perde agevolmente in un' mattina
 Quel che'n molt' anni a gran pena s' acquista.

M

Ah,

Ah, life of care, in fears or hopes consum'd,
 Vain hopes, that wither ere they well have bloom'd !
 How oft, emerging from the shades of night,
 Laughs the gay morn, and spreads a purple light,
 But soon the gath'ring clouds o'ershade the skies,
 Red lightnings play, and thund'ring storms arise !
 How oft a day, that fair and mild appears,
 Grows dark with fate, and mars the toil of years !

* Not far remov'd, yet hid from distant eyes,
 Low in her secret grot a Naiad lies.

IMITATIONS.

* Ver. 33. See a description of this celebrated fountain in
 a poem of Madame Deshoulieres.

Entre de hauts rochers, dont l'aspect est terrible,
 Des pres toujours fleuris, des arbres toujours verts,
 Une source orgueilleuse et pure,
 Dont l'eau sur cent rochers divers
 D'une mousse verte couverts,
 S'épanche, bouillonne, et murmure ;
 Des agneaux bondissans sur la tendre verdure,
 Et de leurs conducteurs les rustiques concerts &c.

Steep

Steep arching rocks, with verdant moss o'ergrown,
Form her rude diadem, and native throne :
There in a gloomy cave her waters sleep,
Clear as a brook, but as an ocean deep.
But when the waking flow'rs of April blow,
And warmer sunbeams melt the gather'd snow,
Rich with the tribute of the vernal rains
The nymph exulting bursts her silver chains :
Her living waves in sparkling columns rise,
And shine like rainbows to the sunny skies.
From cliff to cliff the falling waters roar,
Then die in murmurs, and are heard no more.
Hence, softly flowing in a dimpled stream,
The crystal Sorga spreads a lively gleam,
From which a thousand rills in mazes glide,
And deck the banks with summer's gayest pride ;
Brighten the verdure of the smiling plains,
And crown the labour of the joyful swains.

First on those banks (ah, dream of short delight !)
The charms of Laura struck my dazzled sight,
Charms, that the bliss of Eden might restore,
That heav'n might envy, and mankind adore.
I saw --- and O ! what heart could long rebel ?
I saw, I lov'd, and bade the world farewell.
Where'er she mov'd, the meads were fresh and gay,
And ev'ry bow'r exhal'd the sweets of May ;
Smooth flow'd the streams, and softly blew the gale ;
And rising flow'rs impurpled every dale ;
Calm was the ocean, and the sky serene ;
An universal smile o'erspread the shining scene :
But when in death's cold arms entranc'd she lay,
(* Ah, ever dear, yet ever fatal day !)
O'er all the air a direful gloom was spread ;
Pale were the meads, and all their blossoms dead ;
The clouds of April shed a baleful dew,
All nature wore a veil of deadly hue.

* Laura was first seen by Petrarch on the sixth of April in the year 1327, and she died on the same day in 1348.

Go, plaintive breeze, to Laura's flow'ry bier,
Heave the warm sigh, and shed the tender tear.

There to the awful shade due homage pay,

And softly thus address the sacred clay :

* " Say, envied earth, that dost those charms infold,

" Where are those cheeks, and where those locks of gold ?

" Where are those eyes, which oft the Muse has sung ?

" Where those sweet lips, and that enchanting tongue ?

" Ye radiant tresses, and thou, nectar'd smile,

" Ye looks that might the melting skies beguile,

IMITATIONS.

* Ver. 75. Sonnet. 260.

Quanta invidia ti porto, avara terra,

Ch' abbracci quella, cui veder m' e tolto.

And Sonnet. 259.

Ov' e la fronte, che con picciol cenno

Volgea 'l mio core in questa parte, e'n quella ?

Ov' e 'l bel ciglio, e l' una e l' altra stella,

Ch' al corso del mio viver lume denno ? &c.

" You

“ You rob’d my soul of rest, my eyes of sleep,

“ You taught me how to love, and how to weep.”

* No shrub o’erhangs the dew-bespangled vale,
 No blossom trembles to the dying gale,
 No flow’ret blushes in the morning rays,
 No stream along the winding valley plays,
 But knows what anguish thrills my tortur’d breast,
 What pains consume me, and what cares infest.

IMITATIONS.

* Ver. 83. Sonnet. 248.

Non e sterpe, ne fasso in questi monti,
 Non ramo o fronda verde in queste piagge;
 Non fior’ in queste valli, o foglia d’erba;
 Stilla d’acque non ven di queste fonti,
 Ne fiere an questi boschi sì selvagge,
 Che non sappian quant’è mia pena acerba.

* At

* At blush of dawn, and in the gloom of night,
 Her pale-eyed phantom swims before my sight,
 Sits on the border of each purling rill,
 Crowns ev'ry bow'r, and glides o'er ev'ry hill.

* Flows the loud riv'let down the mountain's brow?
 Or pants the Zephyr on the waving bough?

I M I T A T I O N S.

* Ver. 89. Sonnet. 241.

Or' in forma di ninfa, o d'altra diva,
 Che del piu chiaro fondo di Sorga esca,
 E pongasi a feder' in su la riva;
 Or' l' o veduta su per l'erba fresca
 Calcar' i fior, com' una donna viva,
 Mostrando in vista, che di me le'ncresca.

* Ver. 93. Sonnet. 239.

Se lamentar' augelli, o verdi fronde
 Mover soavemente all'aura estiva,
 O roco mormorar di lucid' onde
 S' ode d' una fiorita e fresca riva,

Or sips the lab'ring bee her balmy dew,
 And with soft strains her fragrant toil pursues?
 Or warbles from yon silver-blossom'd thorn
 The wakeful bird, that hails the rising morn?
 My Laura's voice in many a soothing note
 Floats through the yielding air, or seems to float.

“ Why fill thy sighs, she says, this lonely bow'r?

“ Why down thy bosom flows this endless show'r?

IMITATIONS.

La v' io seggia d'amor pensoso, e schriva;
 Lei che'l ciel ne mostro, terra nasconde,
 Veggio, e odo, e intendo, ch' ancor viva
 Di sì lontano a' sospir miei risponde.
 Deh! perche innanzi tempo ti consume?
 Mi dice con pietate, a che pur versi
 Dagli occhi tristi un doloroso fiume?
 Di me non pianger tu; che miei di ferfi,
 Morendo, eterni, e nell' eterno lume,
 Quando mostrai di chiuder gl'occhi, aperfi.

“ Complain no more ; but hope erelong to meet
“ Thy much lov'd Laura in a happier seat.
“ Here fairer scenes detain my parted shade,
“ Suns that ne'er set, and flow'rs that never fade :
“ Through crystal skies I wing my joyous flight,
“ And revel in eternal blaze of light,
“ See all thy wand'rings in that vale of tears,
“ And smile at all thy hopes, at all thy fears ;
“ Death wak'd my soul, that slept in life before,
“ And op'd these brighten'd eyes to sleep no more.”

She ends : the fates, that will no more reveal,
Fix on her closing lips their sacred seal.

“ Return, sweet shade ! I wake, and fondly say,
“ O, cheer my gloom with one far-beaming ray !
“ Return : thy charms my sorrow will dispel,
“ And snatch my spirit from her mortal cell ;
“ Then, mix'd with thine, exulting she shall fly,
“ And bound enraptur'd through her native sky.”

N

She

She comes no more : my pangs more fierce return ;
 Tears gush in streams, and sighs my bosom burn.
 * Ye banks, that oft my weary limbs have born,
 Ye murm'ring brooks, that learnt of me to mourn,
 Ye birds, that tune with me your plaintive lay,
 Ye groves, where Love once taught my steps to stray,
 You, ever sweet and ever fair, renew
 Your strains melodious, and your blooming hue ;

I M I T A T I O N S.

* Ver. 123. Sonnet. 261.

Valle, che de' lamenti miei se' piena ;
 Fiume, che spesso del mio pianger cresci ;
 Fere selvestre, vaghi augelli, e pesci,
 Che l' una, e l' altra verde riva affrena ;
 Aria de' miei sospir' calda e serena ;
 Dolce sentier, che si amaro riesci ;
 Colle, che mi piacesti, or mi rincresci,
 Ov' ancor per usanza Amor mi mena ;
 Ben riconosco in voi l' usate forme,
 Non, lasso, in me, che da si lieta vista,
 Son fatto albergo d' infinita doglia.

But

But not in my sad heart can blifs remain,
My heart, the haunt of never-ceasing plain !

Henceforth, to fing in fmoothly-warbled lays
The fmiles of youth, and beauty's heav'nly rays ;
* To fee the morn her early charms unfold,
Her cheeks of rofes, and her curls of gold ;
‡ Led by the facred Mufe at noon to rove
O'er tufted mountain, vale, or fhady grove ;

I M I T A T I O N S.

* Ver. 133. Sonnet. 251.

Quand' io veggio dal ciel fcender l'Aurora,
Con la fronte di rofe, e co' crin d'oro.

‡ Ver. 135. Sonnet. 272.

Ne per fereno ciel ir vaghe ftelle ;
Ne per tranquillo mar legni fpalmati ;
Ne per campagne cavalieri armati ;
Ne per bei boschi allegre fere e fnelle ;

To watch the stars, that gild the lucid pole,
 And view yon orbs in mazy order roll;
 To hear the tender nightingale complain,
 And warble to the woods her am'rous strain;
 No more shall these my pensive soul delight,
 But each gay vision melts in endless night.

* Nymphs, that in glimm'ring glades by moonlight dance,
 And ye, that through the liquid crystal glance,

IMITATIONS.

Ne d'aspettato ben fresche novelle,
 Ne dir d'Amore in stili alti ed ornati;
 Ne tra chiare fontane, e verdi prati
 Dolce cantare oneste donne e belle;
 Ne altro fara mai ch' al cor m'aggiunga,
 Si feco il seppe quella sepellire,
 Che sola a gli occhi miei fu lume e specchio.

* Ver. 143. Sonnet. 263.

O vaghi abitator de' verdi boschi,
 O Ninfe, e voi, che'l fresco erbooso fondo
 Del liquido cristallo alberga e pasce.

That

That oft have heard my sadly-pleasing moan,

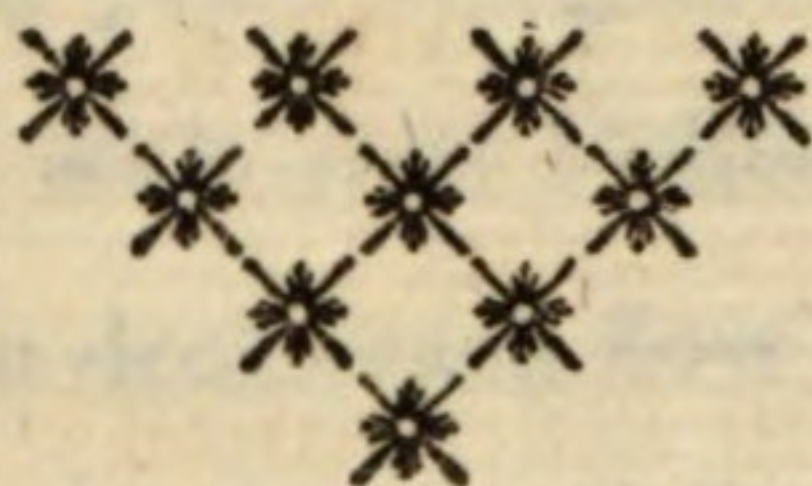
Behold me now a lifeless marble grown.

Ah ! lead me to the tomb where Laura lies :

Clouds, fold me round, and, gather'd darkness, rise !

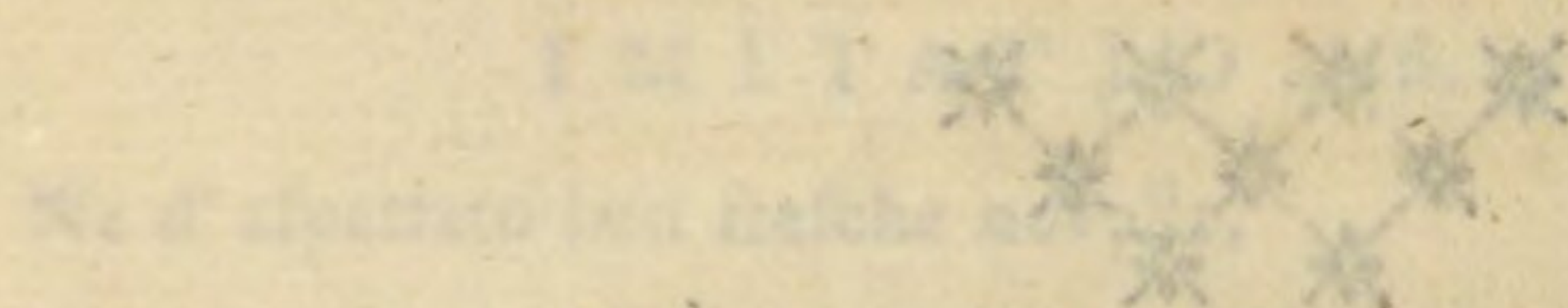
Bear me, ye gales, in death's soft slumber lay'd,

And, ye bright realms, receive my fleeting shade !



That oft have heard my lady's singing
 Behold me now a lute's music grown
 Ah! lead me to the tomb where I am lies
 Clouds, fold me round, and gather'd darkness
 From me, ye gales, in death's soft bosom lay
 And ye bright fountains, receive my flowing shade

And ye, that through the world's great
 And ye, that through the world's great



No più d'Amore in l'aria
 No più d'Amore in l'aria
 Dolce canore canore canore

No più d'Amore in l'aria
 Si face il seppia quella Grotta
 Che non è più d'Amore in l'aria

No più d'Amore in l'aria

No più d'Amore in l'aria

No più d'Amore in l'aria

No più d'Amore in l'aria



A TURKISH ODE

OF MESIHI.

HE A R how the nightingales on ev'ry spray,
 Hail in wild notes the sweet return of May!
 The gale, that o'er yon waving almond blows,
 The verdant bank with silver blossoms strows:
 The smiling season decks each flow'ry glade.
 Be gay: too soon the flow'rs of Spring will fade.

DIN LEH bulbul kiffa sen kim gildi eiami behar,
 Kurdi her bir baghda hengamei hengami behar,
 Oldi sim affhan ana ezhari badami behar
 Ysh u nush it kim gicher kalmaz bu eiami behar.

*Thou hearest the tale of the nightingale "that the vernal season
 "approaches." The Spring has spread a bower of joy in every grove,
 where the almond-tree sheds its silver blossoms. Be cheerful; be full
 of mirth; for the Spring passes soon away: it will not last.*

What

What gales of fragrance scent the vernal air !
 Hills, dales, and woods their loveliest mantles wear.
 Who knows what cares await that fatal day,
 When ruder gusts shall banish gentle May ?
 Ev'n death, perhaps, our valleys will invade.
 Be gay : too soon the flow'rs of Spring will fade.

Yineh enwai shukufilh bezendi bagh u ragh,
 Ysh ichun kurdi chichekler fahni gulshenda otagh,
 Kim bilur ol behareh dek kih u kim ola fagh ?
 Ysh u nush it kim gicher kalmaz bu ciami behar.

*The groves and hills are again adorned with all sorts of flowers :
 a pavilion of roses, as the seat of pleasure, is raised in the garden.
 Who knows which of us will be alive when the fair season ends ?
 Be cheerful, &c.*

The tulip now its varied hue displays,
 And sheds, like Ahmed's eye, celestial rays.
 Ah, nation ever faithful, ever true,
 The joys of youth, while May invites, pursue !
 Will not these notes your tim'rous minds persuade ?
 Be gay : too soon the flow'rs of Spring will fade.

Tarafı gulşen nuri Ahmed birleh malamaldur,
 Sebzelerinda fehabe hı lalehi kheirulaldur,
 Hei Mohammed ummeti wakti huzuri haldur.
 Ysh u nush it kim gicher kalmaz bu eiami behar.

The edge of the bower is filled with the light of Ahmed : among the plants the fortunate tulips represent his companions. Come, O people of Mohammed, this is the season of merriment. Be cheerful, &c.

The sparkling dewdrops o'er the lilies play
 Like orient pearls, or like the beams of day.
 If love and mirth your wanton thoughts engage,
 Attend, ye nymphs ! (A poet's words are sage.)
 While thus you sit beneath the trembling shade,
 Be gay : too soon the flow'rs of Spring will fade.

Kildi shebnem yineh jeuherdari tighi fufeni,
 Zhalehler aldi hewai doiyile leh gulshene,
 Gher temasha iseh maksudun beni esleh beni.
 Ysh u nush it kim gicher kalmaz bu eiami behar.

*Again the dew glitters on the leaves of the lily, like the water of
 a bright scymitar. The dewdrops fall through the air on the garden
 of roses. Listen to me, listen to me, if thou desirest to be delighted.
 Be cheerful, &c.*

The fresh-blown rose like Zeineb's cheek appears,
 When pearls, like dewdrops, glitter in her ears.
 The charms of youth at once are seen and past,
 And nature says, "They are too sweet to last."
 So blooms the rose, and so the blushing maid!
 Be gay: too soon the flow'rs of Spring will fade.

Rukhleri rengin giuzellar dur gulileh lalehlar,
 Kim kulaklarineh durlu jeuher asmish zhalehlar,
 Aldanup fanma ki bunlar boileh baki kalehlar.
 Ysh u nush it kim gicher kalmaz bu eiami behar.

*The roses and tulips are like the bright cheeks of beautiful maids,
 in whose ears the pearls hang like drops of dew. Deceive not thyself
 by thinking that these charms will have a long duration. Be cheer-
 ful, &c.*

See yon anemonies their leaves unfold
 With rubies flaming, and with living gold !
 While cryſtal ſhow'rs from weeping clouds deſcend,
 Enjoy the preſence of thy tuneful friend.
 Now, while the wines are brought, the ſofa's lay'd,
 Be gay : too ſoon the flow'rs of Spring will fade.

Guliſtanda giorunin laleh u gul naoman leh
 Baghda kan aldi ſhemſun niſhteri baran leh.
 Arefun bu demi khoſh gior bu giun yaran leh,
 Yſh u nuſh it kim gicher kalmaz bu eiami behar.

*Tulips, roſes, and anemonies appear in the gardens : the ſhowers
 and the ſunbeams, like ſharp lancets, tinge the banks with the co-
 lour of blood. Spend this day agreeably with thy friends, like a
 prudent man. Be cheerful, &c.*

The plants no more are dried, the meadows dead,
No more the rose-bud hangs her pensive head.
The shrubs revive in valleys, meads, and bow'rs,
And ev'ry stalk is diadem'd with flow'rs :
In filken robes each hillock stands array'd.
Be gay : too soon the flow'rs of Spring will fade.

Gitti ol demler ki olup sebzeler fahib ferasih,
Gunchesh fikri gulshenun olmishti bagherinda bash,
Gildi bir dem kim karardi laleh lerle dagh u tash,
Ysh u nush it kim gicher kalmaz bu eiami behar.

*The time is passed in which the plants were sick, and the rose-bud
hung its thoughtful head on its bosom. The season comes in which
mountains and rocks are coloured with tulips. Be cheerful, &c.*

Clear drops each morn impearl the rose's bloom,
 And from its leaf the Zephyr drinks perfume.
 The dewy buds expand their lucid store,
 Be this our wealth : ye damsels, ask no more.
 Though wise men envy, and though fools upbraid,
 Be gay : too soon the flow'rs of Spring will fade.

Ebr gulzari ustunch her subh goher bariken,
 Nef hei badi seher por nasei tatariken :
 Ghafil olmeh alemun mahbublighi wariken.
 Ysh u nush it kim gicher kalmaz bu eiami behar.

*Each morning the clouds shed gems over the rose-garden : the
 breath of the gale is full of Tartarian musk. Be not neglectful of
 thy duty through too great a love of the world. Be cheerful, &c.*

The dewdrops, sprinkled by the musky gale,
 Are chang'd to essence ere they reach the dale.
 The mild blue sky a rich pavilion spreads,
 Without our labour, o'er our favour'd heads.
 Let others toil in war, in arts, or trade.
 Be gay: too soon the flow'rs of Spring will fade.

Buyi gulzar itti sholdenlu hewai mushknab
 Kim yereh inengeh olur ketrei shebnem gulab.
 Cherkh otak kurdi gulistan uttuneh giunlik sehab.
 Ysh u nush it kim gicher kalmaz bu eiami behar.

The sweetness of the bower has made the air so fragrant, that the dew, before it falls, is changed into rose-water. The sky spreads a pavilion of bright clouds over the garden. Be cheerful, &c.

Late gloomy winter chill'd the fullen air,
 Till Soliman arose, and all was fair.
 Soft in his reign the notes of love resound,
 And pleasure's rosy cup goes freely round.
 Here on the bank, which mantling vines o'ershade,
 Be gay: too soon the flow'rs of Spring will fade.

Gulistanun her ne sen aldi siah badi khuzan,
 Adl idup bir bir ileh wardi yineh shahi jehan.
 Deuletinda badehler kam oldi fakii kamran.
 Ysh u nush it kim gicher kalmaz bu eiami behar.

Whoever thou art, know that the black gusts of autumn had seized the garden; but the king of the world again appeared dispensing justice to all: in his reign the happy cupbearer desired and obtained the flowing wine. Be cheerful, &c.

May this rude lay from age to age remain,
 A true memorial of this lovely train.
 Come, charming maid, and hear thy poet sing,
 Thyself the rose, and He the bird of spring:
 Love bids him sing, and Love will be obey'd.
 Be gay: too soon the flow'rs of Spring will fade.

Omerem buleh, Mefihi, bu merbai ishtihar,
 Ehlene ola bu charabru u giuzeller yadgar,
 Bulbuli khozh gui sen gulyuzluler leh yuriwar.
 Ysh u nush it kim gicher kalmaz bu eiami behar.

By these strains I hoped to celebrate this delightful valley: may they be a memorial to its inhabitants, and remind them of this assembly, and these fair maids! Thou art a nightingale with a sweet voice, O Mefihi, when thou walkest with the damsels, whose cheeks are like roses. Be cheerful; be full of mirth; for the Spring passes soon away: it will not last.

Alas! this rule has been too long
 A long account of this lovely train.
 Come, charming maid, and leave thy feet
 To the soft sole, and the bliss of spring.
 Love's kiss is mine, and love will be over.
 As yet: too soon the hour of spring will fade.

Commentary. The poet is a Turkish
 poet, and he is a very good one.
 The poem is a very good one.
 The poem is a very good one.

The poem is a very good one.
 The poem is a very good one.
 The poem is a very good one.
 The poem is a very good one.



ARCADIA,

A PASTORAL POEM.

ADVERTISEMENT.

THE following pastoral was written in the year 1762 ; but the author, finding some tolerable passages in it, was induced to correct it afterwards, and to give it a place in this collection. He took the hint of it from an allegory of Mr. Addison in the thirty second paper of the Guardian ; which is set down in the margin, that the reader may see where he has copied the original, and where he has deviated from it. In this piece, as it now stands, Menalcas, king of the shepherds, means Theocritus, the most ancient, and, perhaps, the best writer of pastorals ; and by his two daughters, Daphne, and Hyla, must be understood the two sorts of pastoral poetry, the one elegant and polished, the other

simple and unadorned, in both of which he excelled. Virgil, whom Pope chiefly followed, seems to have born away the palm in the higher sort; and Spenser, whom Gay imitated with success, had equal merit in the more rustick style: these two poets, therefore, may justly be supposed in this allegory to have inherited his kingdom of Arcadia.



ARCADIA.

IN those fair plains, where glitt'ring Ladon roll'd
His wanton labyrinth o'er sands of gold,

Menalcas reign'd : from Pan his lineage came ;

Rich were his vales, and deathless was his fame.

IMITATIONS.

Guardian. N^o. 32.

In ancient times there dwelt in a pleasant vale of Arcadia a man of very ample possessions, named Menalcas, who, deriving his pedigree from the god Pan, kept very strictly up to the rules of the pastoral life, as it was in the golden age.

When

When youth impell'd him, and when love inspir'd,
 The list'ning nymphs his Dorick lays admir'd :
 To hear his notes the swains with rapture flew ;
 A softer pipe no shepherd ever blew.

But now, oppress'd beneath the load of age,
 Belov'd, respected, venerable, sage,

* Of heroes, demigods, and gods he sung ;
 His reed neglected on a poplar hung :

Yet all the rules, that young Arcadians keep,
 He kept, and watch'd each morn his bleating sheep.

Two lovely daughters were his dearest care,
 Both mild as May, and both as April fair :

Love, where they mov'd, each youthful breast inflam'd,
 And Daphne this, and Hyla that was nam'd.

N O T E.

* This couplet alludes to the higher Idyllia of Theocritus, as the *Ἐγκώμιον* εἰς Πτολεμαῖον, the *Διόσκυροι*, and others, which are of the heroick kind.

* The

* The first was bashful as a blooming bride,
And all her mien display'd a decent pride;
Her tresses, braided in a curious knot,
Were close confin'd, and not a hair forgot;
Where many a flow'r, in mystick order plac'd,
With myrtle twin'd, her filken fillet grac'd:
Nor with less neatness was her robe dispos'd,
And ev'ry fold a pleasing art disclos'd;
Her sandals of the brightest silk were made,
And, as she walk'd, gave lustre to the shade;
A graceful ease in ev'ry step was seen,
She mov'd a shepherdes, yet look'd a queen.
Her sister scorn'd to dwell in arching bow'rs,
Or deck her locks with wreaths of fading flow'rs;

I M I T A T I O N S.

* He had a daughter, his only child, called Amaryllis. She was a virgin of a most enchanting beauty, of a most easy and unaffected air; but, having been bred up wholly in the country, was bashful to the last degree.

O'er her bare shoulder flow'd her auburn hair,
 And, fan'd by Zephyrs, floated on the air :
 Green were her buskins, green the vest she wore,
 And in her hand a knotty crook she bore.

* The voice of Daphne might all pains disarm,
 Yet, heard too long, its sweetness ceas'd to charm :
 But none were tir'd, when artless Hyla sung,
 Though something rustick warbled from her tongue.

Thus both in beauty grew, and both in fame,
 Their manners diff'rent, yet their charms the same.

IMITATIONS.

* She had a voice that was exceedingly sweet, yet had a rusticity in her tone, which however to most who heard her seemed an additional charm. Though in her conversation in general she was very engaging, yet to her lovers, who were numerous, she was so coy, that many left her in disgust after a tedious courtship, and matched themselves where they were better received.

The young Arcadians, tuneful from their birth,
To love devoted, and to rural mirth,
Beheld, and fondly lov'd the royal maids,
And sung their praise in valleys, lawns, and glades;
From morn to latest eve they wept, and sigh'd,
And some for Daphne, some for Hyla died:
Each day new presents to the nymphs they bore,
And in gay order spread the shining store;
Some beechen bowls, and polish'd sheephooks brought
With ebon knots, and studs of silver, wrought;
Some led in flow'ry bands the playful fawn,
Or bounding roe, that spurn'd the grassy lawn;
The rest on nature's blooming gifts relied,
And rais'd their slender hopes on beauty's pride;
But the coy maids, regardless of their pain,
Their vows derided, and their plaintive strain:
Hence some, whom love with lighter flames had fir'd,
Broke their soft flutes, and in despair retir'd,
To milder damsels told their am'rous tale,
And found a kinder Daphne in the vale.

It happen'd on a cheerful morn of May,
When ev'ry meadow smil'd in fresh array,
The shepherds, rising at an early hour,
In crouds assembled round the regal bow'r,
There hail'd in sprightly notes the peerless maids;
And tender accents trembled through the glades.
Menalcas, whom the larks with many a lay
Had call'd from slumber at the dawn of day,
By chance was roving through a bord'ring dale,
And heard the swains their youthful woes bewail:
He knew the cause; for long his prudent mind
To sooth their cares indulgently design'd:
Slow he approach'd; then wav'd his awful hand,
And, leaning on his crook, address'd the list'ning band.

Arcadian shepherds, to my words attend!
In silence hear your monarch, and your friend.
Your fruitless pains, which none can disapprove,
Excite my pity, not my anger move.

Two gentle maids, the solace of my age,
 Fill all my soul, and all my care engage ;
 When death shall join me to the pale-ey'd throng,
 To them my sylvan empire will belong ;
 But lest with them the royal line should fail,
 And civil discord fill this happy vale,
 Two chosen youths the beauteous nymphs must wed,
 To share their pow'r, and grace the genial bed :
 * So may the swains our ancient laws obey,
 And all Arcadia own their potent sway.

I M I T A T I O N S.

* For Menalcas had not only resolved to take a son-in-law, who should inviolably maintain the customs of his family ; but had received one evening, as he walked in the fields, a pipe of an antique form from a Faun, or, as some say, from Oberon the Fairy, with a particular charge, not to bestow his daughter on any one, who could not play the same tune upon it, as at that time he entertained him with.

But what sage counsel can their choice direct?
Whom can the nymphs prefer, or whom reject?
So like your passion, and so like your strain,
That all deserve, yet cannot all obtain.
Hear then my tale: as late, by fancy led
To steep Cyllene's ever-vocal head,
With winding steps I wander'd through the wood,
And pour'd wild notes, a Faun before me stood;
A flute he held, which as he softly blew,
The feather'd warblers to the sound he drew,
Then to my hand the precious gift consign'd,
And said, "Menalcas, ease thy wond'ring mind:
"This pipe, on which the god of shepherds play'd,
"When love inflam'd him, and the * viewless maid,
"Receive: ev'n Pan thy tuneful skill confess'd,
"And after Pan thy lips will grace it best.
"Thy daughters' beauty ev'ry breast inspires,
"And all thy kingdom glows with equal fires:
"But let those favour'd youths alone succeed,
"Who blow with matchless art this heav'nly reed."

* Echo.

This said, he disappear'd. Then hear my will :
Be bold, ye lovers, and exert your skill ;
Be they my sons, who sing the softest strains,
And tune to sweetest notes their pleasing pains :
But mark ! whoe'er shall by too harsh a lay
Offend our ears, and from our manners stray,
He, for our favour, and our throne unfit,
To some disgraceful penance must submit.

He ends ; the shepherds at his words rejoice,
And praise their sov'reign with a grateful voice.

I M I T A T I O N S.

* When the time that he designed to give her in marriage was near at hand, he published a decree, whereby he invited the neighbouring youths to make trial of this musical instrument, with promise that the victor should possess his daughter, on condition that the vanquished should submit to what punishment he thought fit to inflict. Those, who were not yet discouraged, and had high conceits of their own worth, appeared on the appointed day, in a dress and equipage suitable to their
respective

Each swain believes the lovely prize his own,
And sits triumphant on th' ideal throne ;
Kind Vanity their want of art supplies,
And gives indulgent what the muse denies ;
Gay vests, and flow'ry garlands each prepares,
And each the dress, that suits his fancy, wears.

Now deeper blushes ting'd the glowing sky,
And ev'ning rais'd her silver lamp on high,
When in a bow'r, by Ladon's lucid stream,
Where not a star could dart his piercing beam,

IMITATIONS.

respective fancies. The place of meeting was a flowery meadow, through which a clear stream murmured in many irregular meanders. The shepherds made a spacious ring for the contending lovers ; and in one part of it there sat upon a little throne of turf under an arch of eglantine and woodbines, the father of the maid, and at his right hand the damsel crowned with roses, and lilies. She wore a flying robe of a slight green stuff ; she had her sheephook in one hand, and the fatal pipe

So thick the curling eglantines display'd,
With woodbines join'd, an aromattick shade,
The father of the blooming nymphs reclin'd,
His hoary locks with sacred laurel twin'd :
The royal damsels, seated by his side,
Shone like two flow'rs in summer's fairest pride :
The swains before them crouded in a ring,
Prepar'd to blow the flute, or sweetly sing.

First in the midst a graceful youth arose,
Born in those fields where crystal Mele flows :

I M I T A T I O N S.

in the other. The first who approached her was a youth of a graceful presence and a courtly air, but dressed in a richer habit than had ever been seen in Arcadia. He wore a crimson vest, cut, indeed, after the shepherd's fashion, but so enriched with embroidery, and sparkling with jewels, that the eyes of the spectators were diverted from considering the mode of the garment by the dazzling of the ornaments. His head was covered with a plume of feathers, and his shephook glittered
with

His air was courtly, his complexion fair ;
And rich perfumes shed sweetness from his hair,
That o'er his shoulder wav'd in flowing curls,
With roses braided, and inwreath'd with pearls :
A wand of cedar for his crook he bore ;
His slender foot th' Arcadian sandal wore,
Yet that so rich, it seem'd to fear the ground,
With beaming gems and filken ribands bound :
The plumage of an ostrich grac'd his head,
And with embroider'd flow'rs his mantle was o'erspread.

I M I T A T I O N S.

with gold and enamel, &c. He applied the pipe to his lips, and began a tune, which he set off with so many graces and quavers, that the shepherds and shepherdesses, who had paired themselves in order to dance, could not follow it ; as indeed it required great skill and regularity of steps, which they had never been bred to. Menalcas ordered him to be stripped of his costly robes, and to be clad in a russet weed, and to tend the flocks in the valleys for a year and a day.

He

* He sung the darling of th' Idalian queen,
Fall'n in his prime on sad Cythera's green ;
When weeping graces left the faded plains,
And tun'd their strings to elegiack strains ;
While mourning loves the tender burden bore,
“ Adonis, fair Adonis, charms no more :”
The theme displeas'd the nymph, whose ruder ear
The tales of simple shepherds lov'd to hear.
The maids and youths, who saw the swain advance,
And take the fatal pipe, prepar'd to dance :
So wildly, so affectedly he play'd,
A tune so various and uncouth he made,
That not a dancer could in cadence move,
And not a nymph the quaver'd notes approve :
They broke their ranks, and join'd the circling train,
While bursts of laughter sounded o'er the plain.
Menalcas rais'd his hand, and bade retire
The filken courtier from th' Arcadian quire :

* See Bion, Moschus, &c.

Two eager shepherds, at the king's command,
 Rent his gay plume, and snap'd his polish'd wand;
 They tore his vest, and o'er his bosom threw
 A weed of homely grain and russet hue;
 Then fill'd with wither'd herbs his scented locks,
 And scornful drove him to the low-brow'd rocks,
 There doom'd to rove, deserted and forlorn,
 Till thrice the moon had arch'd her silver horn.

* The next that rose, and took the mystick reed,
 Was wrap'd ungraceful in a fordid weed :

IMITATIONS.

* The second that appeared was in a very different garb. He was clothed in a garment of rough goat-skins, his hair was matted, his beard neglected; in his person uncouth, and awkward in his gait. He came up fleering to the nymph, and told her, "He had hugged his lambs, and kissed his young kids, but he hoped to kiss one that was sweeter." The fair one blushed with modesty and anger, and prayed secretly against him, as

she

A shaggy hide was o'er his shoulder spread,
And wreaths of noxious darnel bound his head ;
Unshorn his beard, and tangled was his hair,
He rudely walk'd, and thus address'd the fair :
“ My kids I fondle, and my lambs I kiss,
“ Ah ! grant, sweet maid, a more delightful bliss.”
The damsels blush with anger and disdain,
And turn indignant from the shameless swain ;
To Pan in silence, and to Love they pray,
To make his musick hateful as his lay ;
The gods assent : the flute he roughly takes,
And scarce with pain a grating murmur makes ;

I M I T A T I O N S.

she gave him the pipe. He snatched it from her, but with great difficulty made it sound ; which was in such harsh and jarring notes, that the shepherds cried one and all that he understood no musick. He was immediately ordered to the most craggy parts of Arcadia to keep the goats, and commanded never to touch a pipe any more.

But when in jarring notes he forc'd his song,
 Just indignation fir'd the rural throng :
 Shame of Arcadia's bow'rs, the youths exclaim,
 Whose wretched lays disgrace a shepherd's name !
 The watchful heralds, at Menalcas' nod,
 Pursued the rustick with a vengeful rod,
 Condemn'd three summers on the rocky shore
 To feed his goats, and touch a pipe no more.

* Now to the ring a portly swain advanc'd,
 Who neither wholly walk'd, nor wholly danc'd ;

IMITATIONS.

* The third that advanced appeared in clothes that were so strait and uneasy to him, that he seemed to move in pain. He marched up to the maiden with a thoughtful look, and stately pace, and said, "Divine Amaryllis, you wear not those roses "to improve your beauty, but to make them ashamed." As she did not comprehend his meaning, she presented the instrument without reply. The tune that he played was so intricate and perplexing, that the shepherds stood still like people astonished and confounded.

Yet

Yet mov'd in pain, so close his crimson vest
Was clasp'd uneasy o'er his straining breast :
‡ " Fair nymph, said he, the roses, which you wear,
" Your charms improve not, but their own impair."
The maids, unus'd to flow'rs of eloquence,
Smil'd at the words, but could not guess their sense.
When in his hand the sacred reed he took,
Long time he view'd it with a pensive look ;
Then gave it breath, and rais'd a shriller note
Than when the bird of morning swells his throat ;
Through ev'ry interval, now low, now high,
Swift o'er the stops his fingers seem'd to fly :
The youths, who heard such musick with surprize,
Gaz'd on the tuneful bard with wond'ring eyes :

N O T E.

‡ See Tasso, Guarini, Fontenelle, Camoens, Garcilasso and Lope de la Vega,
and other writers of pastorals in Italian, French, Portuguese, and Spanish.

He saw with secret pride their deep amaze,
 Then said, * “Arcadia shall resound my praise,
 “And ev’ry clime my pow’rful art shall own;
 “This, this, ye swains, is melody alone:
 “To me Amphion taught the heav’nly strains,
 “Amphion, born on rich Hesperian plains.”
 To whom Menalcas: “Stranger, we admire
 “Thy notes melodious, and thy rapt’rous fire;
 “But ere to these fair valleys thou return,
 “Adopt our manners, and our language learn:
 “Some aged shepherd shall thy air improve,
 “And teach thee how to speak, and how to move.”

I M I T A T I O N S.

* In vain did he plead that it was the perfection of musick, composed by the most skilful master of Hesperia. Menalcas, finding that he was a stranger, hospitably took compassion on him, and delivered him to an old shepherd, who was ordered to get him clothes that would fit him, and teach him how to speak plain.

Soon

* Soon to the bow'r a modest stripling came,
 Fairest of swains; and ‡ Tityrus his name:
 Mild was his look, an easy grace he show'd,
 And o'er his beauteous limbs a decent mantle flow'd:
 As through the croud he press'd, the sylvan quire
 His mien applauded, and his neat attire;
 And Daphne, yet untaught in am'rous lore,
 Felt strange desires, and pains unknown before.
 He now begins; the dancing hills attend,
 And knotty oaks from mountain-tops descend:

I M I T A T I O N S.

* The fourth that stepped forward was young Amyntas, the most beautiful of all the Arcadian swains, and secretly beloved by Amaryllis. He wore that day the same colours as the maid for whom he sigh'd. He moved towards her with an easy, but unassured, air: she blush'd as he came near her, and when she gave him the fatal present, they both trembled, but neither

N O T E.

‡ The name supposed to be taken by Virgil in his first pastoral.

could

He sings of swains beneath the beechen shade,
 † When lovely Amaryllis fill'd the glade;
 Next in a sympathizing lay complains,
 Of love unpitied, and the lover's pains:
 But when with art the hallow'd pipe he blew,
 What deep attention hush'd the rival crew!
 He play'd so sweetly, and so sweetly sung,
 That on each note th' enraptur'd audience hung;
 Ev'n blue-hair'd nymphs, from Ladon's limpid stream,
 Rais'd their bright heads, and listen'd to the theme,

I M I T A T I O N S.

could speak. Having secretly breathed his vows to the gods, he poured forth such melodious notes, that, though they were a little wild, and irregular, they filled every heart with delight. The swains immediately mingled in the dance, and the old shepherds affirmed that they had often heard such musick by night, which they imagined to be played by some of the rural deities.

N O T E.

† Formosam resonare deces Amaryllida sylvam. *Virg.*

Then

Then through the yielding waves in transport glanc'd ;
 Whilst on the banks the joyful shepherds danc'd :
 “ We oft, said they, at close of ev'ning flow'rs,
 “ Have heard such musick in the vocal bow'rs :
 “ We wonder'd ; for we thought some am'rous god,
 “ That on a silver moonbeam swiftly rode,
 “ Had fan'd with starry plumes the floating air,
 “ And touch'd his harp to charm some mortal fair.”

He ended ; and, as rolling billows loud,
 His praise resounded from the circling croud ;
 The clam'rous tumult softly to compose,
 High in the midst the plaintive † Colin rose,
 Born on the lilied banks of royal Thame,
 Which oft had rung with Rosalinda's name ;
 Fair, yet neglected ; neat, yet unadorn'd ;
 The pride of dress, and flow'rs of art he scorn'd :

N O T E.

† Colin is the name that Spenser takes in his pastorals, and Rosalinda is that under which he celebrates his mistress.

S

And,

And, like the nymph who fir'd his youthful breast,
Green were his buskins, green his simple vest :
With careless ease his rustick lays he sung,
And melody flow'd smoothly from his tongue :
Of June's gay fruits, and August's corn he told,
The bloom of April, and December's cold,
* The loves of shepherds, and their harmless cheer
In ev'ry month that decks the varied year.
Now on the flute with equal grace he play'd,
And his soft numbers died along the shade ;
The skilful dancers to his accents mov'd,
And ev'ry voice his easy tune approv'd ;
Ev'n Hyla, blooming maid, admir'd the strain,
While through her bosom shot a pleasing pain.

Now all were hush'd : no rival durst arise ;
Pale were their cheeks, and full of tears their eyes.
Menalcas, rising from his flow'ry seat,
Thus, with a voice majestically sweet,

* See the Shepherd's Kalendar.

Address'd th' attentive throng: "Arcadians, hear!

"The sky grows dark, and beamy stars appear:

"Haste to the vale; the bridal bow'rs prepare;

"And hail with joy Menalcas' tuneful heir.

"Thou, Tityrus, of swains the pride and grace,

"Shalt clasp soft Daphne in thy fond embrace:

"And thou, young Colin, in thy willing arms,

"Shalt fold my Hyla, fair in native charms:

"O'er these sweet plains divided empire hold,

"And to your latest race transmit an age of gold.

"What splendid visions rise before my sight,

"And fill my aged bosom with delight!

* "Henceforth of wars and conquest shall you sing,

"ARMS AND THE MAN in ev'ry clime shall ring:

"Thy muse, bold Maro, Tityrus no more,

"Shall tell of chiefs that left the Phrygian shore,

N O T E.

* This prophecy of Menalcas alludes to the *Æneid* of Virgil, and the *Fairy-Queen* of Spenser.

“ Sad Dido’s love, and Venus’ wand’ring son,
 “ The Latians vanquish’d, and Lavinia won :
 “ And thou, O Colin, heav’n-defended youth,
 “ Shalt hide in fiction’s veil the charms of truth,
 “ Thy notes the sting of sorrow shall beguile,
 “ And smoothe the brow of anguish till it smile ;
 “ Notes, that a sweet Elysian dream can raise,
 “ And lead th’ enchanted soul through fancy’s maze ;
 “ Thy verse shall shine with Gloriana’s name,
 “ And fill the world with Britain’s endless fame,”

* To Tit’rus then he gave the sacred flute,
 And bade his sons their blushing brides salute ;
 Whilst all the train a lay of triumph sung,
 Till mountains echo’d, and till valleys rung.

IMITATIONS.

* The good old man leaped from his throne, and, after he
 had embraced him, presented him to his daughter, which
 caused a general acclamation.

While

* While thus with mirth they tun'd the nuptial strain,
 A youth, too late, was hast'ning o'er the plain,
 Clad in a flowing vest of azure hue;
 † Blue were his sandals, and his girdle blue:
 A slave, ill-dress'd and mean, behind him bore
 An osier basket fill'd with fishy store;
 The lobster with his fable armour bold,
 The tasteful mullet deck'd with scales of gold,
 Bright perch, the tyrants of the finny breed,
 And greylings sweet, that crop the fragrant weed;

I M I T A T I O N S.

* While they were in the midst of their joy, they were surprised with a very odd appearance. A person, in a blue mantle, crowned with sedges and rushes, stepped into the midst of the ring. He had an angling-rod in his hand, a pannier upon his back, and a poor meagre wretch in wet clothes carried some oysters before him. Being asked, whence he came, and what

N O T E.

† See Sannazaro, Ongaro, Phineas Fletcher, and other writers of piscatory eclogues.

Among them shells of many a tint appear,
 * The heart of Venus, and her pearly ear,
 The nautilus, on curling billows born,
 And scallops, by the wand'ring pilgrim worn,
 Some drop'd with silver, some with purple dye,
 With all the race that seas or streams supply :
 A net and angle o'er his shoulder hung,
 Thus was the stranger clad, and thus he sung :
 " Ah ! lovely damsel, leave thy simple sheep ;
 " 'Tis sweeter in the sea-worn rock to sleep :

I M I T A T I O N S.

he was, he told them he was come to invite Amaryllis from the plains to the sea-shore ; that his substance consisted in sea-calves ; and that he was acquainted with the Nereids and Naiads. " Art thou acquainted with the Naiads ? said Menalcas, to them shalt thou return." The shepherds immediately hoisted him up as an enemy to Arcadia, and plunged him in the river, where he sunk, and was never heard of since.

N O T E.

* *Venus's heart* and *Venus's ear* are the names of two very beautiful shells.

" There

“ There shall thy line the scaly shoals betray,
“ And sports, unknown before, beguile the day,
“ To guide o’er rolling waves the dancing skiff,
“ Or pluck the samphire from th’ impending cliff:
“ My rapt’rous notes the blue-ey’d Nereids praise,
“ And silver-footed Naiads hear my lays.”

“ To them, Menalcas said, thy numbers pour;
“ Insult our flocks and blissful vales no more.”

He spake; the heralds knew their sov’reign’s will,

And hurl’d the fisher down the sloping hill:

Headlong he plung’d beneath the liquid plain,

(But not a nymph receiv’d the falling swain,)

Then dropping rose; and like the rushing wind

Impetuous fled, nor cast a look behind:

* He sought the poplar’d banks of winding Po,

But shun’d the meads where Ladon’s waters flow.

N O T E.

* This alludes to the Latin compositions of Sannazarius, which have great merit in their kind.

Ere

* Ere through nine radiant signs the flaming sun
 His course resplendent in the Zodiack run,
 The royal damsels, bashful now no more,
 Two lovely boys on one glad morning bore;
 From blooming Daphne fair Alexis sprung,
 And Colinet on Hyla's bosom hung;
 Both o'er the vales of sweet Arcadia reign'd,
 And both the manners of their fires retain'd:
 ‡ Alexis, fairer than a morn of May,
 In glades and forests tun'd his rural lay,

I M I T A T I O N S.

* Amyntas and Amaryllis lived a long and happy life, and governed the vales of Arcadia. Their generation was very long-lived, there having been but four descents in above two thousand years. His heir was called Theocritus, who left his dominions to Virgil. Virgil left his to his son Spenser, and Spenser was succeeded by his eldest-born Philips.

N O T E.

‡ See Pope's pastorals.

More

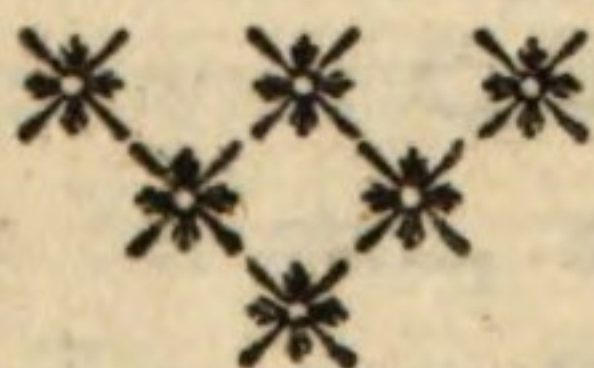
More soft than rills that through the valley flow,
 Or vernal gales that o'er the vi'lets blow ;
 He sung the tender woes of artless swains,
 Their tuneful contests, and their am'rous pains,
 When early spring has wak'd the breathing flow'rs,
 Or winter hangs with frost the silv'ry bow'rs :

* But Colinet in ruder numbers tells
 The loves of rusticks, and fair-boding spells,
 Sings how they simply pass the livelong day,
 And softly mourn, or innocently play.

Since them no shepherd rules th' Arcadian mead,
 But silent hangs Menalcas' fatal reed.

N O T E.

* See the Shepherd's Week of Gay.



More soft than silk that through the valley flows,

Or warm gales that over the vales blow;

He sang the tender words of sweetest love,

And the sweetest converse, and their anxious pains,

When early spring has wak'd the breathing flowers,

Or winter hangs with fall the silvery bow,

And Colin in roset numbers tells

Of roses of redness, and laughing girls,

How they tripping pass the ivy-blossom day,

And softly moue, or innocently play.

And when the sun is high, and the day is hot,

He sings of shepherd maids the Arcadian wood,

And how they dance, and sing, and frolic round.

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C A I S S A,

O R,

THE GAME AT CHESS,

A P O E M.

ADVERTISEMENT.

THE first idea of the following piece was taken from a Latin poem of Vida, entitled SCACCHIA LUDUS, which was translated into Italian by Marino, and inserted in the fifteenth Canto of his Adonis: the author thought it fair to make an acknowledgment in the notes for the passages, which he borrowed from those two poets; but he must also do them the justice to declare, that most of the descriptions, and the whole story of Caïssa, which is written in imitation of Ovid, are his own, and their faults must be imputed to him only. The characters in the poem are no less imaginary than those in the episode; in which the invention of Chess is poetically ascribed to Mars, though it is certain that the game was originally brought from India.

~~THE GAME AT CHESS~~

GAISSA

OR

THE GAME AT CHESS

A POEM

ADVERTISEMENT.

THE first idea of the following piece was taken from a Latin poem of Virgil, entitled *SCACCHIA LUDUS*, which was translated into Italian by Ariosto, and inserted in the *Orlando Furioso*. The author thought it best to make an acknowledgment in the notes for the passage, which he borrowed from those two poets; but he must also do them the justice to declare, that most of the description of the whole story of *Gaissa*, which is written in imitation of Ovid, are his own, and their faults must be ascribed to him only. The characters in the poem are no less imaginary than those in the epilogue; in which the imitation of Ovid is particularly ascribed to Ariosto, though it is certain that the game was originally brought from India.



C A I S S A,
O R,
THE GAME AT CHESS,
A P O E M.

Written in the Year 1763.

• O F armies on the chequer'd field array'd,
And guiltless war in pleasing form display'd,

I M I T A T I O N S.

• Ludimus effigiem belli, simulataque veris
Prælia, buxo acies fictas, et ludicra regna :
Ut gemini inter se reges, albusque nigerque,
Pro laude oppositi certent bicoloribus armis.
Dicite, Seriades Nymphæ, certamina tanta, *Vida.*

When

When two bold kings contend with vain alarms,
 In iv'ry this, and that in ebon arms,
 Sing, sportive maids, that haunt the sacred hill
 Of Pindus, and the fam'd Pierian rill.

* Thou, joy of all below, and all above,
 Mild Venus, queen of laughter, queen of love,
 Leave thy bright island, where on many a rose,
 And many a pink thy blooming train repose:
 Assist me, goddess! since a lovely pair
 Command my song, like thee divinely fair.

Near yon cool stream, whose living waters play,
 And rise translucent in the solar ray,
 Beneath the covert of a fragrant bow'r,
 Where spring's soft influence purpled ev'ry flow'r,

IMITATIONS.

* Æneadum genitrix, hominum diyûmque voluptas,
 Alma Venus! &c. *Lucretius.*

Two beauteous nymphs reclin'd in calm retreat,
And envying blossoms crouded round their seat;
Here Delia was enthron'd, and by her side
The sweet Sirena, both in beauty's pride:
Thus shine two roses, fresh with early bloom,
That from their native stalk dispense perfume,
Their leaves unfolding to the dawning day,
Gems of the glowing mead, and eyes of May.
A band of youths and damsels sat around,
Their flowing locks with wreaths of myrtle bound,
Agatis, in the graceful dance admir'd,
And gentle Thyrsis, by the muse inspir'd,
With Sylvia, fairest of the mirthful train,
And Daphnis, doom'd to love, yet love in vain.
Now, whilst a purer blush o'erspreads her cheeks,
With soothing accents thus Sirena speaks:

“ The meads and lawns are ting'd with beamy light,
“ And wakeful larks begin their vocal flight,

“ Whilst

- “ Whilst on each bank the dewdrops sweetly smile ;
“ What sport, my Delia, shall the hours beguile ?
“ Shall heav’nly notes, prolong’d with various art,
“ Charm the fond ear, and warm the rapt’rous heart ?
“ At distance shall we view the sylvan chace ?
“ Or catch with filken lines the finny race ?”

- Then Delia thus : “ Or rather, since we meet
“ By chance assembled in this cool retreat,
“ In artful contest let our warlike train
“ Move well-directed o’er the colour’d plain ;
“ Daphnis, who taught us first, the play shall guide,
“ Explain its laws, and o’er the field preside :
“ No prize we need, our ardour to inflame,
“ We fight with pleasure, if we fight for fame.”

The nymph consents : the maids and youths prepare
To view the combat, and the sport to share ;
But Daphnis most approv’d the bold design,
Whom love instructed, and the tuneful Nine.

He rose, and on the cedar table plac'd
 A polish'd board with diff'ring colours grac'd,
 * Squares eight times eight in equal order lie,
 These bright as snow, those dark with fable dye,
 Like the broad target by the tortoise born,
 Or like the hide by spotted panthers worn.
 Then from a chest, with harmless heroes stor'd,
 O'er the smooth plain two well-wrought hosts he pour'd;

I M I T A T I O N S.

* Sexaginta infunt et quatuor ordine sedes
 Octono ; parte ex omni, via limite quadrat
 Ordinibus paribus ; necnon forma omnibus una
 Sedibus, æquale et spatium, sed non color unus :
 Alternant semper variæ, subeuntque vicissim
 Albentes nigris ; testudo picta superne
 Qualia devexo gestat discrimina tergo:

Vida.

The champions burn'd their rivals to assail,
 * Twice eight in black, twice eight in milkwhite mail;
 In shape and station diff'rent, as in name,
 Their motions various, nor their pow'r the same.
 Say, muse ! (for Jove has nought from thee conceal'd)
 Who form'd the legions on the level field ?

High in the midst the rev'rend kings appear,
 And o'er the rest their pearly scepters rear :
 With solemn steps, majestically flow,
 They gravely move, and shun the dang'rous foe ;
 If e'er they call, the watchful subjects spring,
 And die with rapture if they save their king,

I M I T A T I O N S.

* Agmina bina pari numeroque, et viribus æquis,
 Bis niveâ cum veste octo, totidemque nigranti.
 Ut variæ facies, pariter sunt et sua cuique
 Nomina, diversum munus, non æqua potestas.

Vida.

On him the glory of the day depends,
He once imprison'd, all the conflict ends.

The queens exulting near their comforts stand,
Each bears a deadly falchion in her hand;
Now here, now there, they bound with furious pride,
And thin the trembling ranks from side to side,
Swift as Camilla flying o'er the main,
Or lightly skimming o'er the dewy plain:
Fierce as they seem, some bold Plebeian spear
May pierce their shield, or stop their full career.

The valiant guards, their minds on havock bent,
Fill the next squares, and watch the royal tent;
Though weak their spears, though dwarfish be their height,
‡ Compact they move, the bulwark of the fight.

N O T E.

‡ The chief art in the Tactics of Chess consists in the nice conduct of the royal pawns; in supporting them against every attack; and, if they are taken, in supplying their places with others equally supported: a principle, on which the success of the game in great measure depends, though it seems to be omitted by the very accurate Vida.

To right and left the martial wings display
 Their shining arms, and stand in close array.
 Behold, four archers, eager to advance,
 Send the light reed, and rush with fidelong glance,
 Through angles ever they assault the foes,
 True to the colour, which at first they chose.
 Then four bold knights for courage fam'd and speed,
 Each knight exalted on a prancing steed :
 * Their arching course no vulgar limit knows,
 Transverse they leap, and aim insidious blows :

IMITATIONS.

* Il cavallo leggier per dritta lista,
 Come gli altri, l'arringo unqua non fende,
 Mà la lizza attraverfa, e fiero in vista
 Curvo in giro, e lunato il salto stende,
 E sempre nel saltar due case acquista,
 Quel colore abbandona, e questo prende.

Marino, Adone. 15.

Nor friends, nor foes, their rapid force restrain,
By one quick bound two changing squares they gain ;
From varying hues renew the fierce attack,
And rush from black to white, from white to black.
Four solemn elephants the sides defend ;
Beneath the load of pond'rous tow'rs they bend :
In one unalter'd line they tempt the fight,
Now crush the left, and now o'erwhelm the right.
Bright in the front the dauntless soldiers raise
Their polish'd spears ; their steely helmets blaze :
Prepar'd they stand the daring foe to strike,
Direct their progress, but their wounds oblique.

Now swell th' embattled troops with hostile rage,
And clang their shields, impatient to engage ;
When Daphnis thus : A varied plain behold,
Where fairy kings their mimick tents unfold,
As Oberon, and Mab, his wayward queen,
Lead forth their armies on the daised green.

No mortal hand the wondrous sport contriv'd,
 By Gods invented, and from Gods deriv'd,
 * From them the British nymphs receiv'd the game,
 And play each morn beneath the crystal Thame;
 Hear then the tale, which they to Colin fung,
 As idling o'er the lucid wave he hung.

A lovely Dryad rang'd the Thracian wild,
 Her air enchanting, and her aspect mild;
 To chase the bounding hart was all her joy,
 Averse from Hymen, and the Cyprian boy;
 O'er hills and valleys was her beauty fam'd,
 And fair Caïssa was the damsel nam'd.

IMITATIONS.

* Quæ quondam sub aquis gaudent spectacula tueri
 Nereides, vastique omnis gens accola ponti;
 Siquando placidum mare, et humida regna quierunt.

Vida.

Mars

Mars saw the maid ; with deep surprize he gaz'd,
Admir'd her shape, and ev'ry gesture prais'd :
His golden bow the child of Venus bent,
And through his breast a piercing arrow sent :
The reed was Hope ; the feathers, keen Desire ;
The point, her eyes ; the barbs, ethereal fire.
Soon to the nymph he pour'd his tender strain ;
The haughty Dryad scorn'd his am'rous pain :
He told his woes, where'er the maid he found,
And still he press'd, yet still Caïssa frown'd,
But ev'n her frowns (ah, what might smiles have done !)
Fir'd all his soul, and all his senses won.
He left his car, by raging tigers drawn,
And lonely, wander'd o'er the dusky lawn ;
Then lay desponding near a murm'ring stream,
And fair Caïssa was his plaintive theme.
A Naiad heard him from her mossy bed,
And through the crystal rais'd her placid head ;
Then mildly spake : " O thou, whom love inspires,
" Thy tears will nourish, not allay thy fires.

" The

- “ The smiling blossoms drink the pearly dew ;
“ And rip’ning fruit the feather’d race pursue ;
“ The scaly shoals devour the silken weeds ;
“ Love on our sighs, and on our sorrow feeds.
“ Then weep no more ; but ere thou canst obtain
“ Balm to thy wounds, and solace to thy pain,
“ With gentle art thy martial look beguile ;
“ Be mild ; and teach thy rugged brow to smile.
“ Canst thou no play, no soothing game devise
“ To make thee lovely in the damsel’s eyes ?
“ So may thy pray’rs assuage the scornful dame,
“ And ev’n Caïssa own a mutual flame.”
“ Kind nymph, said Mars, thy counsel I approve ;
“ Art, only art, her ruthless breast can move.
“ But when ? or how ? Thy dark discourse explain ;
“ So may thy stream ne’er swell with gushing rain ;
“ So may thy waves in one pure current flow,
“ And flow’rs eternal on thy border blow !”

To whom the maid replied with smiling mien :

“ Above the palace of the Paphian queen

“ * Love’s brother dwells, a boy of graceful port,

“ By gods nam’d Euphron, and by mortals, Sport :

“ Seek him ; to faithful ears unfold thy grief,

“ And hope, ere morn return, a sweet relief.

“ His temple hangs below the azure skies ;

“ Seest thou yon argent cloud ? ’Tis there it lies.”

This said, she sunk beneath the liquid plain,

And sought the mansion of her blue-hair’d train.

Meantime the god, elate with heart-felt joy,

Had reach’d the temple of the sportful boy ;

IMITATIONS.

* Ecco d’ astuto ingegno, e pronta mano

Garzon, che sempre scherza, e vola ratto,

Gioco s’ appella, ed è d’ amor germano.

Marino, Adone, 15.

He told Caïssa's charms, his kindled fire,
The Naiad's counsel, and his warm desire.
"Be swift, he added, give my passion aid ;
"A god requests."---He spake, and Sport obey'd.
He fram'd a tablet of celestial mold,
Inlay'd with squares of silver and of gold ;
Then of two metals form'd the warlike band,
That here compact in show of battle stand ;
He taught the rules that guide the pensive game,
And call'd it *Cassa* from the Dryad's name :
(Whence Albion's sons, who most its praise confess,
Approv'd the play, and nam'd it thoughtful *Chefs*.)
The god delighted thank'd indulgent Sport,
Then grasp'd the board, and left his airy court.
With radiant feet he pierc'd the clouds ; nor stay'd,
Till in the woods he saw the beauteous maid :
Tir'd with the chase the damsel sat reclin'd,
Her girdle loose, her bosom unconfin'd.
He took the figure of a wanton Faun,
And stood before her on the flow'ry lawn,

Then

Then show'd his tablet: pleas'd the nymph survey'd
The lifeless troops in glitt'ring ranks display'd;
She ask'd the wily sylvan to explain
The various motions of the splendid train;
With eager heart she caught the winning lore,
And thought ev'n Mars less hateful than before:
“What spell, said she, deceiv'd my careless mind?
“The god was fair, and I was most unkind.”
She spoke, and saw the changing Faun assume
A milder aspect, and a fairer bloom;
His wreathing horns, that from his temples grew,
Flow'd down in curls of bright celestial hue;
The dappled hairs, that veil'd his loveless face,
Blaz'd into beams, and show'd a heav'nly grace;
The shaggy hide, that mantled o'er his breast,
Was soften'd to a smooth transparent vest,
That through its folds his vig'rous bosom show'd,
And nervous limbs, where youthful ardour glow'd:
(Had Venus view'd him in those blooming charms,
Not Vulcan's net had forc'd her from his arms.)

With goatlike feet no more he mark'd the ground,
But braided flow'rs his filken fandals bound.
The Dryad blush'd; and, as he press'd her, smil'd,
Whilst all his cares one tender glance beguil'd.

He ends: *To arms*, the maids and striplings cry,
To arms the groves, and sounding vales reply.
Sirena led to war the swarthy crew,
And Delia those, that bore the lily's hue,
Who first, O muse, began the bold attack,
The white refulgent, or the mournful black?
Fair Delia first, as fav'ring lots ordain,
Moves her pale legions tow'rd the fable train:
From thought to thought her lively fancy flies,
Whilst o'er the board she darts her sparkling eyes.

At length the warrior moves with haughty strides,
Who from the plain the snowy king divides:
With equal haste his swarthy rival bounds;
His quiver rattles, and his buckler sounds:

Ah!

Ah ! hapless youths, with fatal warmth you burn ;

Laws, ever fix'd, forbid you to return.

Then from the wing a short-liv'd spearman flies,

Unsafely bold, and see ! he dies, he dies :

The dark-brow'd hero with one vengeful blow

Of life and place deprives his iv'ry foe.

Now rush both armies o'er the burnish'd field,

Hurl the swift dart, and rend the bursting shield.

Here furious knights on fiery courfers prance,

Here archers spring, and lofty tow'rs advance.

But see ! the white-rob'd Amazon beholds

Where the dark host its op'ning van unfolds :

Soon as her eye discerns the hostile maid,

By ebon shield, and ebon helm betray'd,

Sev'n squares she passes with majestick mien,

And stands triumphant o'er the falling queen.

Perplex'd, and farr'wing at his consort's fate,

The monarch burn'd with rage, despair, and hate :

Swift from his zone th' avenging blade he drew,

And, mad with ire, the proud virago slew.

Meanwhile

Meanwhile sweet-smiling Delia's wary king
Retir'd from fight behind his circling wing.

Long time the war in equal balance hung;
Till, unforeseen, an iv'ry courser sprung,
And, wildly prancing in an evil hour,
Attack'd at once the monarch, and the tow'r:
Sirena blush'd; for, as the rules requir'd,
Her injur'd sov'reign to his tent retir'd;
Whilst her lost castle leaves his threat'ning height,
And adds new glory to th' exulting knight.

At this, pale fear oppress'd the drooping maid,
And on her cheek the rose began to fade:
A crystal tear, that stood prepar'd to fall,
She wip'd in silence, and conceal'd from all;
From all but Daphnis: He remark'd her pain,
And saw the weakness of her ebon train;
Then gently spoke: "Let me your loss supply,
"And either nobly win, or nobly die;

"Me

“ Me oft has fortune crown’d with fair success,
“ And led to triumph in the fields of Chæss.”
He said : the willing nymph her place resign’d,
And sat at distance on the bank reclin’d.
Thus when Minerva call’d her chief to arms,
And Troy’s high turret shook with dire alarms,
The Cyprian goddess wounded left the plain,
And Mars engag’d a mightier force in vain.

Straight Daphnis leads his squadron to the field ;
(To Delia’s arms ’tis ev’n a joy to yield.)
Each guileful snare, and subtle art he tries,
But finds his art less pow’rful than her eyes :
Wisdom and strength superiour charms obey ;
And beauty, beauty wins the long-fought day.
By this a hoary chief, on slaughter bent,
Approach’d the gloomy king’s unguarded tent,
Where, late, his consort spread dismay around,
Now her dark corse lies bleeding on the ground.

Hail,

Hail, happy youth ! thy glories not un Sung
Shall live eternal on the poet's tongue ;
For thou shalt soon receive a splendid change,
And o'er the plain with nobler fury range.
The swarthy leaders saw the storm impend,
And strove in vain their sov'reign to defend :
Th' invader wav'd his silver lance in air,
And flew like lightning to the fatal square,
His limbs dilated in a moment grew
To stately height, and widen'd to the view ;
More fierce his look, more lion-like his mien,
Sublime he mov'd, and seem'd a warrior queen.
As when the sage on some unfolding plant
Has caught a wand'ring fly, or frugal ant,
His hand the microscopick frame applies,
And lo ! a bright-hair'd monster meets his eyes ;
He sees new plumes in slender cases roll'd,
Here stain'd with azure, there bedrop'd with gold ;
Thus on the alter'd chief both armies gaze,
And both the kings are fix'd with deep amaze.

The sword, which arm'd the snow-white maid before,
 He now assumes, and hurls the spear no more;
 Then springs indignant on the dark-rob'd band,
 And knights, and archers feel his deadly hand.
 Now flies the monarch of the fable shield,
 His legions vanquish'd, o'er the lonely field:
 * So when the morn, by rosy couriers drawn,
 With pearls and rubies sows the verdant lawn,
 Whilst each pale star from heav'n's blue vault retires,
 Still Venus gleams, and last of all expires.
 He hears, where'er he moves, the dreadful sound;
Check the deep vales, and *Check* the woods rebound.
 No place remains: he sees the certain fate,
 And yields his throne to ruin, and Checkmate.

I M I T A T I O N S.

* ——— Medio rex æquore inermis
 Constitit amissis sociis; velut æthere in alto
 Expulit ardentes flammæ ubi lutea bigis
 Luciferis Aurora, tuus pulcherrimus ignis
 Lucet adhuc, Venus, et cœlo mox ultimus exit.

Vida, ver. 604.

Y

A brighter

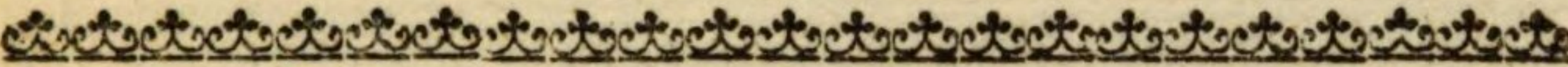
A brighter blush o'erspreads the damsel's cheeks,
And mildly thus the conquer'd stripling speaks :
“ A double triumph, Delia, hast thou won,
“ By Mars protected, and by Venus' son ;
“ The first with conquest crowns thy matchless art,
“ The second points those eyes at Daphnis' heart.”
She smil'd ; the nymphs and am'rous youths arise,
And own, that beauty gain'd the nobler prize.

Low in their chest the mimick troops were lay'd,
* And peaceful slept the sable hero's shade.

• A parody of the last line in Pope's translation of the Iliad,

And peaceful slept the mighty Hector's shade.

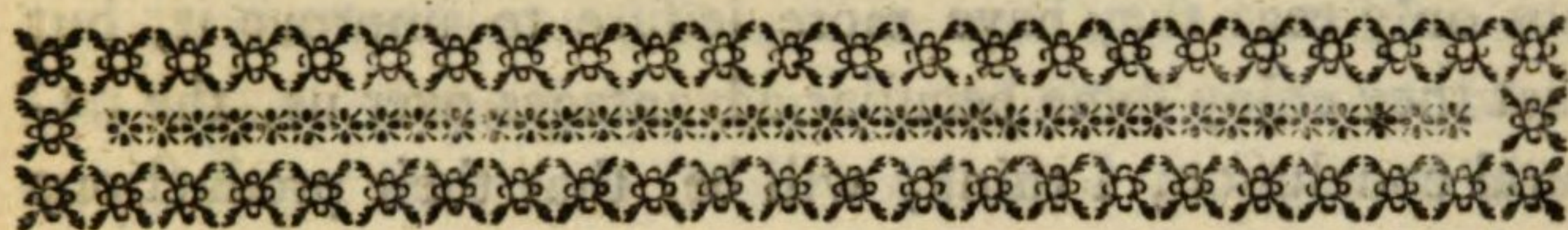




ESSAYS.



E 2 2 A Y 2



ESSAY I.

On the poetry of the Eastern nations.

I AM not a little afraid, lest the reader should form an unfavourable idea of the *Eastern poetry*, from the preceding specimens of it ; and lest, if the faults of the translator be imputed to the pieces themselves, I should have injured my cause, instead of supporting it : I will, therefore, endeavour in this essay to efface any impressions, that may have been made to the disadvantage of the *Asiatick* poets ; and in the course of my argument I will avoid, as much as I am able, a repetition of the remarks, that were made in a former treatise on the same subject, which I wrote a few years ago in a foreign language, for the use of an amiable Monarch, who admires true genius, in what country soever it is found : though in some places, I fear, I shall be obliged to produce the same observations, and to illustrate them by the same examples.

It is certain (to say no more) that the poets of *Asia* have as much genius as ourselves ; and, if it be shown not only that they have more leisure to improve it, but that they enjoy some peculiar advantages over us, the natural conclusion, I think, will be, that their productions must be excellent in their kind : to set this argument in a clear light, I shall describe, as concisely as possible, the manners of the *Arabs*, *Persians*, *Indians*, and *Turks*, the four principal nations, that profess the religion of *Mahomet*.

Arabia, I mean that part of it, which we call the *Happy*, and which the *Asiatics* know by the name of *Yemen*, seems to be the only country in the world, in which we can properly lay the scene of pastoral poetry ; because no nation at this day can vie with the *Arabians* in the delightfulness of their climate, and the simplicity of their manners. There is a valley, indeed, to the north of *Indostan*, called *Cashmere*, which, according to an account written by a native of it, is a perfect garden, exceedingly fruitful, and watered by a thousand rivulets : but when its inhabitants were subdued by the stratagem of a *Mogul* prince, they lost their happiness with their liberty, and *Arabia* retained its old title without any rival to dispute it. These are not the fancies of a poet : the beauties of *Yemen* are proved by the concurrent testimony of all travellers, by the descriptions of it in all the writings of *Asia*, and by the nature and situation of the country itself, which lies between the eleventh and fifteenth degrees of northern latitude, under a serene sky, and exposed to the most favourable

vourable influence of the sun; it is enclosed on one side by vast rocks and deserts, and defended on the other by a tempestuous sea, so that it seems to have been designed by providence for the most secure, as well as the most beautiful, region of the East. I am at a loss to conceive, what induced the illustrious Prince *Cantemir* to contend that *Yemen* is properly a part of *India*; for, not to mention *Ptolemy*, and the other ancients, who considered it as a province of *Arabia*, nor to insist on the language of the country, which is pure *Arabick*, it is described by the *Asiatics* themselves as a large division of that peninsula, which they call *Jezeiratul Arab*; and there is no more colour for annexing it to *India*, because the sea, which washes one side of it, is looked upon by some writers as belonging to the great *Indian* ocean, than there would be for annexing it to *Persia*, because it is bounded on another side by the *Persian* gulf: Its principal cities are *Sanaa*, usually considered as its metropolis; *Zebid*, a commercial town, that lies in a large plain near the sea of *Omman*; and *Aden*, surrounded with pleasant gardens and woods, which is situated eleven degrees from the *Equator*, and seventy-six from the *Fortunate Islands*, or *Canaries*, where the geographers of *Asia* fix their first meridian. It is observable that *Aden*, in the Eastern dialects, is precisely the same word with *Eden*, which we apply to the garden of paradise: it has two senses, according to a slight difference in its pronunciation; its first meaning is *a settled abode*, its second, *delight, softness, or tranquillity*: the word *Eden* had, probably, one of these senses in the sacred text, though we use it as a proper name. We may also observe in this place that *Yemen* itself takes its name from a word, which

which signifies *verdure*, and *felicity*; for in those sultry climates, the freshness of the shade, and the coolness of water, are ideas almost inseparable from that of happiness; and this may be a reason why most of the *Oriental* nations agree in a tradition concerning a delightful spot, where the first inhabitants of the earth were placed before their fall. The ancients, who gave the name of *Eudaimon*, or *Happy*, to this country, either meant to translate the word *Yemen*, or, more probably, only alluded to the valuable spice-trees, and balsamick plants, that grow in it, and without speaking poetically, give a real perfume to the air: the writer of an old history of the *Turkish empire* says,
 ▷ “*The air of Egypt sometimes in summer is like any sweet*
 “*perfume, and almost suffocates the spirits, caused by the*
 “*wind that brings the odours of the Arabian spices:*” now it is certain that all poetry receives a very considerable ornament from the beauty of natural images; as the roses of *Sharon*, the verdure of *Carmel*, the vines of *Engaddi*, and the dew of *Hermon*, are the sources of many pleasing metaphors and comparisons in the sacred poetry: thus the odours of *Yemen*, the musk of *Hadramut*, and the pearls of *Omman*, supply the *Arabian* poets with a great variety of allusions; and, if the remark of *Hermogenes* be just, that whatever is *delightful to the senses* produces the *Beautiful* when it is described, where can we find so much beauty as in the *Eastern* poems, which turn chiefly upon the loveliest objects in nature? ◀

To pursue this topick yet farther: it is an observation of *Demetrius of Phalera*, in his elegant treatise upon style, that it is not easy to write on agreeable subjects in a disagreeable manner, and that beautiful *expressions* naturally rise with beau-
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tiful images; for which reason, says he, nothing can be more pleasing than Sappho's poetry, which contains the description of gardens, and banquets, flowers and fruits, fountains and meadows, nightingales and turtle-doves, loves and graces: thus, when she speaks of a stream softly murmuring among the branches, and the Zephyrs playing through the leaves, with a sound, that brings on a quiet slumber, her lines flow without labour as smoothly as the rivulet she describes. I may have altered the words of Demetrius, as I quote them by memory, but this is the general sense of his remark, which, if it be not rather specious than just, must induce us to think, that the poets of the *East* may vie with those of *Europe* in the graces of their diction, as well as in the loveliness of their images: but we must not believe that the *Arabian* poetry can please only by its descriptions of beauty; since the gloomy and terrible objects, which produce the *sublime*, when they are aptly described, are no where more common than in the *Desert* and *Stony Arabia's*; and, indeed, we see nothing so frequently painted by the poets of those countries, as wolves and lions, precipices and forests, rocks and wildernesses.

If we allow the natural objects, with which the *Arabs* are perpetually conversant, to be *sublime*, and *beautiful*, our next step must be, to confess that their comparisons, metaphors, and allegories are so likewise; for an allegory is only a string of metaphors, a metaphor is a short simile, and the finest similes are drawn from natural objects. It is true that many of the *Eastern* figures are common to other nations, but some of them receive a propriety from the manners of the *Arabians*, who dwell in the plains and woods, which would be lost, if they came

from the inhabitants of cities: thus *the dew of liberality*, and the *odour of reputation*, are metaphors used by most people; but they are wonderfully proper in the mouths of those, who have so much need of being refreshed by *the dews*, and who gratify their sense of smelling with the *sweetest odours* in the world: Again; it is very usual in all countries to make frequent allusions to the brightness of the celestial luminaries, which give their light to all; but the metaphors taken from them have an additional beauty, if we consider them as made by a nation, who pass most of their nights in the open air, or in tents, and consequently see the moon and stars in their greatest splendour. This way of considering their poetical figures will give many of them a grace, which they would not have in our languages: so, when they compare *the foreheads of their mistresses to the morning*, *their locks to the night*, *their faces to the sun*, *to the moon*, or *the blossoms of jasmine*, *their cheeks to roses or ripe fruit*, *their teeth to pearls*, *hail-stones*, and *snow-drops*, *their eyes to the flowers of the narcissus*, *their curled hair to black scorpions*, and *to hyacinths*, *their lips to rubies or wine*, *the form of their breasts to pomegranates*, and *the colour of them to snow*, *their shape to that of a pine-tree*, and *their stature to that of a cypress*, *a palm-tree*, or *a javelin*, &c. these comparisons, many of which would seem forced in our idioms, have undoubtedly a great delicacy in theirs, and affect their minds in a peculiar manner; yet upon the whole their similes are very just and striking, as that of *the blue eyes of a fine woman, bathed in tears*, to *violets dropping with dew*, and that of *a warrior, advancing at the head of his army*, to *an eagle sailing through the air*, and *piercing the clouds with his wings*.

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These are not the only advantages, which the natives of *Arabia* enjoy above the inhabitants of most other countries: they preserve to this day the manners and customs of their ancestors, who, by their own account, were settled in the province of *Yemen* above three thousand years ago; they have never been wholly subdued by any nation; and though the admiral of *Selim the First* made a descent on their coast, and exacted a tribute from the people of *Aden*, yet the *Arabians* only keep up a show of allegiance to the sultan, and act, on every important occasion, in open defiance of his power, relying on the swiftness of their horses, and the vast extent of their forests, in which an invading enemy must soon perish: but here I must be understood to speak of those *Arabians*, who, like the old *Nomades*, dwell constantly in their tents, and remove from place to place according to the seasons; for the inhabitants of the cities, who traffick with the merchants of Europe in spices, perfumes, and coffee, must have lost a great deal of their ancient simplicity: the others have, certainly, retained it; and, except when their tribes are engaged in war, spend their days in watching their flocks and camels, or in repeating their native songs, which they pour out almost extempore, professing a contempt for the stately pillars, and solemn buildings of the cities, compared with the natural charms of the country, and the coolness of their tents: thus they pass their lives in the highest pleasure, of which they have any conception, in the contemplation of the most delightful objects, and in the enjoyment of perpetual spring; for we may apply to

part of *Arabia* that elegant couplet of *Waller* in his poem of the *Summer-island*,

The gentle spring, that but salutes us here,
Inhabits there, and courts them all the year.

Yet the heat of the sun, which must be very intense in a climate so near the line, is tempered by the shade of the trees, that overhang the valleys, and by a number of fresh streams, that flow down the mountains: hence it is, that almost all their notions of *felicity* are taken from *freshness*, and *verdure*: it is a maxim among them that the three most charming objects in nature are, * *a green meadow, a clear rivulet, and a beautiful woman*, and that the view of these objects at the same time affords the greatest delight imaginable: *Mahomet* was so well acquainted with the maxim of his countrymen, that he described the pleasures of heaven to them, under the allegory of *cool fountains, green bowers, and black-eyed girls*, as the word *Houri* literally signifies in *Arabick*; and in the chapter of the *Morning*, towards the end of his *Alcoran*, he mentions a garden, called *Irem*, which is no less celebrated by the *Asiatick* poets than that of the *Hesperides* by the *Greeks*: it was planted, as the commentators say, by a king, named *Shedad*, and was once seen by an *Arabian*, who wandered very far into the deserts in search of a lost camel: it was, probably, a name invented by the impostor, as a type of a future state of happiness. Now it is certain that the ge-

* *Elmao wa'lkbedrato wa'lwijho'lbasano*. See the life of *Tamerlane*, published by *Golius*, page 299.

nus of every nation is not a little affected by their climate; for, whether it be that the immoderate heat disposes the *Eastern* people to a life of indolence, which gives them full leisure to cultivate their talents, or whether the sun has a real influence on the imagination, (as one would suppose that the ancients believed, by their making *Apollo* the god of poetry;) whatever be the cause, it has always been remarked, that the *Asiatics* excel the inhabitants of our colder regions in the liveliness of their fancy, and the richness of their invention.

To carry this subject one step farther: as the *Arabians* are such admirers of *beauty*, and as they enjoy such ease and leisure, they must naturally be susceptible of *that passion*, which is the true spring and source of agreeable poetry; and we find, indeed, that *love* has a greater share in their poems than any other passion: it seems to be always uppermost in their minds, and there is hardly an elegy, a panegyrick, or even a satire, in their language, which does not begin with the complaints of an unfortunate, or the exultations of a successful lover. It sometimes happens, that the young men of one tribe are in love with the damsels of another; and, as the tents are frequently removed on a sudden, the lovers are often separated in the progress of the courtship: hence almost all the *Arabick* poems open in this manner; the author bewails the sudden departure of his mistress, Hinda, Maia, Zeineb, or Azza, and describes her beauty, comparing her usually to a wanton fawn, that plays among the aromatick shrubs; his friends endeavour to comfort him, but he refuses consolation; he declares his resolution of visiting
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his beloved, though the way to her tribe lie through a dreadful wilderness, or even through a den of lions ; here he commonly gives a description of the horse or camel, upon which he designs to go, and thence passes, by an easy transition, to the principal subject of his poem, whether it be the praise of his own tribe, or a satire on the timidity of his friends, who refuse to attend him in his expedition ; though very frequently the piece turns wholly upon love. But it is not sufficient that a nation have a genius for poetry, unless they have the advantage of a rich and beautiful language, that their expressions may be worthy of their sentiments ; the *Arabians* have this advantage also in a high degree : their language is expressive, strong, sonorous, and the most copious, perhaps, in the world ; for, as almost every tribe had many words appropriated to itself, the poets, for the convenience of their measure, or sometimes for their singular beauty, made use of them all, and, as the poems became popular, these words were by degrees incorporated with the whole language, like a number of little streams, which meet together in one channel, and, forming a most plentiful river, flow rapidly into the sea.

If this way of arguing *à priori* be admitted in the present case, (and no single man has a right to infer the merit of the *Eastern* poetry from the poems themselves, because no single man has a privilege of judging for all the rest,) if the foregoing argument have any weight, we must conclude that the *Arabians*, being perpetually conversant with the most beautiful objects, spending a calm, and agreeable life in a fine climate, being extremely addicted to

to the softer passions, and having the advantage of a language singularly adapted to poetry, must be naturally excellent poets, provided that their *manners*, and *customs*, be favourable to the cultivation of that art; and that they are highly so, it will not be difficult to prove.

The fondness of the *Arabians* for poetry, and the respect which they show to poets, would be scarce believed, if we were not assured of it by writers of great authority: the principal occasions of rejoicing among them were formerly, and, very probably, are to this day, the birth of a boy, the foaling of a mare, the arrival of a guest, and the rise of a poet in their tribe: when a young *Arabian* has composed a good poem, all the neighbours pay their compliments to his family, and congratulate them upon having a relation capable of recording their actions, and of recommending their virtues to posterity. At the beginning of the seventh century, the *Arabick* language was brought to a high degree of perfection by a sort of poetical academy, that used to assemble at stated times, in a place called *Ocadh*, where every poet produced his best composition, and was sure to meet with the applause that it deserved: the most excellent of these poems were transcribed in characters of gold upon *Egyptian* paper, and hung up in the temple, whence they were named *Modhahebat*, or *Golden*, and *Moallakat*, or *Suspended*: the poems of this sort were called *Casseida's* or *eclogues*, * seven of which are

* These seven poems, clearly transcribed with explanatory notes, are among *Pocock's* manuscripts at *Oxford* No. 164: the names of the seven poets are *Amralkeis*, *Tarafa*, *Zobeir*, *Lebid*, *Antara*, *Amru*, and *Hareth*. In the same collection, No. 174, there is a manuscript containing above forty other poems, which had the honour of being suspended in the temple at *Mecca*: this volume is an inestimable treasure of ancient *Arabick* literature.

preserved in our libraries, and are considered as the finest that were written before the time of *Mahomet*; the fourth of them, composed by *Lebid*, is purely pastoral, and extremely like the *Alexis* of *Virgil*, but far more beautiful, because it is more agreeable to nature: the poet begins with praising the charms of the fair *Novâra*, (a word, which in *Arabick* signifies *a timorous fawn*,) but inveighs against her unkindness; he then interweaves a description of his young camel, which he compares for its swiftness to a stag, pursued by the hounds; and takes occasion afterwards to mention his own riches, accomplishments, liberality, and valour, his noble birth, and the glory of his tribe: the diction of this poem is easy and simple, yet elegant, the numbers flowing and musical, and the sentiments wonderfully natural; as the learned reader will see by the following passage, which I shall attempt to imitate in verse that the merit of the poet may not be wholly lost in a verbal translation:

Bel enti la tadrina cam mi'lleilatin,
Tbalkin ledhidhin labwoba wa nedamoha,
Kad bitto sameroba, wa ghayati tajerin
Wafaito idh rofiat, wa azza medamoha,
Besabubi safiatin wajadhbi carinatin,
Be mowatterin, taâta leho maan ibhamoha,
Bacarto hajataba' ddajaja besohratin,
Leoalla minba beina bakba neyamoha.

*But ah! thou know'st not in what youthful play
Our nights, beguil'd with pleasure, swam away;
Gay songs, and cheerful tales, deceiv'd the time,
And circling goblets made a tuneful chime;
Sweet was the draught, and sweet the blooming maid,
Who touch'd her lyre beneath the fragrant shade;
We sip'd till morning purpled ev'ry plain;
The damsels slumber'd, but we sip'd again:
The waking birds, that sung on ev'ry tree
Their early notes, were not so blithe as we.*

The *Mahometan* writers tell a story of this poet, which deserves to be mentioned here: it was a custom, it seems, among the old *Arabians*, for the most eminent versifiers to hang up some chosen couplets on the gate of the temple, as a publick challenge to their brethren, who strove to answer them before the next meeting at *Ocadh*, at which time the whole assembly used to determine the merit of them all, and gave some mark of distinction to the author of the finest verses. Now *Lebid*, who, we are told, had been a violent opposer of *Mahomet*, fixed a poem on the gate, beginning with the following distich, in which he apparently meant to reflect upon the new religion:

*Ila cullo sheion ma khala Allah bathilon,
Wa cullo naimon la mohaloho zailon.*

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That is; *Are not all things vain, which come not from God? and will not all honours decay, but those, which He confers?* These lines appeared so sublime, that none of the poets ventured to answer them; till *Mahomet*, who was himself a poet, having composed a new chapter of his *Alcoran*, (the second, I think,) placed the opening of it by the side of *Lebid's* poem, who no sooner read it, than he declared it to be something divine, confessed his own inferiority, tore his verses from the gate, and embraced the religion of his rival; to whom he was afterwards extremely useful in replying to the satires of *Amralkeis*, who was continually attacking the doctrine of *Mahomet*: the *Asiatics* add, that their lawgiver acknowledged some time after, that no heathen poet had ever produced a nobler distich than that of *Lebid* just quoted.

There are a few other collections of ancient *Arabick* poetry; but the most famous of them is called *Hamassa*, and contains a number of *epigrams*, *odes*, and *elegies*, composed on various occasions: it was compiled by *Abu Temam*, who was an excellent poet himself, and used to say, that *fine sentiments delivered in prose were like gems scattered at random, but that, when they were confined in a poetical measure, they resembled bracelets, and strings of pearls*. When the religion and language of *Mahomet* were spread over the greater part of *Asia*, and the maritime countries of *Africa*, it became a fashion for the poets of *Persia*, *Syria*, *Egypt*, *Mawritania*, and even of *Tartary*, to write in *Arabick*; and the most beautiful verses in that idiom, composed by the brightest genius's of those nations, are to be seen in a large miscellany, entitled *Yateima*; though many of

of their works are transcribed separately : it will be needless to say much on the poetry of the *Syrians*, *Tartarians*, and *Africans*, since most of the arguments, before-used in favour of the *Arabs*, have equal weight with respect to the other *Mahometans*, who have done little more than imitating their style, and adopting their expressions ; for which reason also I shall dwell the shorter time on the genius and manners of the *Persians*, *Turks*, and *Indians*.

The great empire, which we call *Persia*, is known to its natives by the name of *Iran* ; since the word *Persia* belongs only to a particular province, the ancient *Persis*, and is very improperly applied by us to the whole kingdom : but, in compliance with the custom of our geographers, I shall give the name of *Persia* to that celebrated country, which lies on one side between the *Caspian* and *Indian* seas, and extends on the other from the mountains of *Candabar*, or *Paropamisus*, to the confluence of the rivers *Cyrus* and *Araxes*, containing about twenty degrees from south to north, and rather more from east to west.

In so vast a tract of land there must needs be a great variety of climates : the southern provinces are no less unhealthy and sultry, than those of the north are rude and unpleasant ; but in the interior parts of the empire the air is mild and temperate, and, from the beginning of May to September, there is scarce a cloud to be seen in the sky : the remarkable calmness of the summer nights, and the wonderful splendour of the moon and stars in that country, often tempt the *Persians* to sleep on the tops of their houses, which are generally flat, where they cannot

but observe the figures of the constellations, and the various appearances of the heavens; and this may in some measure account for the perpetual allusions of their poets, and rhetoricians, to the beauty of the heavenly bodies. We are apt to censure the oriental style for being so full of metaphors taken from the sun and moon: this is ascribed by some to the bad taste of the *Asiatics*; *the works of the Persians*, says *M. de Voltaire*, are like the titles of their kings, in which the sun and moon are often introduced: but they do not reflect that every nation has a set of images, and expressions, peculiar to itself, which arise from the difference of its climate, manners, and history. There seems to be another reason for the frequent allusions of the *Persians* to the sun, which may, perhaps, be traced from the old language and popular religion of their country: thus *Mibridâd*, or *Mithridates*, signifies *the gift of the sun*, and answers to the *Theodorus* and *Diodati* of other nations. As to the titles of the *Eastern* monarchs, which seem, indeed, very extravagant to our ears, they are merely formal, and no less void of meaning than those of *European* princes, in which *serenity* and *highness* are often attributed to the most gloomy, and low-minded of men.

The midland provinces of *Persia* abound in fruits and flowers of almost every kind, and, with proper culture, might be made the garden of *Asia*: they are not watered, indeed, by any considerable river, since the *Tigris* and *Euphrates*, the *Cyrus* and *Araxes*, the *Oxus*, and the five branches of the *Indus*, are at the farthest limits of the kingdom; but the natives, who have a turn for agriculture, supply that defect by artificial canals, which sufficiently

ficiently temper the dryness of the soil : but in saying they *supply* that defect, I am falling into a common error, and representing the country, not as it *is* at present, but as it *was* a century ago ; for a long series of civil wars and massacres have now destroyed the chief beauties of *Persia*, by stripping it of its most industrious inhabitants.

The same difference of climate, that affects the air and soil of this extensive country, gives a variety also to the persons and temper of its natives : in some provinces they have dark complexions, and harsh features ; in others they are exquisitely fair, and well-made ; in some others, nervous and robust : but the general character of the nation is that *softness*, and *love of pleasure*, that *indolence*, and *effeminacy*, which have made them an easy prey to all the western and northern swarms, that have from time to time invaded them. Yet they are not wholly void of martial spirit ; and, if they are not naturally brave, they are at least extremely docile, and might, with proper discipline, be made excellent soldiers : but the greater part of them, in the short intervals of peace, that they happen to enjoy, constantly sink into a state of inactivity, and pass their lives in a pleasurable, yet studious, retirement ; and this may be one reason, why *Persia* has produced more writers of every kind, and chiefly *poets*, than all *Europe* together, since their way of life gives them leisure to pursue those arts, which cannot be cultivated to advantage, without the greatest calmness and serenity of mind : and this, by the way, is one cause, among many others, why the poems in the preceding collection are less finished ; since they were composed, not in bowers and shades, by
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the side of rivulets or fountains, but either amidst the confusion of a metropolis, the hurry of travel, the dissipation of publick places, the avocations of more necessary studies, or the attention to more useful parts of literature. To return : there is a manuscript at *Oxford** containing *the lives of an hundred and thirty five of the finest Persian poets*, most of whom left very ample collections of their poems behind them : but the versifiers, and *moderate poets*, if *Horace* will allow any such men to exist, are without number in *Persia*.

This delicacy of their lives and sentiments has insensibly affected their language, and rendered it the softest, as it is one of the richest, in the world : it is not possible to convince the reader of this truth, by quoting a passage from a *Persian* poet in *European* characters ; since the sweetness of sound cannot be determined by the sight, and many words, which are soft and musical in the mouth of a *Persian*, may appear very harsh to our eyes, with a number of consonants and gutturels : it may not, however, be absurd to set down in this place, an Ode of the poet *Hafiz*, which, if it be not sufficient to prove the delicacy of his language, will at least show the liveliness of his poetry :

Ai bad nesîmi yârdari,

Zan nefheî musîcbâr dari :

* In Hyperoo Bodl. 128. There is a prefatory discourse to this curious work, which comprises the lives of ten *Arabian* poets.

Zinhar mecun diraz-desti !

Ba turrei o che câr dari ?

Ai gul, to cujâ wa ruyi zeibash ?

O taza, wa to kharbâr dari.

Nerkes, to cujâ wa cheshmi mestesh ?

O serkhash, wa to khumâr dari.

Ai seru, to ba kaddi bulendesh,

Der bagh che iytebâr dari ?

Ai akl, to ba wujûdi ishkesht

Der dest che ikhtiyâr dari ?

Rihan, to cujâ wa khatti sebzesh ?

O musht, wa to ghubâr dari.

Ruzi bures bewasli Hafiz,

Gher takati yntizâr dari.

That is, word for word, O sweet gale, thou bearest the fragrant scent of my beloved; thence it is that thou hast this musky odour. Beware! do not steal: what hast thou to do with her tresses? O rose, what art thou, to be compared with her bright face? She is fresh, and thou art rough with thorns. O narcissus, what art thou in comparison of her languishing eye? Her eye is only sleepy, but thou art sick and faint. O pine, compared with her graceful stature, what honour hast thou in the garden? O wisdom, what wouldst thou choose, if to choose were in thy power, in preference to her

her love? O sweet basil, what art thou, to be compared with her fresh cheeks? they are perfect musk, but thou art soon withered. Come, my beloved, and charm Hafiz with thy presence, if thou canst but stay with him for a single day. This little song is not unlike a sonnet, ascribed to *Shakespeare*, which deserves to be cited here, as a proof that the Eastern imagery is not so different from the *European* as we are apt to imagine.

The forward violet thus did I chide :

“ Sweet thief! whence didst thou steal thy sweet that smells,

“ If not from my love’s breath? The purple pride,

“ Which on thy soft cheek for complexion dwells,

“ In my love’s veins thou hast too grossly dyed.”

The lily I condemned for thy hand,

And buds of marjoram had stol’n thy hair ;

The roses fearfully on thorns did stand,

One blushing shame, another white despair ;

A third, nor red, nor white had stol’n of both,

And to his robb’ry had annex’d thy breath ;

But for his theft, in pride of all his growth,

A vengeful canker eat him up to death.

More flow’rs I noted, yet I none could see,

But sweet or colour it had stol’n from thee.

Shakespeare’s Poems. p. 207.

The

The *Persian* style is said to be ridiculously bombast, and this fault is imputed to the slavish spirit of the nation, which is ever apt to magnify the objects that are placed above it: there are bad writers, to be sure, in every country, and as many in *Asia* as elsewhere; but, if we take the pains to learn the *Persian* language, we shall find that those authors, who are generally esteemed in *Persia*, are neither slavish in their sentiments, nor ridiculous in their expressions: of which the following passage in a moral work of *Sadi*, entitled *Bostân*, or, *The Garden*, will be a sufficient proof.

Shinidem ke, der wakti nezî rewan,
Be Hormuz chunîn gufti Nushirewan:
Ki khatir nigebdari derwishi bash,
Ne der bendi âsaîshi khîshi bash:
Neâsaîd ender diyari to kes,
Chu âsaîshi khîshi khahî wa bes.
Neyayid benezdiki dana pesend,
Shubani khufte, wa gurki der kuspend.
Beru; pasi derwishi muhtâji dar,
Ki shah ez raiyeti bûd tâji dar.
Raiyet chu bikhest wa soltan dirakht,
Dirakht, ai pîser, bashed ez bikhi sakht.

That is ; *I have heard that king Nushirvan, just before his death, spoke thus to his son Hormuz : Be a guardian, my son, to the poor and helpless ; and be not confined in the chains of thy own indolence. No one can be at ease in thy dominion, while thou seekest only thy private rest, and sayest, It is enough. A wise man will not approve the shepherd, who sleeps, while the wolf is in the fold. Go, my son, protect thy weak and indigent people ; since through them is a king raised to the diadem. The people are the root, and the king is the tree, that grows from it ; and the tree, O my son, derives its strength from the root.*

Are these mean sentiments, delivered in pompous language ? Are they not rather worthy of our most spirited writers ? And do they not convey a fine lesson for a young king ? Yet *Sadi's* poems are highly esteemed at *Constantinople*, and at *Ispahan* ; though, a century or two ago, they would have been suppressed in *Europe*, for spreading, with too strong a glare, the light of liberty and reason.

As to the great Epick poem of *Ferdusi*, which was composed in the tenth century, it would require a very long treatise, to explain all its beauties with a minute exactness. The whole collection of that poet's works is called *Shahnâma*, and contains the history of *Persia*, from the earliest times to the invasion of the *Arabs*, in a series of very noble poems ; the longest and most regular of which is an heroick poem of one great and interesting action, namely, *the delivery of Persia by Cyrus*, from the oppressions of *Afrasiab*, king of the *Transoxan Tartary*, who, being assisted by the emperours of *India* and *China*, together

gether with all the dæmons, giants, and enchanters of *Asia*, had carried his conquests very far, and become exceedingly formidable to the *Persians*. This poem is longer than the *Iliad*; the characters in it are various and striking; the figures bold and animated; and the diction every where sonorous, yet noble; polished, yet full of fire. A great profusion of learning has been thrown away by some criticks, in comparing *Homer* with the heroick poets, who have succeeded him; but it requires very little judgment to see, that no succeeding poet whatever can with any propriety be compared with *Homer*: that great father of the *Grecian* poetry and literature, had a genius too fruitful and comprehensive to let any of the striking parts of nature escape his observation; and the poets, who have followed him, have done little more than transcribing his images, and giving a new dress to his thoughts. Whatever elegance and refinements, therefore, may have been introduced into the works of the moderns, the spirit and invention of *Homer* have ever continued without a rival: for which reasons I am far from pretending to assert that the poet of *Persia* is equal to that of *Greece*; but there is certainly a very great resemblance between the works of those extraordinary men: both drew their images from nature herself, without catching them only by reflection, and painting, in the manner of the modern poets, *the likeness of a likeness*; and both possessed, in an eminent degree, *that rich and creative invention, which is the very soul of poetry*.

As the *Persians* borrowed their poetical measures, and the forms of their poems from the *Arabians*, so the *Turks*,

when they had carried their arms into *Mesopotamia*, and *Assyria*, took their numbers, and their taste for poetry from the *Persians* ;

Græcia capta ferum victorem cepit, et artes

Intulit agresti Latio.

In the same manner as the *Greek* compositions were the models of all the *Roman* writers, so were those of *Persia* imitated by the *Turks*, who considerably polished and enriched their language, naturally barren, by the number of simple and compound words, which they adopted from the *Persian* and *Arabick*. Lady *Wortley Mountague* very justly observes that *we want those compound words, which are very frequent, and strong in the Turkish language* ; but her interpreters led her into a mistake in explaining one of them, which she translates *stag-eyed*, and thinks a very lively image of the fire and indifference in the eyes of the royal bride : now it never entered into the mind of an *Asiatick* to compare his mistress's eyes to those of a *stag*, or to give an image of their fire and indifference ; the *Turks* mean to express that fullness, and, at the same time, that soft and languishing lustre, which is peculiar to the eyes of their beautiful women, and which by no means resembles the unpleasing wildness in those of a *stag*. The original epithet, I suppose, was * *Abû cheshm*, or, *with the eyes of*

* This epithet seems to answer to the *Greek* ἐλκνωπὶς, which our grammarians properly interpret *Quæ nigris oculis decora est et venusta* : if it were permitted to make any innovations in a dead language, we might express the *Turkish* adjective by the word δορκνωπὶς, which would, I dare say, have sounded agreeably to the *Greeks* themselves.

a young fawn : now I take the *Abû* to be the same animal with the *Gazâl* of the *Arabians*, and the *Zabi* of the *Hebrews*, to which their poets allude in almost every page. I have seen one of these animals ; it is a kind of antelope, exquisitely beautiful, with eyes uncommonly black and large. This is the same sort of roe, to which *Solomon* alludes in this delicate simile : *Thy two breasts are like two young roes, that are twins, which play among the lilies.*

A very polite scholar, who has lately translated sixteen Odes of *Hafiz*, with learned illustrations, blames the *Turkish* poets for copying the *Persians* too servilely : but, surely, they are not more blameable than *Horace*, who not only imitated the measures, and expressions of the *Greeks*, but even translated, almost word for word, the brightest passages of *Alcæus*, *Anacreon*, and others ; he took less from *Pindar* than from the rest, because the wildness of his numbers, and the obscurity of his allusions, were by no means suitable to the genius of the *Latin* language : and this may, perhaps, explain his ode to *Julius Antonius*, who might have advised him to use more of *Pindar's* manner in celebrating the victories of *Augustus*. Whatever we may think of this objection, it is certain that the *Turkish* empire has produced a great number of poets ; some of whom had no small merit in their way : the ingenious author just-mentioned assured me, that the *Turkish* satires of *Ruhi Bagdadi* were very forcible and striking, and he mentioned the opening of one of them, which seemed not unlike the manner of *Juvenal*. At the beginning of the last century, a work was published at *Constantinople*, containing the finest verses
of

of *five hundred and forty nine Turkish poets*, which proves at least that they are singularly fond of this art, whatever may be our opinion of their success in it.

x The descendants of *Tamerlane* carried into *India* the language, and poetry of the *Persians*; and the *Indian* poets to this day compose their verses in imitation of them. The best of their works, that have passed through my hands, are those of *Huzein*, who lived some years ago at *Benâres*, with a great reputation for his parts and learning, and was known to the *English*, who resided there, by the name of *the Philosopher*. His poems are elegant and lively, and one of them, *on the departure of his friends*, would suit our language admirably well, but is too long to be inserted in this essay. The *Indians* are soft, and voluptuous, but artful and insincere, at least to the *Europeans*, whom, to say the truth, they have had no great reason of late years to admire for the opposite virtues: but they are fond of poetry, which they learned from the *Persians*, and may, perhaps, before the close of the century, be as fond of a more formidable art, which they will learn from the *English*.

I must once more request, that, in bestowing these praises on the writings of *Asia*, I may not be thought to derogate from the merit of the *Greek* and *Latin* poems, which have justly been admired in every age; yet I cannot but think that our *European* poetry has subsisted too long on the perpetual repetition of the same images, and incessant allusions to the same fables: and it has been my endeavour for several years to inculcate this truth, *That, if*
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the principal writings of the Asiaticks, which are repositied in our publick libraries, were printed with the usual advantage of notes and illustrations, and if the languages of the Eastern nations were studied in our places of education, where every other branch of useful knowledge is taught to perfection, a new and ample field would be opened for speculation; we should have a more extensive insight into the history of the human mind, we should be furnished with a new set of images and similitudes, and a number of excellent compositions would be brought to light, which future scholars might explain, and future poets might imitate.





ESSAY II.

On the arts, commonly called imitative.

IT is the fate of those maxims, which have been thrown out by very eminent writers, to be received implicitly by most of their followers, and to be repeated a thousand times, for no other reason, than because they once dropped from the pen of a superiour genius : one of these is the assertion of *Aristotle*, that *all poetry consists in imitation*, which has been so frequently echoed from author to author, that it would seem a kind of arrogance to controvert it ; for almost all the philosophers and critics, who have written upon the subject of *poetry*, *music*, and *painting*, how little soever they may agree in some points, seem of one mind in considering them as arts merely *imitative* : yet it must be clear to any one, who examines what passes in his own mind, that he is

affected by the finest *poems*, *pieces of musick*, and *pictures*, upon a principle, which, whatever it be, is entirely distinct from *imitation*. *M. le Batteux* has attempted to prove that all the fine arts have a relation to this common principle of *imitating*: but, whatever be said of *painting*, it is probable, that *poetry* and *musick* had a nobler origin; and, if the first language of man was not both *poetical*, and *musical*, it is certain, at least, that in countries, where no kind of *imitation* seems to be much admired, there are *poets* and *musicians* both by nature and by art: as in some *Mahometan* nations; where *sculpture* and *painting* are forbidden by the laws, where *dramatick poetry* of every sort is wholly unknown, yet, where the pleasing arts, of *expressing the passions in verse*, and of *enforcing that expression by melody*, are cultivated to a degree of enthusiasm. It shall be my endeavour in this paper to prove, that, though *poetry* and *musick* have, certainly, a power of *imitating* the manners of men, and several objects in nature, yet, that their greatest effect is not produced by *imitation*, but by a very different principle; which must be sought for in the deepest recesses of the human mind.

To state the question properly, we must have a clear notion of what we mean by *poetry* and *musick*; but we cannot give a precise definition of them, till we have made a few previous remarks on their origin, their relation to each other, and their difference.

It seems probable then that *poetry* was originally no more than a strong, and animated expression of the human passions, of *joy* and *grief*, *love* and *hate*, *admira-*
tion

ration and *anger*, sometimes pure and unmixed, sometimes variously modified and combined: for, if we observe the *voice* and *accents* of a person affected by any of the violent passions, we shall perceive something in them very nearly approaching to *cadence* and *measure*; which is remarkably the case in the language of a vehement *Orator*, whose talent is chiefly conversant about *praise* or *censure*, and we may collect from several passages in *Tully*, that the fine speakers of old *Greece* and *Rome* had a sort of rhythm in their sentences, less regular, but not less melodious, than that of the poets.

If this idea be just, one would suppose that the most ancient sort of poetry consisted in *praising the deity*; for if we conceive a being, created with all his faculties and senses, endued with speech and reason, to open his eyes in a most delightful plain, to view for the first time the serenity of the sky, the splendour of the sun, the verdure of the fields and woods, the glowing colours of the flowers, we can hardly believe it possible, that he should refrain from bursting into an extasy of *joy*, and pouring his praises to the creatour of those wonders, and the author of his happiness. This *kind of poetry* is used in all nations, but as it is the sublimest of all, when it is applied to its true object, so it has often been perverted to impious purposes by pagans and idolaters: every one knows that the *dramatick poetry* of the *Europeans* took its rise from the same spring, and was no more at first than a song in praise of *Bacchus*; so that the only species of poetical composition, (if we except the *Epick*) which can in any sense be called *imitative*, was deduced from a

natural emotion of the mind, in which *imitation* could not be at all concerned.

The next source of poetry was, probably, *love*, or the mutual inclination, which naturally subsists between the sexes, and is founded upon personal *beauty*: hence arose the most agreeable *odes*, and love-songs, which we admire in the works of the ancient lyric poets, not filled, like our *sonnets* and *madrigals*, with the insipid babble of *darts*, and *Cupids*, but simple, tender, natural; and consisting of such unaffected endearments, and mild complaints,

* Teneri sdegni, e placide e tranquille

Repulse, e cari vezzi, e liete paci,

as we may suppose to have passed between the first lovers in a state of innocence, before the refinements of society, and the restraints, which they introduced, had made the passion of *love* so fierce, and impetuous, as it is said to have been in *Dido*, and certainly was in *Sappho*, if we may take her own word for it. †

The *grief*, which the first inhabitants of the earth must have felt at the death of their dearest friends, and relations, gave rise to another species of poetry, which originally, perhaps, consisted of short *dirges*, and was afterwards lengthened into *elegies*.

* Two lines of *Tasso*.

† See the ode of *Sappho* quoted by *Longinus*, and translated by *Boileau*.

As

As soon as vice began to prevail in the world, it was natural for the wise and virtuous to express their *detestation* of it in the strongest manner, and to show their *resentment* against the corrupters of mankind: hence *moral poetry* was derived, which, at first, we find, was severe and passionate; but was gradually melted down into cool precepts of morality, or exhortations to virtue: we may reasonably conjecture that *Epick poetry* had the same origin, and that the examples of heroes and kings were introduced, to illustrate some moral truth, by showing the loveliness and advantages of virtue, or the many misfortunes that flow from vice.

Where there is vice, which is *detestable* in itself, there must be *hate*, since *the strongest antipathy in nature*, as *Mr. Pope* asserted in his writings, and proved by his whole life, *subsists between the good and the bad*: now this passion was the source of that poetry, which we call *Satire*, very improperly, and corruptly, since the *Satire* of the *Romans* was no more than a moral piece, which they entitled *Satura* or *Satyra*,* intimating, that the poem, like *a dish of fruit and corn offered to Ceres*, contained a variety and plenty of fancies and figures; whereas the true *invectives* of the ancients were called *Jambi*, of which we have several examples in *Catullus*, and in the *Epodes* of *Horace*, who imitated the very measures and manner of *Archilochus*.

These are the principal sources of *poetry*; and of *music* also, as it shall be my endeavour to show: but it is

* Some Latin words were spelled either with an *u* or a *y*, as *Sulla* or *Sylla*.
first

first necessary to say a few words on *the nature of sound*; a very copious subject, which would require a long dissertation to be accurately discussed. Without entering into a discourse on the *vibrations of chords*, or the *undulations of the air*, it will be sufficient for our purpose to observe that there is a great difference between a *common sound*, and a *musical sound*, which consists chiefly in this, that the former is simple and entire in itself like a *point*, while the latter is always accompanied with other sounds, without ceasing to be *one*; like a *circle*, which is an entire figure, though it is generated by a multitude of points flowing, at equal distances, round a common centre. These accessory sounds, which are caused by the aliquots of a sonorous body vibrating at once, are called *Harmonicks*, and the whole system of modern *Harmony* depends upon them; though it were easy to prove that the system is unnatural, and only made tolerable to the ear by habit: for whenever we strike the perfect accord on a harpsichord or an organ, the harmonicks of the third and fifth have also their own harmonicks, which are dissonant from the principal note. †

Now let us conceive that some vehement passion is expressed in strong words, exactly measured, and pronounced, *in a common voice*, in just cadence, and with proper

† Suppose C, E, G, are struck together: then E gives *g sharp*, *b*, and G, *d*, which *g sharp*, *b*, *d*, are dissonant from C, the first being its *superfluous fifth*, and the two last its *seventh* and *second*; and, to complete the *harmony*, as it is called, *g sharp* and *g natural* are heard together, than which nothing can be more absurd: these horrid dissonances are, indeed, almost overpowered by the *natural harmonicks* of the principal chord, but that does not prove them agreeable. Since nature has given us a delightful harmony of her own, why should we destroy it by the additions of art? It is like painting a face naturally beautiful.

accents, such an expression of the passion will be *genuine poetry*; and the famous ode of *Sappho* is allowed to be so in the strictest sense: but if the same ode, with all its natural accents, were expressed in a *musical voice*, (that is, in sounds accompanied with their *Harmonicks*) if it were sung in due time and measure, in a simple and pleasing tune, that added force to the words without stifling them, it would then be *pure and original musick*, not merely soothing to the ear, but affecting to the heart, not an *imitation* of nature, but the voice of nature herself. But there is another point in which *musick* must resemble *poetry*, or it will lose a considerable part of its effect: we all must have observed, that a speaker, agitated with passion, or an actor, who is, indeed, strictly an *imitator*, are perpetually changing the tone and pitch of their voice, as the sense of their words varies: it may be worth while to examine how this variation is expressed in *musick*. Every body knows that the musical scale consists of seven notes, above which we find a succession of similar sounds repeated in the same order, and above that, other successions, as far as they can be continued by the human voice, or distinguished by the human ear: now each of these seven sounds has no more meaning, when it is heard separately, than a single letter of the alphabet would have; and it is only by their succession, and their relation to one principal sound, that they take any rank in the scale; or differ from each other, except as they are *graver*, or more *acute*: but in the regular scale each interval assumes a proper character, and every note stands related to the first

first or principal one by various proportions. * Now a series of sounds relating to one leading note is called a mode, or a tone, and, as there are † twelve semitones in the scale, each of which may be made in its turn the leader of a mode, it follows that there are twelve modes; and each of them has a peculiar character, arising from the position of the modal note, and from some minute difference in the ratio's, as of 81 to 80, or a comma; for there are some intervals, which cannot easily be rendered on our instruments, yet have a surprizing effect in modulation, or in the transitions from one mode to another.

* The proportions of the intervals are these: 2^d. maj. 8 to 9. 2^d. min. 15 to 16. 3^d. maj. 4 to 5. 3^d. min. 5 to 6. 4th. 3 to 4. 5th. 2. to 3. 6th. maj. 3 to 5. 6th. min. 5 to 8. 7th. maj. 8 to 15. 7th. min. 5 to 9. These proportions are determined by the length of the strings, but, when they are taken from the vibrations of them, the ratio's are inverted, as 2^d. maj. 9 to 8, 2^d. min. 16 to 15 &c. that is, while one string vibrates nine times, its second major makes eight vibrations, and so forth. It happens that the intervals which have the simplest ratio's are generally the most agreeable; but that simplicity must not be thought to occasion our pleasure, as it is not possible that the ear should determine these proportions.

† There are no more than six full notes in a scale of eight sounds, or an octave, because the intervals between C D, D E, F G, G A, A B, are equal, and the intervals between E F, B C, are also equal, but are almost half as small as the others; and $C D E = 2 n + E F = \frac{1}{2} n + F G A B = 3 n + B C = \frac{1}{2} n = 6 n$. But though the interval E F be usually called a semitone; yet it is more properly a Limma, and differs from a semitone by a Comma, or $\frac{81}{80}$; and that it is less than a semitone, was asserted by Pythagoras, and thus demonstrated by Euclid of Alexandria, in his treatise *On the division of the Monochord*: if the diatessaron C F, contain two full tones, and a semitone, then the diapason C c (which comprises two diatessarons, and a whole tone) will be equal to six tones: But the diapason is less than six tones; therefore C F is less than two, and a semitone; for if $\frac{9}{8}$, the ratio of a tone, be six times compounded, it will be a fraction greater than that, which is equal to $\frac{2}{1}$, or the ratio of the diapason; therefore, the diapason is less than six tones. Ptolemy has proved the same truth more at large in the tenth and eleventh chapters of his first book of *Harmonicks*, where he refutes the assertions of the Aristoxenians, and exposes their errors with great clearness.

The *modes* of the ancients are said to have had a wonderful effect over the mind ; and *Plato*, who permits the *Dorian* in his imaginary republick, on account of its calmness and gravity, excludes the *Lydian*, because of its languid, tender, and effeminate character : not that any series of mere sounds has a power of raising or soothing the passions, but each of these modes was appropriated to a particular kind of poetry, and a particular instrument ; and the chief of them, as the *Dorian*, *Phrygian*, *Lydian*, *Ionian*, *Eolian*, *Locrian*, belonged originally to the nations, from which they took their names : thus the *Phrygian mode*, which was ardent and impetuous, was usually accompanied with trumpets, and the *Mixolydian*, which, if we believe *Aristoxenus*, was invented by *Sappho*, was probably confined to the pathetick and tragick style : that these modes had a relation to *poetry*, as well as to *musick*, appears from a fragment of *Lafus*, in which he says, *I sing of Ceres, and her daughter Melibœa, the consort of Pluto, in the Eolian mode, full of gravity ; and Pindar* calls one of his *Odes* an *Eolian song*. If the *Greeks* surpassed us in the strength of their modulations, we have an advantage over them in our *minor scale*, which supplies us with twelve new modes, where the two semitones are removed from their natural position between the third and fourth, the seventh and eighth notes, and placed between the second and third, the fifth and sixth ; this change of the semitones, by giving a minor third to the *modal* note, softens the general expression of the mode, and adapts it admirably to subjects of *grief* and *affliction* : the minor mode of D is tender, that of C, with three

D d

flats,

flats, plaintive, and that of F, with four, pathetick and mournful to the highest degree, for which reason it was chosen by the excellent *Pergolesi* in his *Stabat Mater*. Now these twenty-four modes, artfully interwoven, and changed as often as the sentiment changes, may, it is evident, express all the variations in the voice of a speaker, and give an additional beauty to the accents of a poet. Consistently with the foregoing principles, we may define *original and native poetry* to be *the language of the violent passions, expressed in exact measure, with strong accents and significant words*; and *true musick* to be no more than *poetry, delivered in a succession of harmonious sounds, so disposed as to please the ear*. It is in this view only that we must consider the musick of the ancient *Greeks*, or attempt to account for its amazing effects, which we find related by the gravest historians, and philosophers; it was wholly passionate or descriptive, and so closely united to poetry, that it never obstructed, but always increased its influence: whereas our boasted harmony, with all its fine accords, and numerous parts, paints nothing, expresses nothing, says nothing to the heart, and consequently can only give more or less pleasure to one of our senses; and no reasonable man will seriously prefer a transitory pleasure, which must soon end in satiety, or even in disgust, to a delight of the soul, arising from sympathy, and founded on the natural passions, always lively, always interesting, always transporting. The old divisions of musick into *celestial*, and *earthly*, *divine* and *human*, *active* and *contemplative*, *intellective* and *oratorial*, were founded rather upon metaphors, and chimerical analogies, than upon any real distinctions in nature; but the want of
making

making a distinction between the *musick of mere sounds*, and the *musick of the passions*, has been the perpetual source of confusion and contradictions both among the ancients and the moderns : nothing can be more opposite in many points than the systems of *Rameau* and *Tartini*, one of whom asserts that melody springs from harmony, and the other deduces harmony from melody ; and both are in the right, if the first speaks only of that musick, which took its rise from *the multiplicity of sounds heard at once in the sonorous body*, and the second, of that, which rose from *the accents and inflexions of the human voice, animated by the passions* : to decide, as *Rousseau* says, whether of these two schools ought to have the preference, we need only ask a plain question, Was the voice made for the instruments, or the instruments for the voice ?

In defining what true poetry *ought to be*, according to our principles, we have described what it really *was* among the *Hebrews*, the *Greeks* and *Romans*, the *Arabs* and *Persians*. The lamentation of *David*, and his sacred odes, or psalms, the song of *Solomon*, the prophecies of *Isaiab*, *Jeremiah*, and the other inspired writers, are truly and strictly poetical ; but what did *David* or *Solomon* imitate in their divine poems ? A man, who is *really* joyful or afflicted, cannot be said to *imitate* joy or affliction. The lyric verses of *Alcæus*, *Alcman*, and *Ibycus*, the hymns of *Callimachus*, the elegy of *Moschus* on the death of *Bion*, are all beautiful pieces of poetry ; yet *Alcæus* was no *imitator* of love, *Callimachus* was no *imitator* of religious awe and admiration, *Moschus* was no *imitator* of grief at the loss of an amiable friend. *Aristotle* himself wrote a very

poetical elegy on the death of a man, whom he had loved; but it would be difficult to say what he imitated in it: “*O virtue, who proposest many labours to the human race, and art still the alluring object of our life, for thy charms, O beautiful goddess, it was always an envied happiness in Greece even to die, and to suffer the most painful, the most afflicting evils: such are the immortal fruits, which thou raisest in our minds; fruits, more precious than gold, more sweet than the love of parents, and soft repose: for thee Hercules the son of Jove, and the twins of Leda, sustained many labours, and by their illustrious actions sought thy favour; for love of thee, Achilles and Ajax descended to the mansion of Pluto; and, through a zeal for thy charms, the prince of Atarne also was deprived of the sun’s light: therefore shall the muses, daughters of memory, render him immortal for his glorious deeds, whenever they sing the god of hospitality, and the honours due to a lasting friendship.*”

In the preceding collection of poems, there are some *Eastern* fables, some odes, a *panegyrick*, and an *elegy*; yet it does not appear to me, that there is the least *imitation* in either of them: *Petrarch* was, certainly, too deeply affected with real grief, and the *Persian* poet was too sincere a lover, to *imitate* the passions of others. As to the rest, a fable in verse is no more an *imitation* than a fable in prose; and if every poetical narrative, which describes the manners, and relates the adventures of men, be called *imitative*, every romance, and even every history must be called so likewise; since many poems are only *romances*, or parts of *history*, told in a regular measure.

What

What has been said of *poetry*, may with equal force be applied to *musick*, which is *poetry*, dressed to advantage; and even to *painting*, many sorts of which are poems to the eye, as all poems, merely descriptive, are pictures to the ear: and this way of considering them, will set the refinements of modern artists in their true light; for the *passions*, which were given by nature, never spoke in an unnatural form, and no man, truly affected with *love* or *grief*, ever expressed the one in an *acrostick*, or the other in a *fugue*: these remains, therefore, of the false taste, which prevailed in the dark ages, should be banished from this, which is enlightened with a just one.

It is true, that some kinds of painting are strictly *imitative*, as that which is solely intended to represent the human figure and countenance; but it will be found, that those pictures have always the greatest effect, which represent some *passion*, as the martyrdom of *St. Agnes* by *Domenichino*, and the various representations of the *Crucifixion* by the finest masters of *Italy*; and there can be no doubt, but that the famous *sacrifice of Iphigenia* by *Timanthes* was affecting to the highest degree; which proves, not that painting cannot be said to *imitate*, but that its most powerful influence over the mind, arises, like that of the other arts, from *sympathy*.

It is asserted also that *descriptive* poetry, and *descriptive* musick, as they are called, are strict *imitations*; but, not to insist that mere *description* is the meanest part of both arts, if indeed it belongs to them at all, it is clear, that
words

words and sounds have no kind of, resemblance to visible objects : and what is an imitation, but a resemblance of some other thing? Besides, no unprejudiced hearer will say that he finds the smallest traces of imitation in the numerous *fugues*, *counterfugues*, and *divisions*, which rather disgrace than adorn the modern musick : even sounds themselves are imperfectly imitated by harmony, and, if we sometimes hear *the murmuring of a brook*, or *the chirping of birds* in a concert, we are generally apprised beforehand of the passages, where we may expect them. Some eminent musicians, indeed, have been absurd enough to think of imitating laughter and other noises, but, if they had succeeded, they could not have made amends for their want of taste in attempting it ; for such ridiculous imitations must necessarily destroy the spirit and dignity of the finest poems, which they ought to illustrate by a graceful and natural melody. It seems to me, that, as those parts of *poetry*, *musick*, and *painting*, which relate to the passions, affect by *sympathy*, so those, which are merely descriptive, act by a kind of *substitution*, that is, by raising in our minds, affections, or sentiments, analogous to those, which arise in us, when the respective objects in nature are presented to our senses. Let us suppose that a poet, a musician, and a painter, are striving to give their friend or patron, a pleasure similar to that, which he feels at the sight of a beautiful prospect. The first will form an agreeable assemblage of lively images, which he will express in smooth and elegant verses of a sprightly measure ; he will describe the most delightful objects, and will add to the graces of his description a certain delicacy of sentiment, and a spirit of cheerfulness. The musician,
who

who undertakes to set the words of the poet, will select some mode, which, on his violin, has the character of mirth and gaiety, as the Eolian, or *E flat*, which he will change as the sentiment is varied: he will express the words in a simple and agreeable melody, which will not disguise, but embellish them, without aiming at any fugue, or figured harmony: he will use the bass to mark the modulation more strongly, especially in the changes, and he will place the *tenour* generally in union with the bass, to prevent too great a distance between the parts: in the symphony he will, above all things, avoid a *double melody*, and will apply his variations only to some accessory ideas, which the principal part, that is, the voice, could not easily express: he will not make a number of useless repetitions, because the *passions* only repeat the same expressions, and dwell upon the same sentiments, while *description* can only represent a single object by a single sentence. The painter will describe all visible objects more exactly than his rivals, but he will fall short of the other artists in a very material circumstance; namely, that his pencil, which may, indeed, express a simple passion, cannot paint a thought, or draw the shades of sentiment: he will, however, finish his landscape with grace and elegance; his colours will be rich, and glowing; his perspective striking; and his figures will be disposed with an agreeable variety, but not with confusion: above all, he will diffuse over his whole piece such a spirit of liveliness and festivity, that the beholder shall be seized with a kind of rapturous delight, and, for a moment, mistake art for nature.

Thus

Thus will each artist gain his end, not by *imitating* the works of nature, but by assuming her power, and causing the same effect upon the imagination, which her charms produce to the senses: this must be the chief object of a poet, a musician, and a painter, who know that *great effects are not produced by minute details, but by the general spirit of the whole piece, and that a gaudy composition may strike the mind for a short time, but that the beauties of simplicity are both more delightful, and more permanent.*

As the *passions* are differently modified in different men, and as even the various objects in nature affect our minds in various degrees, it is obvious, that there must be a great diversity in the pleasure, which we receive from the fine arts, whether that pleasure arises from *sympathy*, or *substitution*; and that it were a wild notion in artists to think of pleasing every reader, hearer, or beholder; since every man has a particular set of objects, and a particular inclination, which direct him in the choice of his pleasures, and induce him to consider the productions, both of nature and of art, as more or less elegant, in proportion as they give him a greater or smaller degree of delight: this does not at all contradict the opinion of many able writers, that *there is one uniform standard of taste*; since the *passions*, and, consequently, *sympathy*, are generally the same in all men, till they are weakened by age, infirmity, or other causes.

If the arguments, used in this essay, have any weight, it will appear, that the finest parts of poetry, musick, and
painting,

painting, are expressive of the *passions*, and operate on our minds by *sympathy*; that the inferiour parts of them are *descriptive* of natural *objects*, and affect us chiefly by *substitution*; that the expressions of *love*, *pity*, *desire*, and the *tender* passions, as well as the *descriptions* of objects, that delight the senses, produce in the arts what we call the *beautiful*; but that *hate*, *anger*, *fear*, and the *terrible* passions, as well as objects, which are *unpleasing* to the senses, are productive of the *sublime*, when they are aptly expressed, or described.

These subjects might be pursued to infinity; but, if they were amply discussed, it would be necessary to write a series of dissertations, instead of an essay.

T H E E N D.

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Jones, William,

Poems consisting chiefly of translations from the Asiatick languages ; To which are added two essays I. On the Poetry of the Eastern nations II. On the Arts, commonly called Imitative

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